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FOR HIM MAGAZ
November 2000
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THEY SMASHED PLANES AND KILLED ANIMALS!
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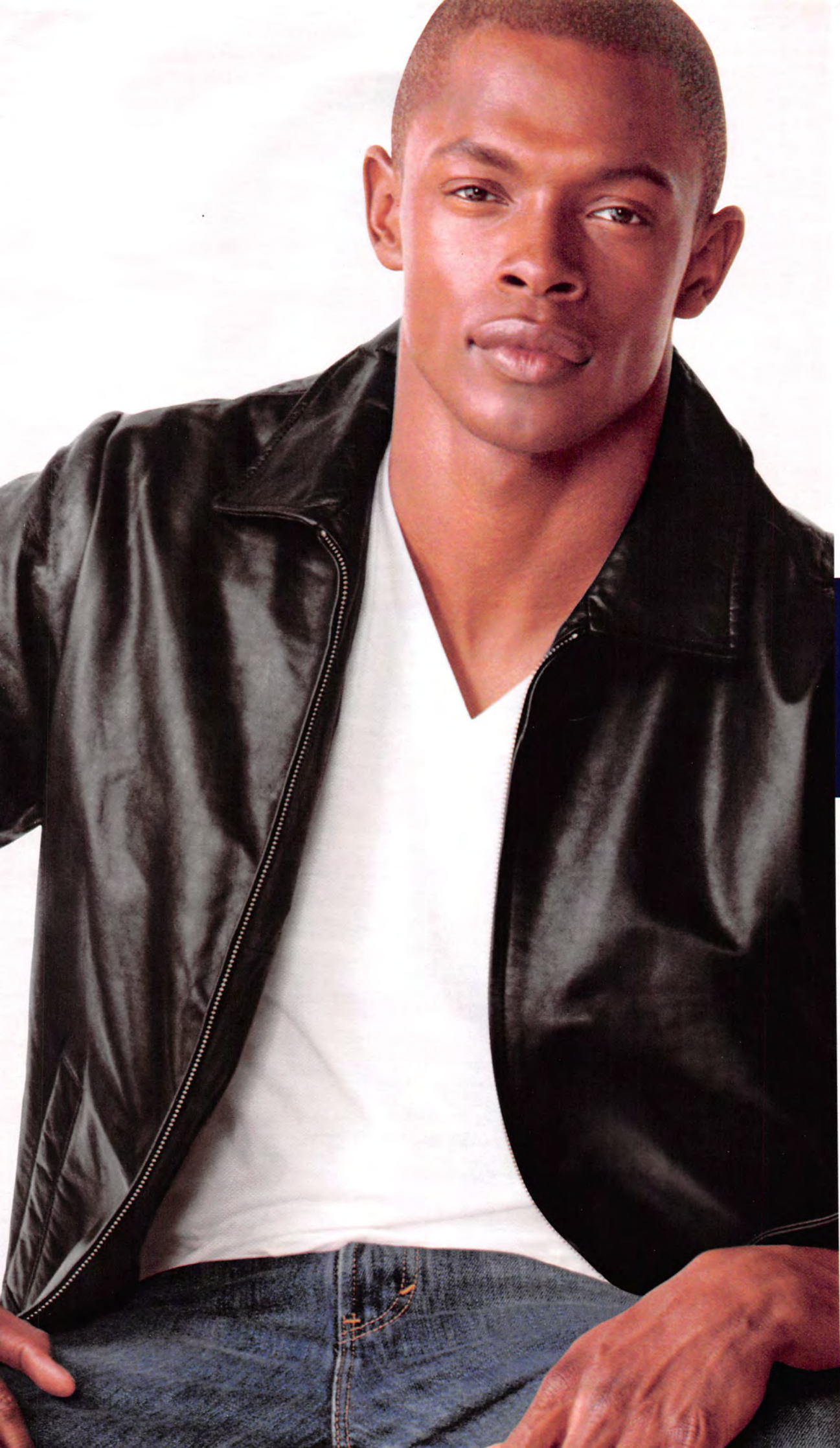

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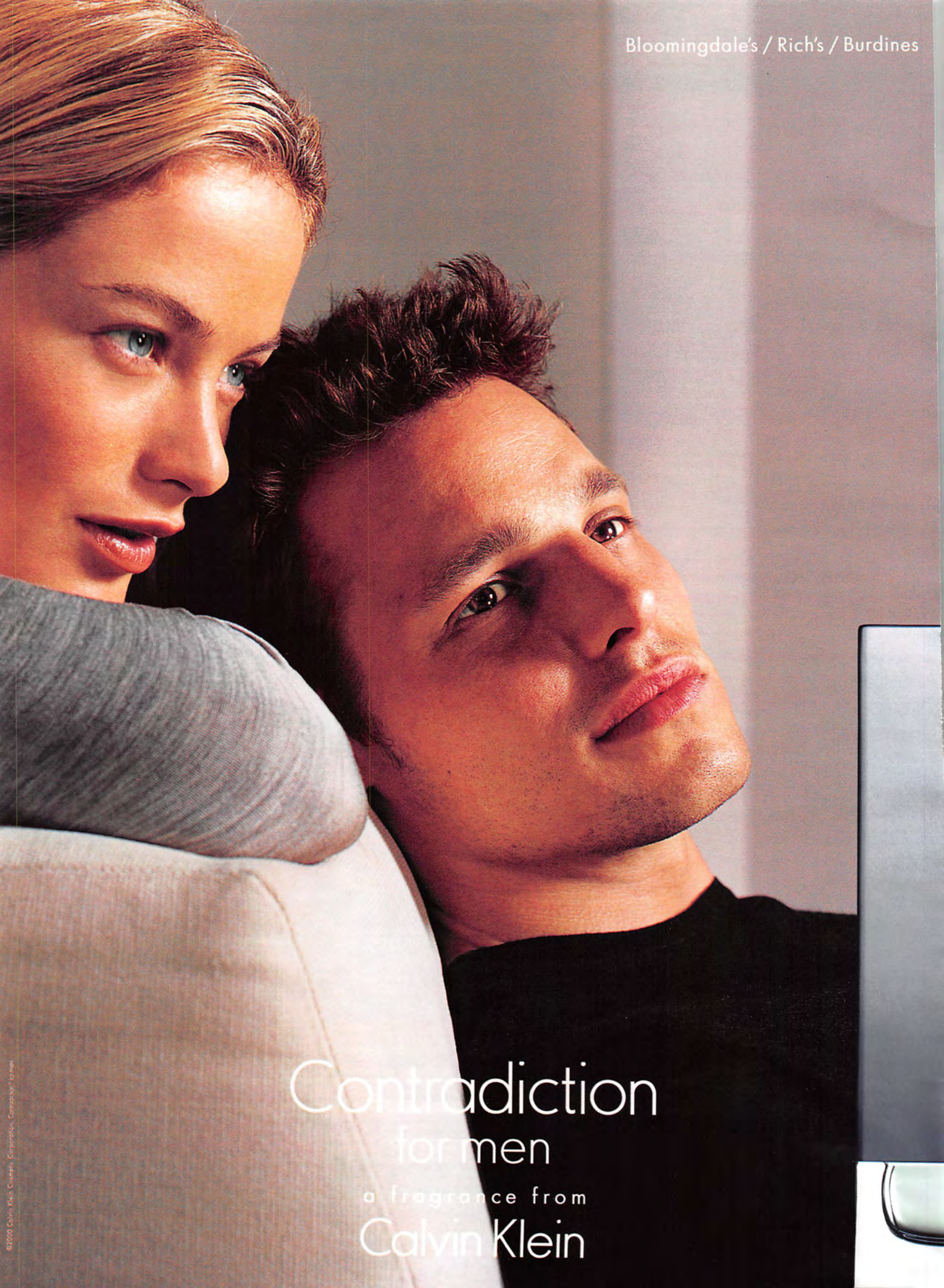
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JEFF DUNAS; MARK WEISS; GEORGE TOOMER; UPI-BETTMAN/CORBIS; SYRIOL JONES

After viewing a plethora of carbonated-beverage, salty-snack and collect-call television commercials, the ACG (All Conditions Gear) group at Nike has come to a shocking conclusion: It seems that extreme sports are nothing more than traditional sports with an element of death thrown in for good measure. To put this potentially revolutionary hypothesis to the test, it is our intention to transform the not-so-cool traditional sport of trail running into the totally cool, ultra-hardcore sport of extreme trail running, merely by upping the danger quotient wherever possible.

And thus, a sport is born.

Fortunately for the sake of this experiment, there are plenty of mortal dangers associated with trail running. Take bear mauling for instance. As any zookeeper or Discovery Channel® on-air personality or 19th century French-Canadian fur trapper can tell you, bears are incredibly lethal.

Unfortunately, bears by nature tend to avoid human contact. To get the bear's attention (thereby making your trail running experience more extreme), we suggest slathering your body with honey before setting out for your morning jog. Additionally, if you happen to spot any bear cubs in the vicinity, try tearing after them and screaming hysterically. This will no doubt attract and alarm the mother bear who will be lurking dangerously nearby.

Before we continue any further, we should mention that as with any extreme sport worth its salt, extreme trail running comes with its own unique complement of extreme sports gear. First on the list is the Air Dri-Goat trail

permanent physical injuries. These may include, but are by no means limited to: broken collarbone, broken nose, facial lacerations, skull fractures, internal bleeding, shoulder dislocations, eye punctures, lung

BILL TO	INSURANCE COVERAGE
D SCOTT	NONE

DATE	DESCRIPTION		TOTAL CHARGES
DETAIL	OF CURRENT CHARGES AND PAYMENTS		
09/23	EMER RM OTHER	5009000	119.00
09/23	EMER RM LAB	5006000	172.00
09/23	LAB SEROLOGY OUT	1406800	335.00
09/23	EMER RM EKG	5007000	3851.00
09/23	X-RAY ABDOMEN	1501001	768.00
09/23	X-RAY CHEST RTN	1501009	258.00
09/23	X-RAY CHEST RTN	1501009	258.00
09/23	X-RAY CHEST RTN	1501009	258.00
09/23	PHARMACY	2601000	42.25
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09/23	PHARMACY	2601000	249.25
09/23	ROOM ICU		500.00
09/24	LAB AUTO BLOOD CT	1402101	917.00
09/24	LAB ACT PAR THROM	1404001	27.00
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09/24	LAB BLOOD CULT	1405002	637.00
09/24	LAB CHEM-20	1401104	431.00
09/24	SP HEM CBC	1602010	228.00
09/24	SP HEM RETIC CT	1602046	17.00
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09/24	LAB SEROLOGY OUT	1406800	35.00
09/24	LAB MAGNES	1401042	1327.00
09/24	LAB RTN URINAL	1403001	716.00
09/24	LAB RTN CULT	1405003	137.00
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09/24	LAB RTN CULT	1405003	137.00
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09/24	LAB TBC CULT	1405014	42.00
09/24	LAB DIFF	1402099	115.00
09/24	LAB AUTO BLOOD CT	1402101	817.00
10/17	PHARMACY	2601000	62.40
10/17	PHARMACY	2601000	825.00
10/17	PHARMACY	2601000	392.40
10/17	PHARMACY	2601000	392.40
10/17	PHARMACY	2601000	14.50
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SUB-TOTAL OF CHARGES	73411.20
TOTAL	73411.20

As with other extreme athletes, the extreme trail running enthusiast is no stranger to hefty medical bills.

deflation, limb loss, spinal cord liquification, kidney failure, pant-soiling, shattering of the jaw, hearing loss, tongue swallowing and brain damage.

SPORT + DEATH = EXTREME SPORT

For those of you intent on reading this advertorial in its entirety, please rotate 90.

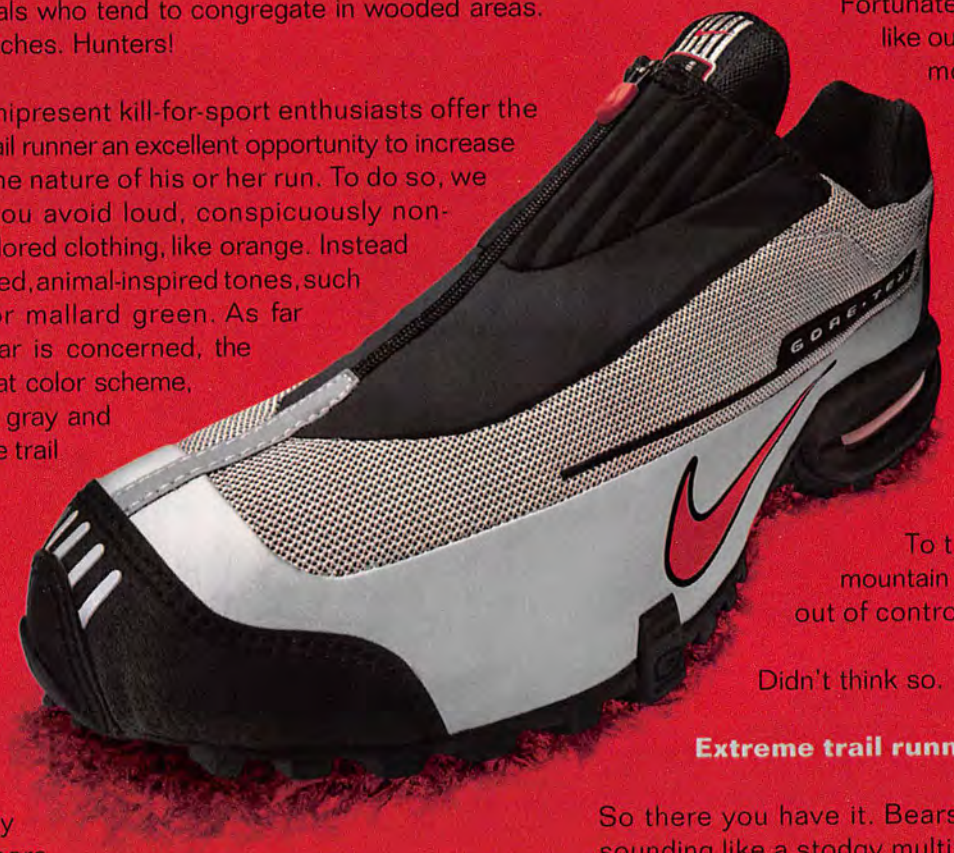
running shoe by Nike, featuring waterproof Gore-Tex™ lining and a zip-top sleeve. It is the only shoe currently available that's uniquely designed with the, umm, extreme trail runner in mind.

It's always open season on extreme trail runners.

An even greater potential threat to the extreme trail runner's mortality comes from another group of individuals who tend to congregate in wooded areas. No, not witches. Hunters!

Running is just more fun when death is on the line.

These omnipresent kill-for-sport enthusiasts offer the extreme trail runner an excellent opportunity to increase the extreme nature of his or her run. To do so, we suggest you avoid loud, conspicuously non-organic-colored clothing, like orange. Instead try for muted, animal-inspired tones, such as fawn or mallard green. As far as footwear is concerned, the Air Dri-Goat color scheme, dominated as it is by hues of gray and black, fits right in to the extreme trail runner's palette of choice.



Trees: gentle giants or silent killers?

A third fully-capable-of-terminating-one's-life-force element that commonly is encountered when trail running is trees. Left to their own devices, trees are actually quite beneficial to trail runners and to human beings in general. The conveniently symbiotic relationship we have regarding the exchange of CO_2 for O_2 has always proven to be a win-win situation for everyone involved. However, should a tree get in the way of a careening-out-of-control trail runner, this partnership will take a frightening and immediate turn south. (Read: extreme!)

The most common result of the moving-trail runner/stationary-tree confrontation is that the trail runner suffers severe, sometimes

When hit at a high enough velocity, even the softest variety of tree is quite capable of wreaking serious life-threatening havoc on the relatively frail internal organs of the extreme trail runner. The sublime aspen, the mighty oak, even the giant sequoia—it really doesn't matter. Each of these species is more than capable of instantly transforming a virile trail runner into a quivering, gelatinous meat sack.

Fortunately, the Air Dri-Goat features a patented goat-like outer sole for increased traction, so you can taunt mortal injury without actually experiencing it.

Right about now you're probably asking yourself, "How can a trail running shoe with an outer sole designed like a goat's hoof help me avoid compressing my spinal cord into a Slinky® on the side of some unsuspecting conifer, thereby rendering me a drooling, misshapen non-extreme-trail-running husk of my former self, forced to roam the earth in a motorized wheelchair with my name, embossed on one of those cute little license plates you get at carnivals or state fairs, fastened to the back?"

To that we answer, hey, have you ever seen a mountain goat (even an extreme mountain goat) careen out of control into the side of a tree?

Didn't think so.

Extreme trail runners of the world, unite!

So there you have it. Bears, hunters and trees. Oh my. At the risk of sounding like a stodgy multinational sports apparel conglomerate that's not "with it" or "down" or "dope" or "funky fresh phat," it seems pretty clear to us that trail running has the potential to be quite a deadly sport indeed. And according to our calculations, that alone should qualify it for the way-cool and therefore highly marketable title of extreme.

So, do we have our finger on the zeitgeist, or what?

See ya out on the trail.

ACG

FHM

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Be glad you're not a brine shrimp

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90 Bar room jokes
Are you ready for the laughter? We've unleashed the ha-ha with the greatest jokes—ever!

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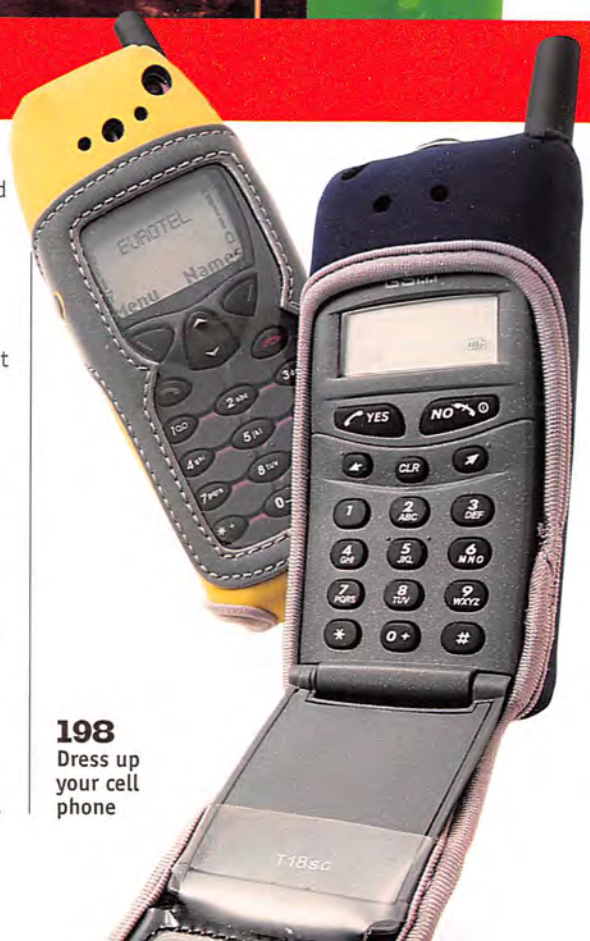
232 True stories
Because it's better to laugh at than laugh with.



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Dress up your cell phone

VICTOR YUAN; GEORGE HOLZ; CHRIS GORMAN; HUGO DIXON; DARRYL PATTERSON

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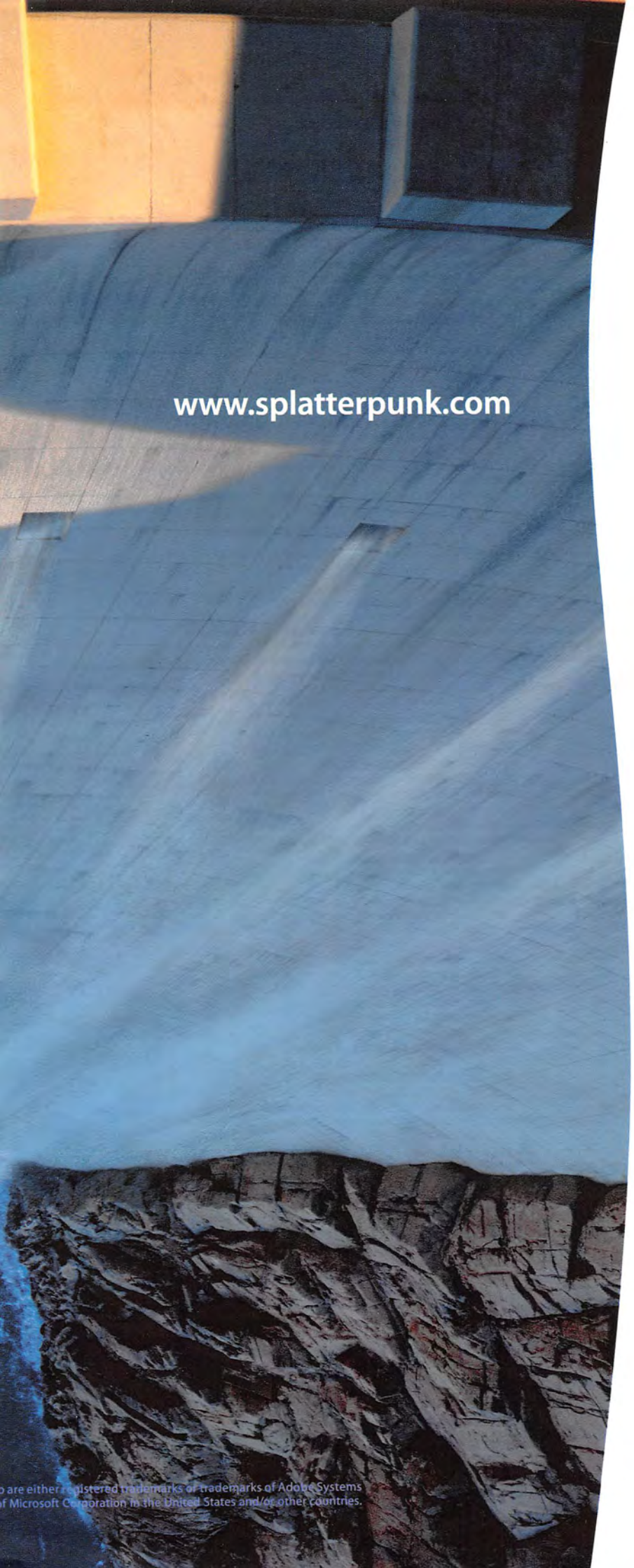

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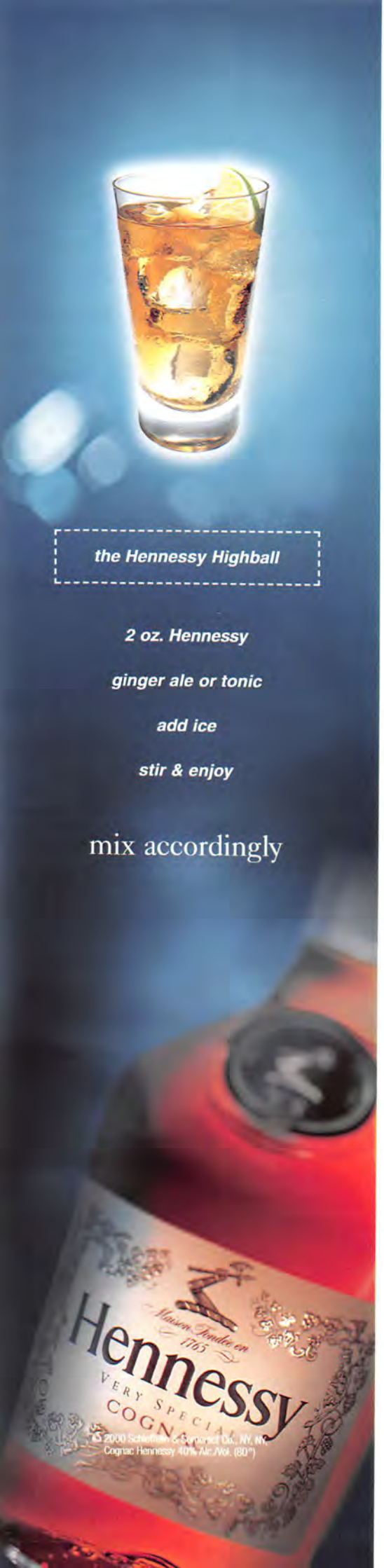

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110 Fifth Avenue
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Tel 212-886-3600
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Ed Needham

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CONTRIBUTORS
Words Brett Forrest, Bridget Freer, Richard Galpin, Tim Herbert, Bob Klapisch, Anthony Noguera, Kevin Raub, Caroline Rees, John Sellers, Grub Smith, Adam Winer **Illustration** Terry Colon, George Toomer, Mark Zingarelli **Photography** Carlo Dalla Chiesa, Jeff Dunas, Larry Busacca, Len Irish, Brennan Cavanaugh, Chris Gorman, George Holz, Ray Kachatorian, D.K. Kennedy, Sean McMenomy, Darryl Patterson, Doug Rosa, Isabel Snyder, Mark Weiss, James Westman, Victor Yuan **Thanks to** Phillip Crandall

Executive Publisher and President Men's and Entertainment Group
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ADVERTISING
Advertising Director Audrey Margolies
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Executive Assistant Hermine Weiss
Sales Assistants Mary Kohatsu, Melissa Mandel

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Midwest Manager Mark Baba 312-649-0660

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Detroit Manager Hans Gappy 313-967-5109

San Francisco Sales Office
1 Embarcadero Center, Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94111
San Francisco Manager Matt Stegman 415-646-8921

Los Angeles Sales Office
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Los Angeles Manager Heather Schliewen 323-782-2799

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Like a great nourishing stew, this month's *FHM* has a variety of quality ingredients. But dominating the broth like a giant potato (if you are starting to feel hungry or nauseous, hang on, this metaphor will soon be over) is our mouth-watering 20-page technology special. Producing this section has been quite enjoyable. As box after box was wheeled into the *FHM* offices, each containing some electrical delight, the faces of the staff were illuminated with wonder and amazement. So many volts! So much volume! So small and yet so powerful!

But before you move on to full adult enjoyment of these most excellent pages, I would like to make a plea to the technology industry. Don't get me wrong: I am not one of those bitter people whose banana-like fingers make them unable to master micro-devices and who wishes to see bigger buttons and a return to piano-based entertainment. I have most of the stuff and I'm grateful for the way your machines have improved my life. However, I have three suggestions that I wish the ladies and gentlemen who bring us our gadgets would consider with their dome-like brains:

First, admirer that I am of Japanese T-shirt slogans ("Dogs in action!" "A happy gift from the earth!"), the same people shouldn't be allowed to write instruction manuals. "Please put power battery in right and not wrong" is not an instruction worthy of a company capable of sending color pictures through thin air.

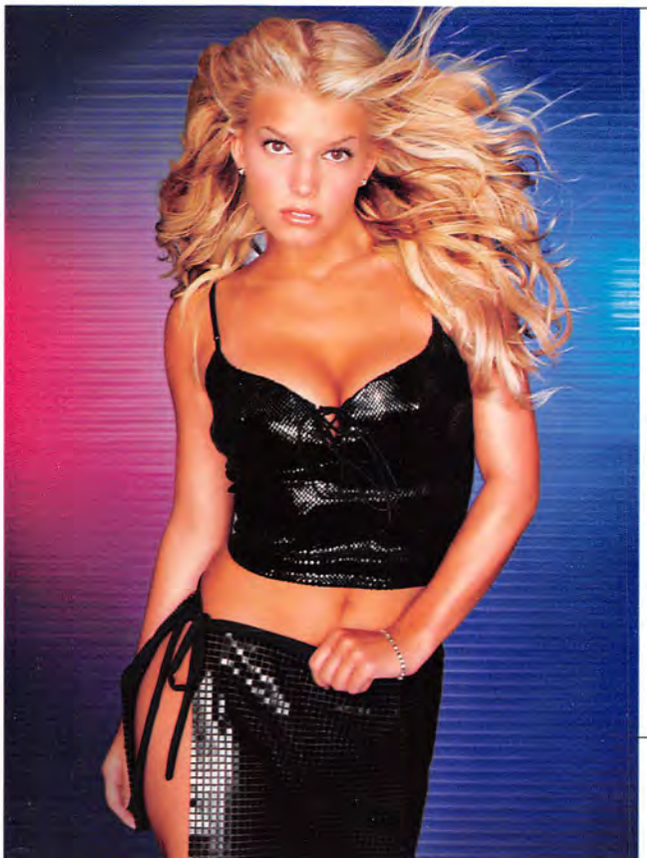
Second, why are there always sheets of paper tossed nonchalantly into the bottom of the box, as if to say, "Don't mind us, we're just trash—please dispose of us with some old food and cigarette butts." Could it be that you'd rather the poor consumer didn't read them? And could it also be because these are the vital documents that enable prompt and free repair?

And finally, now that you've satisfied most of the planet's technical needs, why are you dragging your heels on developing the one machine I've been waiting for longer than any other, namely the one that makes me invisible? It almost goes without saying that once you've perfected this device, it is vital that I am the only person allowed to use it.

And for those of you who are know-it-all rocket scientists or soil-loving hippies, and therefore not interested in gazing upon our technology, don't despair. For you, and everyone else, I recommend a read on a former National League MVP's remarkable approach to animal welfare (page 172).

Enjoy the issue.

Ed Needham
Editor-in-chief



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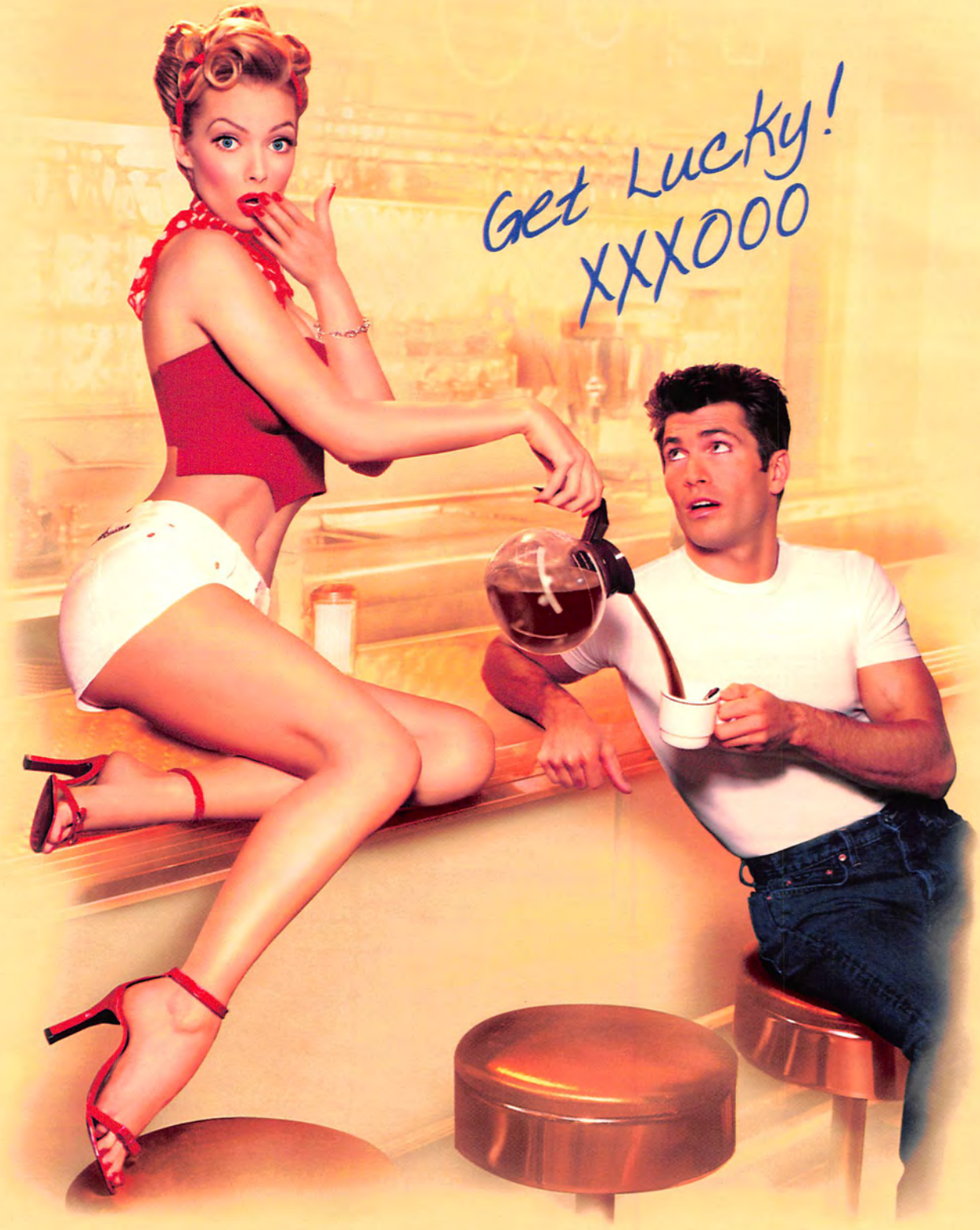

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The list of things people will do to overcome mind-numbing boredom seems endless. For example, there's Tetris, Hacky Sacks, and for the boredest of the bored, *Maude* re-runs. Writing a letter to *FHM* is yet another way to kill time, and it also carries with it a $50 cash reward if your letter is funny or clever enough to make it to this page. A hefty $320 goes to Letter of the Month. Write to Letters to the Editor, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011 or FHMletters@emapUSA.com.

IMAGE BANK: VINNIE ZUFFANTE/STARFILE PHOTO; CARLO DALLA CHIESA; GREGORY FOSTER

Liar braves meal

My mother-in-law, whom I can't stand, was over for dinner the other night. We rarely have anything to say to each other, so after several hours of silence and idle chitchat, I blurted, "I sifted through my own waste." As all eyes turned to me, I continued, "To find undigested food from which I could get nourishment." I went on to explain that I'd been in a prison camp for some time, and a healthy conversation ensued. The whole thing was a complete farce, of course—I was just recounting the stories I'd read in your "Welcome to Hell!" feature about POW camp (*FHM* September). But the evening was over before I knew it. Thanks, guys.

John Simms, Madeira Beach, FL

Why did you pilfer tales from the POW story and not from the feature on Kiss? Surely your wife's mom would've loved to hear about you "exploring and loving any sex deviation possible."

Comedian breaks bone

I was going to send in a great joke, but I broke a bone. I have sent the x-ray to prove it. Could you send me the money anyway to cover my medical expenses?

G. Pearson, Goodlettsville, TN

Your broken bone is actually considerably funnier than many of the pathetic excuses for jokes we receive.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Bored guy notices shifty melanoma

As a subway driver, I have plenty of time to kill throughout the day—every tunnel looks the same and the things are on rails so I don't even have to steer. And while I've found that nothing makes the workday more enjoyable than *FHM*, I stumbled across something shocking while studying your September issue. On pages 108 to 110, the stunning Vanessa Marcil has a birthmark just above her lip. Yet that mark doesn't appear on page 107. What gives? Do you have a surgeon on staff?

James Tarnofsky, Philadelphia, PA

The people of Philadelphia must be grateful and relieved to hear you're so concerned about their safety.

Genius reveals formula

I was looking through your September issue and noticed quite a few pages filled with letters and stories sent in from people. That's a clever way to put a magazine together: Have the readers fill up half of it and then make them pay for their own writing. What slacker mustered that up?

Drew Gershman, San Antonio, TX

Well spotted, Drew. Could you please make your next letter a 3,000-word interview with a leading actress?

Shriveled sac hampers sprinter

Pamela Anderson's right: Scrotums can be too long. Mine is, but I won't get it tucked. My brother had that operation and now his sac looks like two shrink-wrapped walnuts. The poor guy can hardly even run anymore.

M. Choi, Brookline, MA

Good to see that in these shallow times there are still a few people interested in the real issues.

Tuna freak provides love tips

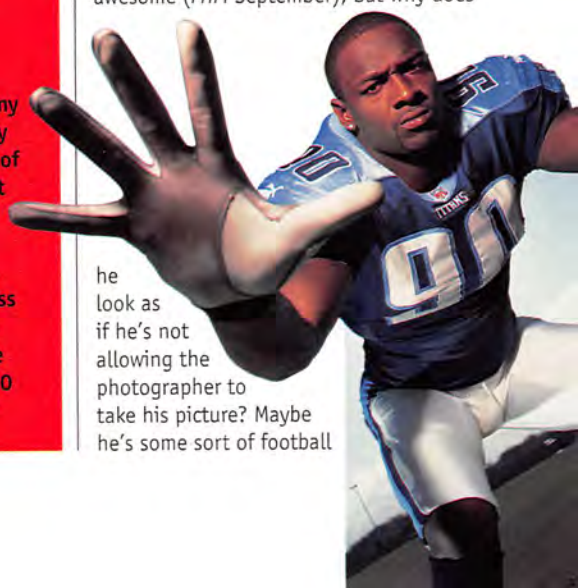
I was reading your "2000 Sex Survey" in the September issue. In the box marked "What's the most unusual thing a guy has asked you to do?" I noticed one of the responses was "Put tuna on me and let his cat lick it off." I asked my girlfriend if she sent that one in, seeing as I ask her to do that quite often. She said no. Either she's lying, or it's not that unusual. All I know for sure is that it's hot—I'd recommend it to anyone who's never tried. Just be sure to have the cat de-clawed first.

Scott Bentley, Buffalo, NY

She's lying. In fact, she also told us she peed on your toothbrush and fakes mulitple orgasms for your ego.

Chump insults lineman

The interview with Jevon Kearse was awesome (*FHM* September), but why does he look as if he's not allowing the photographer to take his picture? Maybe he's some sort of football

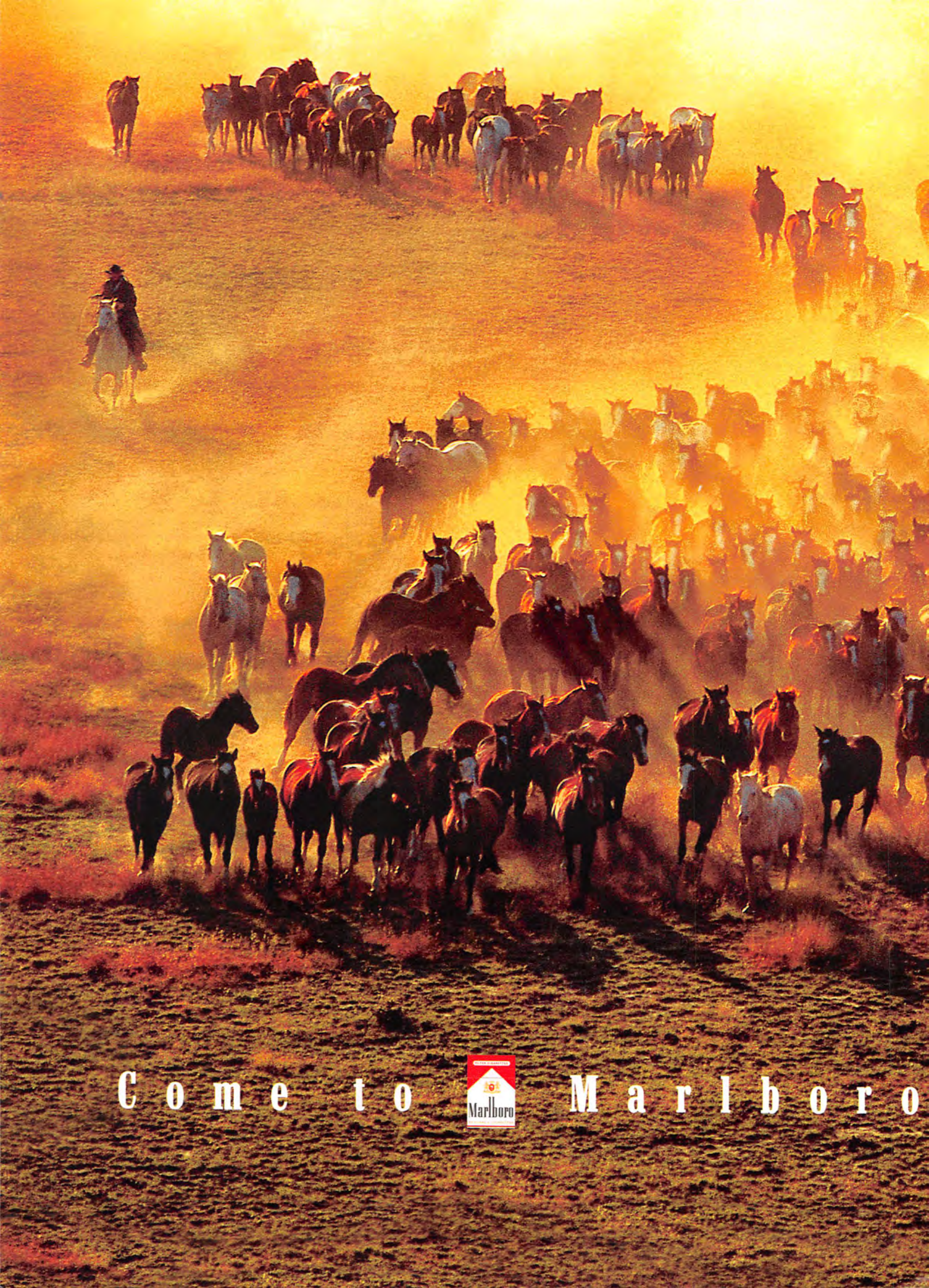


WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

There's often nothing more relaxing than flipping through stacks of old photos as you reminisce about great moments gone by. That relaxation can quickly switch to tension, however, once you start coming across pictures of people you don't know, causing you to worry, "Am I coming down with Alzheimer's?" Before you check into your local hospital's mental ward, try *FHM*'s service in which we invite people to identify these mysterious intruders. Write to Who the Hell are You?, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If we print your photo, we'll send you $50. The same reward goes to the first person to correctly identify the circled head shown below.

Moocher torches couch

"I had about 40 people at my apartment for my friend's 25th birthday party. (That's my buddy in the blue shirt and tie.)," writes Fred Ricks of New York City. "There was one dude there that nobody seemed to know—he might've been a neighbor looking to mooch off our keg. Of course, I just got the film developed and this steer shows up in just about every picture, piss drunk and pointing at the camera as if he's a tough guy. I'm also thinking that he might be the jerk who put his cigar out on my new $900 couch." Hey, moocher—who the hell are you?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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

spaz who never knows when to chill out.
Rick Gaddis, Aurora, CO
We've forwarded your address to Mr. Kearse. The next time he's in Denver, he'll take a 15-minute ride to swing by your place. Then you can ask him in person whether he's a spaz who doesn't know when to chill out.

Bookworm squanders several days

Your "Everything you learned at school was wrong" in September's Reporter section ("Our twelfth president") was both interesting and informative. But after doing extensive research, I found that the first US president wasn't George Washington. It was Jack Hansen. He was president in that period after the Revolutionary War but before the Constitution, when the Articles of Confederation were the laws of the land. So that makes Polk No. 12, and David Rice Atchison unlucky No. 13.
David Lane, Gary, IN
You're probably thinking of Jack Hanson (right). He was the bespectacled goon who wore No. 16 in the 1977 film *Slap Shot*. But he was never president.

THE BROWNEST NOSE

I personally like the new *FHM* magazine. I believe that it is going to rise up in no time. I've read each and every page, some of them twice. And being the funny guy that my friends tell me I am, I can attest to the fact that every single sentence in your mag is sidesplittingly humor-rific.
Brian Barlow, Springfield, MO

Perve covers crotch

I was very excited by the pictures and interview with Dominique Swain, the hot young filly who graced your September cover. I was particularly intrigued by the specially made pillow she used for sitting on the older guy's lap in the film *Lolita*—she claimed they needed it because for an older man, "having a youngster writhing on your lap might be, uh, stimulating." Where can I get such a pillow to protect me from possible embarrassment when girls plop down on my lap?
B. Bova, Sunnyvale, CA
Forget the pillow. A pair of your Depends will work just fine.

Commoner offers tongue for foot cleaning

With regards to the "It's Your Daughter" feature in September's Reporter, let me say that Kelly Edmond is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I would kiss her father's feet. Please let her know I drive a mediocre car ('98 Camaro Z28).
Roy Matthews, Wilmington, DE
You'll need a signifcant upgrade from the Z28 to achieve true mediocrity.

Check us out online at www.FHMus.com and give us your feedback.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH *FHM*?

Observant readers will earn $20 if we print their letters identifying legitimate past mistakes. Mail discoveries to the usual address, or send an e-mail to FHMletters@emapUSA.com. But it's only fair that if we're prepared to pay you for our screw-ups, you pay us for your blunders. Thus, we'll shame and demand $20 from an "Idiot of the Month."

GEORGE HOLZ

National pride

In the September Film Reviews part of Reporter, you mention actress Monica Keena as having made her small-screen debut as "famed drunken Russian skater" Oksana Baiul. Baiul, however, isn't Russian—she's Ukrainian.
Alex Jemetz, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Plugged in

The review of the Palm Pilot IIIc in the Machinery section of the September *FHM* states that the HotSync cradle requires a serial port, and that you would constantly have to unplug the printer when you swap data. Any simpleton knows that the printer uses the parallel port, not the serial port.
Tom Godon, Branchburg, NJ

Guard humbled

In Reporter's "It's Your Daughter," (*FHM* September), Kelly Edmond's father, Leondias, is described as being "an officer in the National Guard." His picture, however, clearly shows that he is a sergeant major.

Although sergeants are referred to as non-commissioned officers and he holds the highest enlisted grade of E-9, calling him an officer is just plain wrong.
Bob Chamberlain, Charles, IL

IDIOT OF THE MONTH 4

In the Film section of the September 2000 issue, the story relating to the release of *The Replacements* ("Our MVP was a 7-Eleven Rent-A-Cop"), states that "St. Louis fans weren't laughing" and Willard Scissum "glommed himself all over Cardinals players." Unfortunately, the St. Louis Cardinals are a baseball team, and the NFL Cardinals play in Arizona. Twenty bucks, please.
Brian Butler, Syracuse, NY
Too bad the story refers to what happened during the 1987 NFL players' strike. It wasn't until the following season that the St. Louis Cardinals football team moved to Phoenix. We'll give you until December 15th before we start calling for our $20.

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reporter

CHEWY INSIDE

THE FHM REPORTER GIRL

Laurie Fortier

When she's not making out with hotties on the big screen, *The In Crowd*'s sexy co-star rides floats, shoots guns and eats bunnies

One of the few endearing things about children is that they believe everything they see in the movies. Young ones' tiny brains are convinced that kung-fu masters can jump massive walls, the good guys really do expertly maneuver through a hail of bullets and women such as Pamela Lee are naturally well-endowed beauties. Many years pass before kids learn that these wondrous moments happen only through the magic of special effects. The most disheartening revelation, however, is that highly charged erotic love scenes, in which lithe celebrities with unthinkable figures go at it like rabbits, are equally contrived. Or are they?

"No, it was real—real fun," says Laurie Fortier of her onscreen lesbian romp in *The In Crowd*. "Susan Ward, the girl I make out with, is totally hot. We had a good time. They just said action and we . . . well, it was great."

Though she'd previously appeared on *Chicago Hope*, *Sliders*, *V.I.P.* and *Boy Meets World*, it was during that one scene, mere seconds before her character, Kelly, was offed by Ward, that the 26-year-old Californian's likeness was etched into the consciousness of every male witness. Her next big-screen role will be as the female lead in *Dean Quixote*, where she's the fantasy of a twenty-something man in search of life's answers. It certainly won't be the first time that Laurie's beauty has been held in such high

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HOLZ

STYLING BY SARA ELI; HAIR BY KALI FOR CELESTINE; MAKEUP BY BARBARA FARMAN FOR CLOUTIER; PROP STYLING BY PETER GARGLIANO; THIS PAGE: TOP BY OYSTER, SKIRT BY JULES, SHOES BY GUCCI; OPPOSITE PAGE: SHIRT BY BYBLOS, BRA AND PANTIES BY COSABELLA, SHOES BY CALVIN KLEIN

SUSAN WARD, THE GIRL I MAKE OUT WITH, IS TOTALLY HOT. THEY JUST SAID ACTION AND WE . . . WELL, IT WAS GREAT

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regard. As a high school senior, she was chosen as one of six Rose Princesses for the Pasadena Parade of Roses.

"I'd never seen the parade in my life, so when I won I had no idea what I was getting into," she says. "I rode a float, met the football players and even gave speeches. People had to refer to me as Princess Laurie."

Though the title seems fitting, she insists she's no delicate flower. An avid skier and rock-climber, she also once took a wrong turn down the road that can lead to a life of crime (she stole her parents' car at the tender age of 13) and has even been known to engage in gunplay on occasion.

"I'm a pretty good shot," she insists. "My ex-boyfriend would drive his pickup while I'd sit in the back and shoot at stuff. I've killed a couple of field rabbits in my time—it doesn't bother me because I'm not a big animal person. But I don't think he knew how to clean them right. They always tasted like dirt." **(JB)**

TOP AND PANTIES BY PATTY SHELABARGER; SHOES BY GUCCI

See more Laurie Fortier at www.FHMus.com.

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DANGER

'Dig me a hole, boy!'

Europeans introduce children to the joys of concrete and hard labor

If stuffed animals made of asbestos are a bad idea, then Diggerland is sheer madness. The English amusement park, run by H.E. Services—Europe's largest construction company—puts kids barely old enough to potty train behind the wheel of heavy machinery.

"When the kids first climb into the driver's seat, they don't know what they're doing," says Diggerland events coordinator Louise Edeleanu. "But they pick up the skills quite fast."

Money-conscious foremen are likely licking their chops over the prospects of squeezing hard labor out of toddlers, but as of now, the young ones are confined to pushing dirt within the parameters of the park. Like the world's biggest sandbox, it promises the kind of "fun, exciting and action-packed day" that only losing a limb can provide. **(JB)**

The albino helped himself to the unguarded gravel

Elian toiled on the new Havana beltway

CONFINEMENT

FISH INVADE WATCH

Primitive life form makes home in low-grade timepiece

Long the cherished pastime of abused children and budding serial killers, the practice of torturing small helpless animals has finally hit the mainstream, requiring the same leap of faith that's kept campy adults and soon-to-be-disappointed children buying Sea-Monkeys for 40 years. All mystery and misleading advertising aside, Sea-Monkeys are nothing more than a bio-engineered species of microscopic brine shrimp, but the Sea-Monkey Watch lets you select your favorite near-invisible buddies and carry them around with you on your wrist. Unfortunately, since they're trapped in a tiny, airtight bubble of lukewarm water with no food and little oxygen, they're doomed to certain death. Mission accomplished. **(JC)**

Contact: www.seamonkey.com
Price: $10

Amway rewarded lavishly for 25 years of service

Police Round Up Recalcitrant Emu

JERSEY SHORE— Police here went above and beyond the call of duty about 10 a.m. Sunday when they were dispatched to the 400 block of Wilson Street for a report of an Emu running around in the street there.

Police found its owner, Ted Huffman and the bird was caught. The bird had to be tied, due to kicking its owner and thrashing around. The bird was then peacefully turned over to its owner without further incident.

FINGER ON AMERICA

The beauty of the news flash is that it cuts right to the heart of the matter. Important and meaningful information is conveyed in a very small space, without any of the fancy language or self-righteous pondering that reporters seem to enjoy. While these three stories keep it relatively brief, they're still a waste of space, with descriptions of nearly nonexistent happenings.

◆ POLICE ROUND UP RECALCITRANT EMU

Emus, those flightless Australian birds, are best described as large, docile, low-calorie and ostrich-like. According to this story, the bird was on the loose and later apprehended without incident. It's hardly newsworthy, but more importantly, a lowly *Williamsport Sun-Gazette* copy editor used the word recalcitrant, perhaps to fool readers into thinking something eventful occurred. *Thanks to Mike Hock of Montoursville, PA*

◆ IRATE DINER RUNS AMOK . . .

Things must've been dreadfully slow for *The Herald* in Everett, WA, to have ventured into Canada for a six-paragraph story on a restaurant's condiment policy. Midway through the piece, we discover that, "Nobody was hurt, but employee Ruth Milloy took a barrage of ketchup." *Thanks to Al Abbott of Everett, WA*

NORTHWEST BRIEFLY

Irate diner runs amok, throws ketchup in a tizzy

VICTORIA, British Columbia — The owner of a fish and chips shop is replacing his glass ketchup bottles with plastic ones after an irate customer threw more than just a temper tantrum on Saturday.

"I've heard of road rage, but now there's fish and chips rage," said Glen Harper, owner of Willows Gallev in Oak Bay. "It was a

$50 REWARD!
Mail non-newsworthy clippings of uneventful happenings to Finger on America, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. Fifty bucks goes to those whose clippings are printed.

Iceland compared to North Dakota

WILLISTON, N.D.

Jonas Ness has returned from Ic
boy, are his eyes open.

The reality is far different, Ness
land has many areas of beautiful la
lot of barren land, he said. He com
badlands and the plains of North D

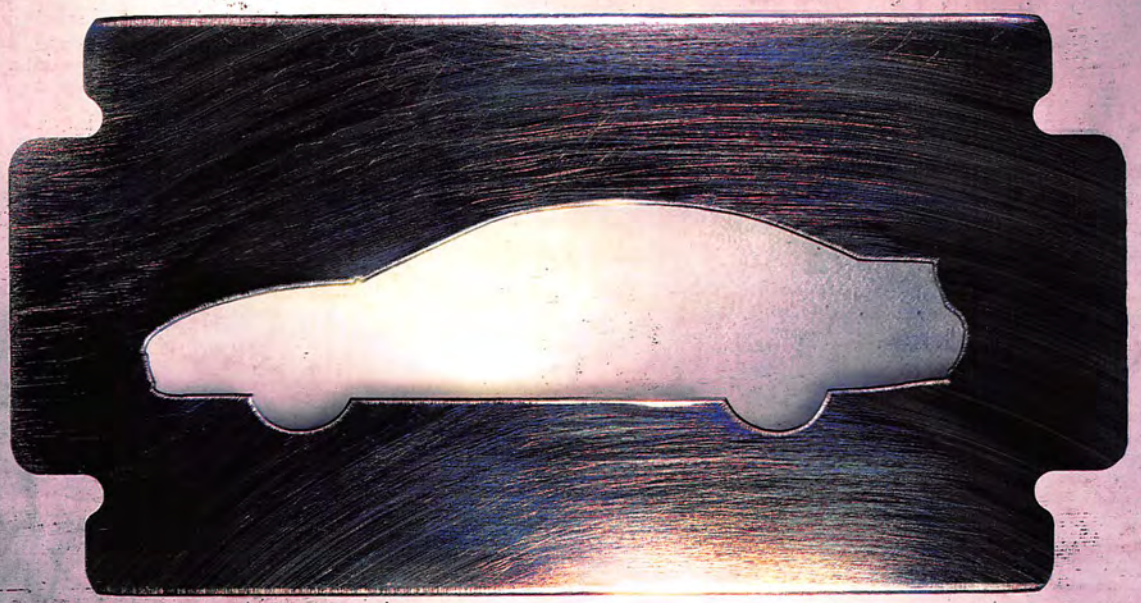
Ness, who is majoring in Scandi
at the University of Minnesota, wer
through a transfer student program
August./*AP*

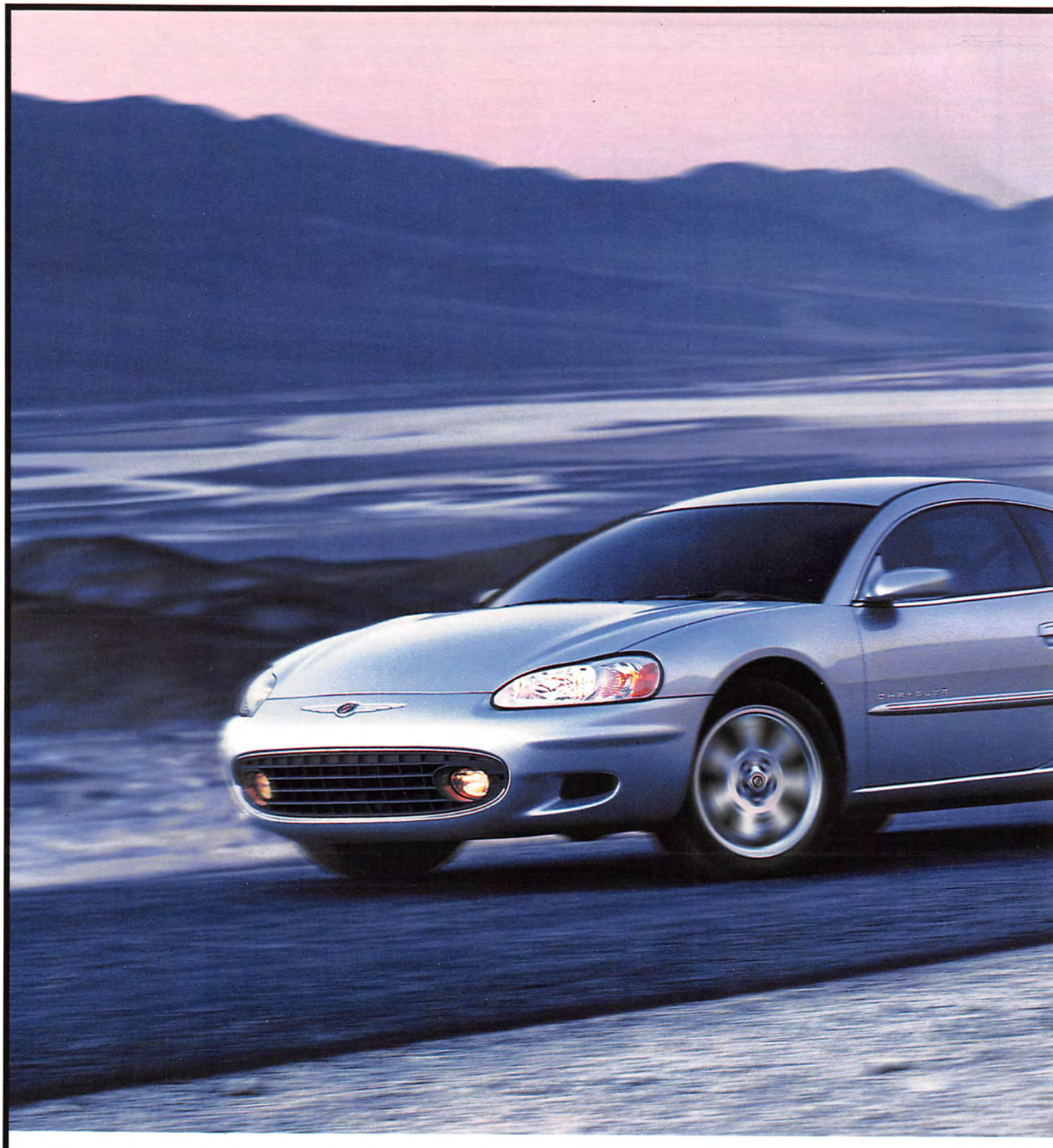
◆ ICELAND COMPARED TO NORTH DAKOTA

One can only imagine how surprised Jonas Ness must have been when, during a trip to Iceland, he found it not unlike North Dakota. What he probably meant was that Iceland is jam-packed with strip malls and inbred farmers. This shocking revelation sent him sprinting to his nearest Associated Press office. And for some reason, the jugheads at AP were inspired to print it.
Sent by Brecon Jackson of Napa, CA

COURTESY OF DIGGERLAND; CHRIS GORMAN; GARY HALGREN

Razor-sharp handling.





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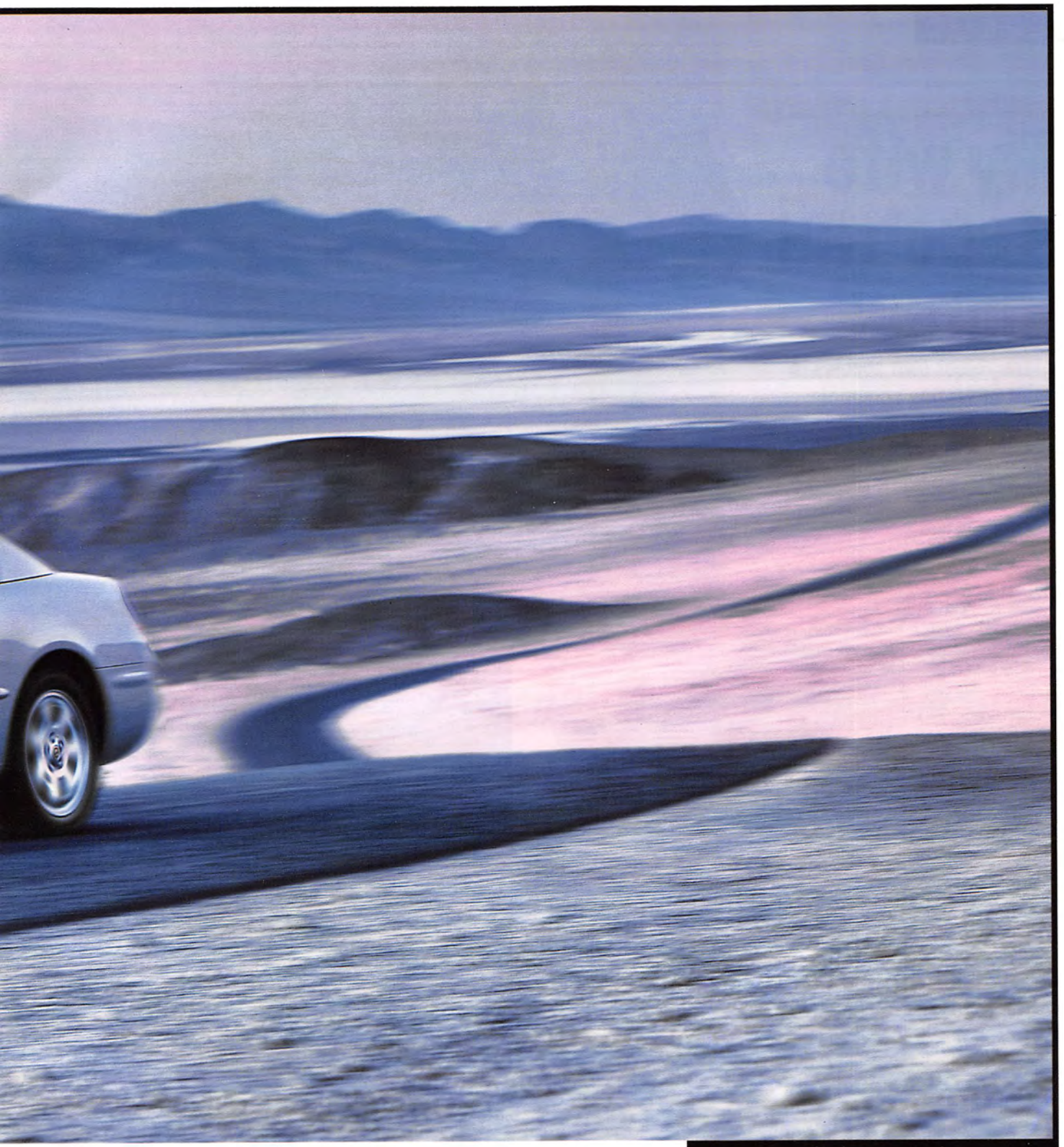

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LIFE PARTNERS

'My wife is such an animal!'

Humans reject own species in pursuit of lasting romance

The moment George Willard led his new wife, Pixel, from the altar, he was longing to start a family. "She's sweet and loving," gushed the former Carl Junction, MO, resident, "and I'd love to have children with her." The problem: Pixel is a horse.

"There are more than 10,000 zoophiles living in the US," says one animal lover who wishes to be referred to only as Canine Casanova. "You can't control who you have feelings for. Some people like horses, but I'm a dog man."

Not everyone, however, ends up as happy as Mr. Willard. "There's a long courting period," Casanova explains. "It's very experimental, just trying to figure out what feels right to each other. I haven't been lucky with a long-term relationship yet. I guess when you're looking for that special someone, you have to be prepared for disappointment." Not to mention the disapproval of the SPCA and the neighbors who complain about the wet-dog smell. **(JB)**

To get in touch with some zoophiles, go to www.net dump.com/users/canine/.

After years of macho posturing, Tarzan turned

GEOGRAPHY

BEAST-LOVING UNACCEPTABLE IN NEARLY HALF THE NATION

Want to do more than just pet on your next trip to the zoo? Avoid doing so in the 24 states in which intercourse with animals is illegal (shaded in darker brown). In three states—Delaware, Kansas and Montana—it's also illegal to force others to have sex with beasts (shaded in red).

GRAPHIC CHART & MAP CO.; FPG; COURTESY OF MCKENZIE TARGETS; EVERETT COLLECTION

THE FHM HELPING HAND 6

MS. INSOMNIA

When someone has problems sawing wood, *FHM* springs into action

The background
Most senior citizens wander off to la-la land before the first *Matlock* commercial break, beckoned by memories of an era when their bladders were stronger than Ziplocs and 30 mph was a respectable speed for freeway driving. But for one elderly Vietnamese woman, the Zs don't come quite so easily.

The cause
Nguyen Thi Tu hasn't slept a wink since 1967, and it wasn't even that pesky war that stopped her slumber. Her shut-eye ended 33 years ago when her second husband passed away. (It's interesting to note that her first husband's death did not faze her.) Though the weary wench still does her housework every day, she stays up all night, every night, in fear that she'll be robbed. Both traditional medicine and Western tranquilizers have failed, leaving doctors mystified.

The donation
In addition to the

Airport security had zucchini-like fingers

"By golly, bears *do* shit in the woods!"

"Ma, the short bus never showed up"

PROTECTION

DEADLY PHONES TAMED

Germaphobes rejoice! Here's another way to separate yourself from the world

The unimaginative have always assumed that the oddest use for a plastic sandwich bag is collecting dog doo off city streets. "Not so," says Texas entrepreneur Robert Pringe, inventor of the TeleCondom system.

The TeleCondom, an oblong plastic bag intended to sheath dirty telephone receivers, serves as your defense against bacteria when using public phones. While the device does inhibit both the hearing and talking aspect of phone usage, Pringe claims it's well worth the inconvenience. "There's the potential of having injurious bacteria on phones," he says. "Most people are immune to it, but some might not be. Once you get used to using the system, you'll feel naked without it."

As to whether the growing cell-phone market could hinder sales of his prophylactic, Pringe counters optimistically. "If it catches on, I think it could spin off into other products," he says. "I don't see why there couldn't be a doorknob condom, or a spare-change condom." That's highly unlikely, seeing as how even the most neurotic obsessive-compulsive hygiene freaks would probably rather slip on a pair of latex gloves than clutter their pockets with countless rubbers. **(JB)**

Contact: www.telecondom.com
Price: $3.45 for two

customary $20, Tu has been sent a pack of Sine-Off. The medicine is intended for sinus sufferers, but its side effects do include drowsiness. We've also shipped her a full-size foam Bodyguard Bear, purchased from Cabela's (www.cabelas.com) for $215. We recommend she keep it by her bed, as it's doubtful she'd be robbed while under the watchful eye of such a fearsome mammal. **(JB)**

Do you know someone who could use $20 to improve their current quandary? Send the details, as well as any gifts that might help Tu sleep, to Helping Hand, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

THE BURNING QUESTIONS

Slow death

Do hair and fingernails keep growing after you die?
Franklin Huang, Athol, MA

"When you die, you do die in parts," explains Jay Siegel, professor of forensic science at Michigan State University. "Your heart and brain functions may stop, but depending on how you've died, your liver might still work for hours, even days." But that doesn't extend to your nasty toenails. "There's no circulation, so there's no way for your hair or nails to get the nutrients needed to grow," says Siegel. The myth does have an understandable origin, though. After you die, your body starts to loose fluids, causing your skin to shrink. Your fingers, for example, will get small and pruny as if you've been in the bathtub for too long. As your skin shrinks, it looks as though the nail or hair is longer than it was before when, in fact, they haven't changed.

"Paper or plastic?"

Safety features

Has a "flotation device" seat cushion ever saved anyone in a plane crash?
Kevin Pride, Paris, KY

"I've never heard of anyone actually doing it," says Michael Barr, director of the aviation safety program at the University of Southern California. "Very few crashes in the ocean are survivable anyway. The water is as hard as the ground when you hit it at 190 to 300 mph." The FAA sets safety standards, but in the event of a crash, precautions become as irrelevant as the under-the-seat life jackets you'll never inflate. "You're told to get out as fast as you can, so who's going to turn around and pick up the seat cushion?" asks Barr. "The FAA says we need to get everyone out the door in 90 seconds. The trouble is, when they test it, everyone sitting in the seats is 22 years old and wearing tennis shoes. A little old lady with a walker isn't going to get out that quickly." Yet perky airline flight attendants continue to promote the farce. "You have to make an attempt at safety standards," says Barr. "But I always have to smile when we get on airplanes and listen to the stewardess's briefing."

None of the Bee Gees were confident swimmers

Old grub

Is there any food that doesn't spoil?
Liam Ross, Seward, NE

While excavating a tomb in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, archeologists found honey dating back to 1350 BC. It was still edible. In fact, any high-sugar syrup will stay fresh as long as it's in an airtight container. That's because sugar binds up all of the available moisture, leaving nothing for thirsty fungi or microbacteria. Over time, chemical reactions taking place in the food will change its chemical makeup and probably make it less nutritious, but not necessarily unsafe. "Shelf life is focused on how long quality will hold up," explains Bill Shafer, a professor at the University of Minnesota's department of food science and nutrition. "After a while the product will just start to taste funny." **(AW)**

Are you so curious about something that it's started to affect your work, health and ability to perform in the sack? Write to Burning Questions, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If we print an answer for it, a $50 reward is yours.

TARA GUERTIN; AP WIDE WORLD; TABER BUHL/AIRTOONS

I COULD DO THAT . . .

The product namer

As president of The Naming Company, David Burd gets paid to sit at home and make up words for things

Gates's brother set up shop in the broom closet

THE DETAILS

AGE: 34 **SALARY:** $150,000
HOURS: 9 a.m.–7 p.m. **PERKS:** Free samples of products he's naming; works from home ("In five years, I've only met two clients face to face."); creating famous names offers a shot at immortality

Aren't companies capable of naming their own things?
I know a lot of tricks that can turn a word into a cool name. Suppose you have a product that does something faster than the other guy's and you want to reflect that. Take a word like "accelerate." If you take off the "e" at the end and add an "a," then it's Accelerata. That's not bad. Then take the "ate" off and add an "ing": Accelering. If this was a phone system, Accelering might be appropriate.

Sounds like something any stooge could do.
The problem is that just about every name is already out there, and on the Internet only one person can own a name. Take "Mac" for example. There's the Big Mac hamburger, the Mack truck, the Mac computer—there's no conflict because they're all different businesses. But there can be only one mac.com. So the goal is to be unique on the Internet and distinctive in the trademark world.

What are some of the things you've named?
Our clients include Disney, MTV, Microsoft and Nestlé. We did a Mickey Mouse line of kid supplies—Stick with Mickey Glue, Mickey's Cooler Ruler, Mickey Clicky Pen and Mickey's Chuckle Chalk. ABC daytime was creating a spinoff of *General Hospital*, and we named it *Port Charles*.

Do you lock someone in a dark room until they can emerge with a name?
We put together a team of 11 people to brainstorm. Personally, I find that some of the best names I get are when I'm in the shower. We generate 600 names, 550 of which are terrible. We'll comb through what's left and present 20 or 30.

What's the lamest name out there?
Microsoft. If you break it down, micro means small, and soft means limp or weak. Small and weak is the opposite of what Microsoft is. But bad names can still become big brands when promoted correctly.

Your business is called The Naming Company. That's not very clever.
Most of our marketing is done on the Internet, so we want to be in the first list of hits. We could have used something like AtomicEnchilada.com, but that wouldn't have said anything about what we do. In our business, creating a clear identity is of paramount importance.

Ever named anybody's baby?
No, we don't name kids or pets or cars. We charge about $20,000 for projects. Some of our competitors may charge $60,000 to $100,000. It's not something where the average person can call up and use our services. **(AW)**

NAME OUR CRAP!

***FHM* asked David Burd to offer better handles for oddities that have been featured in past issues**

1 **Description:** A 10-pound, gas-powered blender featuring a ripcord and a choke, it's perfect for tailgate parties and other testosterone-fueled outdoor events.
Name: The TailGator
David's suggestion: Machotizer

2 **Description:** Billed as "the pinnacle of modern bondage," this oversized sex toy sends low-frequency electrical currents through various body parts.
Name: The Auto Erotic Chair
David's suggestion: Electrogasm

3 **Description:** Goggles that use bent plastic to simulate the visual impairment caused by having a .20 blood alcohol level.
Name: Fatal Vision Simulator Goggles
David's suggestion: Blotto-Spex

Germany won gold in the women's floor exercise

. . . BUT I'M GLAD I DON'T DO THAT

THE ARMPIT SNIFFER

Alex Winslow is an odor judge at a company that tests deodorants and other hygiene products

THE DETAILS

AGE: 29 **SALARY:** $9 per hour for feet; $14 per hour for breath and underarms
HOURS: About 40 per week
PERKS: You get a clean swatch of cotton to cover your nose from time to time

What's it like cramming your nose into sweaty pits for a living?
It's more clinical than that. I'll enter a room with no ventilation that could interfere with the test. A blind separates each subject from the next, and I judge them using a device—sort of a paper cone like you might find at a water cooler, only the small end is cut off. I put the big end against the exposed underarm and the small end goes in my nose.

How many pits, groins and feet can one man smell in a day?
They don't have us do more than 30 subjects per hour—in that regard I'm lucky, I guess. Also, they let us carry a clean piece of cotton to put up to your nose "to help gather your thoughts," and every two hours we go into a ventilated room for a breather.

What qualifies you for such an occupation?
More than you'd think. I actually have a pretty good nose. When I was interning, I hardly got paid while I planted my sniffer on every foot and underarm. I even did some private parts for a feminine hygiene study. But it's the breath studies that get really bad. You wouldn't believe how bad a person's mouth can smell—it's like nothing else on earth, just foul. It was around my first breath test that I realized the company finds people who stink on purpose. For an armpit test, they make them sit fully clothed in a sauna for hours.

Ever use the expression "pungent like month-old egg salad"?
No, but I wish I could, we don't make comments in front of the subjects, even on paper. We rate them on a scale of one to 10. But believe me, even if I could, I'd run out of terms to describe bad smells. I'll smell something and think, "Oh, God, that's disgusting. Nothing could smell that bad," then I'll go and judge the next subject and think, "Jesus, that's even worse." **(JB)**

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SUPREMACY

New Jesus imminent

FHM examines five quacks who are leading the pack in the race to become the new messiah

Candidate 1: Carl J. Joseph

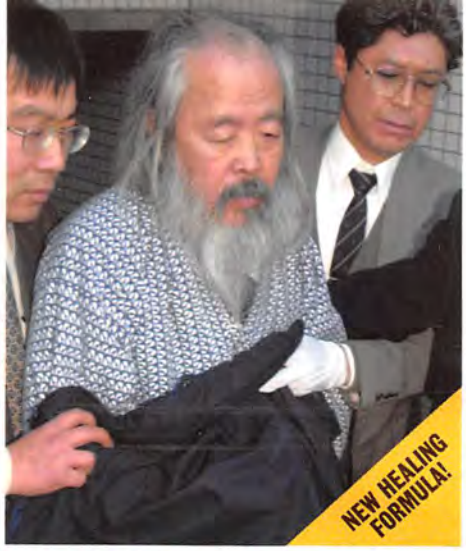
His platform: None. He's often barefoot and wears a dirty robe, with long hair and a beard. People call him "Whatsyourname" because when someone asks his name, he replies, "What's your name?"
Chance for success: Remote. Though some of the 24,730 residents of Hazelton, PA, call him "the one" (including a woman who keeps everything he touches), he's yet to spread the word nationwide.

Candidate 2: Bob Crosbie

His platform: The Liverpool native was born with a caul—a rare mask of skin that covers the face—though it's been removed and he now carries it with him. He's also stigmatic and claims to have healed a cancerous melanoma on a friend's scalp.
Chance for success: Decent. Crosbie already has more than 3,000 followers in Ireland alone.

Candidate 3: Hogen Fukunaga

His platform: Claiming to possess divine healing powers, the 55-year-old from Tokyo not only cures illness, but gains insight into his followers' futures by examining their feet (i.e., short toes reveal short tempers; fat ones foretell a good future).
Chance for success: Improbable. In early May, Fukunaga was arrested on suspicion of fraud and was later indicted.



Candidate 4: Koji Takahashi

His platform: The 61-year-old Japanese man started the religion Life Space and does the "Shakty Pat," healing the sick by pounding on their heads.
Chance for success: Nonexistent. Takahashi is on trial for the murder of a man he kept mummified (although he says the body wasn't dead at all—until the police performed their evil autopsy).

THE FAVORITE

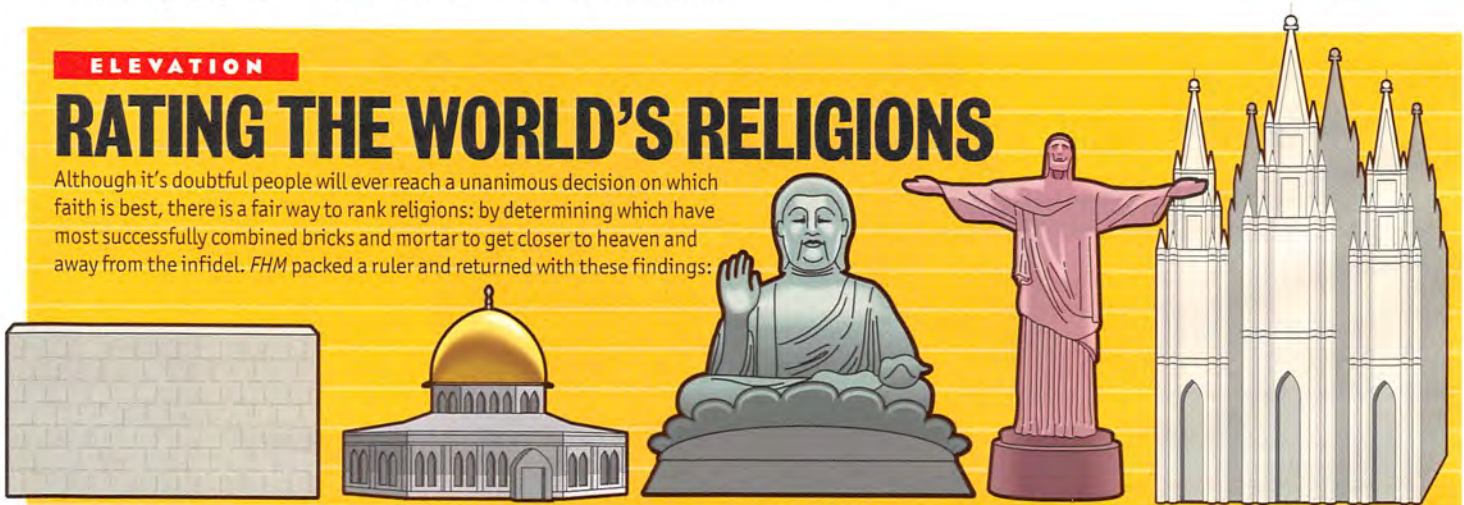
Candidate 5: Maitreya

His platform: Despite being unsure of his existence, believers tout Maitreya as "the world teacher for the New Age." He's alleged to have cured "50 or 60 people" at a service in Nairobi, Kenya.
Chance for success: Outstanding. Although Maitreya has yet to go public—he's reportedly living incognito in a London suburb—some 20,000 New Agers have been conducting "transmission meditation," in which they believe to be "stepping down" cosmic energy to a frequency usable on earth. The goal is to create the critical mass needed for Maitreya's emergence, who will enter public life by simulcasting on every radio and TV in the world. **(JB)**

ELEVATION

RATING THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS

Although it's doubtful people will ever reach a unanimous decision on which faith is best, there is a fair way to rank religions: by determining which have most successfully combined bricks and mortar to get closer to heaven and away from the infidel. *FHM* packed a ruler and returned with these findings:



5. THE JEWS
The Wailing Wall, Jerusalem
59 feet

4. THE MUSLIMS
The Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem
81 feet

3. THE BUDDHISTS
Po Lin Monastery's Big Buddha, Hong Kong
112 feet

2. THE CHRISTIANS
The Corcovado, Rio de Janeiro
125 feet

1. THE MORMONS
The Washington, DC, Mormon Temple, USA
288 feet

AP WIDE WORLD; JAMES CONNOLLY/GREENGRAPH; KYODO NEWS (2); ILLUSTRATIONS: STEVEN STANKIEWICZ

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CONTEST!

MYSTERY MACHINE 5

Guess what this is and win a Handspring Visor Deluxe personal digital assistant

In the '70s, the words Mystery Machine triggered images of a psychedelic van containing four kids and a pooch who downed crackers known as "Scooby Snacks." (This helps explain why they were always seeing ghosts.) But now that Scooby's gang has been relegated to daytime cable, the Mystery Machine is quite clearly an *FHM* contest wherein readers guess the nature of some curious device, all the while hoping to win a Handspring Visor Deluxe snazzy enough to make Velma yell, "Jinkies!" Meddling kids wanting to enter should send a clear, detailed explanation of the pictured machine to Mystery Machine 5, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011 before December 1, 2000. See page 224 for the legal jargon.

Here's the Handspring Visor Deluxe. It's a handheld personal digital assistant that fits in your palm and is armed with an address book, date book, to-do list, memo pad, calculator and world clock. You can also access e-mail messages depending on the program you use.

MYSTERY MACHINE 3

THE ADRIAN SHOE-FITTING X-RAY MACHINE

Inspired by the increasing use of x-rays after World War II, the Adrian Shoe-fitting X-ray Machine was distributed as a promotional device to about 10,000 US stores during the late '40s. The novel idea was that shoe salesman could look at x-rays of a child's feet through ports in the machine to determine whether the shoes fit properly.

What knuckleheaded designers failed to consider was that x-rays are radioactive. While no figures exist on how many people developed cancer after trying on Buster Browns, one study found that some machines emitted 116 roentgens of radiation. By comparison, a person in Hiroshima when the atom bomb was dropped would have been exposed to 300 roentgens. **(JC)**

Congratulations to William Steinmetz of Lindenhurst, IL, for nailing the identity of Mystery Machine 3 and winning the Handspring Visor.

After a long labor, the juicer was finally a mother

DIY

Bumpkin builds rocket of death

Self-taught astronaut threatens NASA's monopoly on space

There are some DIY projects that no one—not even Bob Vila—would try at home. Surgery, for example, is out of the question. Popular opinion also states that only a moron would attempt space exploration without proper equipment or training. In that respect, Oregon toy inventor Brian Walker qualifies as such a moron.

"This is a simple exercise in thrust over weight," Walker says nonchalantly of his plan to be the first citizen to launch himself into space in a homemade rocket. "Nothing to it really. If I can survive the first six seconds or so, I should be all right."

Surprisingly, some members of the scientific community believe Walker's plan will work. In a shop in his backyard, he's building a nine-foot capsule and a giant centrifuge to train his body to contend with high gravitational forces. And he's doing it all at rock-bottom prices: His 20-minute ride, scheduled for sometime in 2001, should cost no more than $250,000. ("Let's see NASA try that," he boasts.)

The only thing standing in Walker's way is the FAA. "They might not give me a license," he laments. "I guess they're scared I'll punch a hole in a plane on my way up." Refusing to allow some rinky-dink government agency to stand in his way, Walker says he's prepared to take his rocket on the road. "They'd love the publicity in Mexico." **(JB)**

Contact: www.rocketguy.com

Schroeder dabbled in alchemy after *Silver Spoons*

DECONTAMINATION

WATER-PURIFYING PEN

Those who live a modern existence in America's cities take for granted the basic living standards that their rural friends often can't count on, such as 24-hour food delivery, a mixed gene pool and, most importantly, easy access to clean water. Taking on the challenge of polluted water, the MIOX Corporation has devised a simple method for purifying even the most foul, bacteria-ridden water in minutes—using only a pinch of salt. After placing a salt tablet and a splash of water in the battery-powered MIOX pen, the salt-water goes through the process of electrolysis, whereby chlorine and other oxidants are generated. After 30 seconds, the resulting solution is added to a liter of water, which is ready to drink in less than 10 minutes. Currently, MIOX makes the pen for only the military, but it plans to sell a consumer version within the year. **(JC)**

Contact: www.miox.com

CHRIS GORMAN; COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF QUESTIONABLE MEDICAL DEVICES; COURTESY OF BRIAN WALKER; CHIP SIMONS

THE FACTS

The giant sloth sleeps 17 hours a day, yet dreams for just 70 minutes of that time . . . Space Station Alpha, currently being assembled in orbit, stands a 50 percent chance of being destroyed by a meteor impact during its 15-year operational lifetime . . . 1.3 million Earths would fit inside our sun, which is considered only a medium-sized star

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■YES. ■NO. IF YOU ANSWERED YES, PLEASE READ ON.

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IGNORANCE TODAY

Rich folk: stingier than ever

World's wealthy still unwilling to share with others

Parcells was reduced to watching the games through a TV store window

Rocker chintzes on tips

When Mick Jagger was accused of tipping a New York City cab driver a measly quarter, his former publicist Keith Altham cleared up the confusion. "There is no truth to the story," Altham said. "And in any case, tipping the cabby a quarter would be an uncharacteristic extravagance for Mr. Jagger."

Hall of Famer squirrels used soap

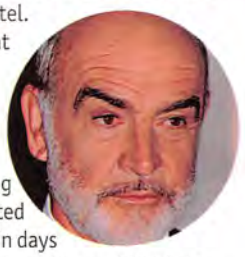
Ty Cobb often cried poor despite amassing a fortune as a baseball superstar and one of the first shareholders in Coca-Cola. After games, he'd walk through dank locker-room shower stalls to collect used bits of soap other players had left behind. He'd then send them to his home in Georgia for later use—presumably after several hours of hair removal.

Computer nerd settles for airline grub

Until recently, Bill Gates didn't own a private jet. He prided himself on flying coach, and often scheduled flights to coincide with lunch or dinner so he could save on meals.

Mogul refuses to waste on laundry

Former Santa Clara, CA, resident Irwin Uran made headlines three years ago when he donated $1 million to the town of Leesburg, VA. The gift startled those who knew him as the man who always wore the same jeans and shirt and lived in a room at a Best Western motel. His wealth was estimated at more than $300 million.



Actor shafts widow

It's been reported that Sean Connery, after lending a friend $100,000, attempted to collect on the debt within days of the man's death. When his widow explained she was bankrupt, Connery charitably offered to take the dead man's wine collection as payment.

Tightwad demands fee for talking

Japanese real-estate mogul Haruhiko Yoshimoto, who's tighter than Kathy Lee's face, gained the proud distinction of being the only billionaire on record to have asked *Forbes* magazine for an interview fee. The fee was reportedly less than $500.

Billionaire can't pay phone bill

J. Paul Getty, at one time the richest man on the globe, was so sick of guests running up his phone bills that he installed pay phones at Sutton Place, his British estate, and would wander the halls with a pocketful of change. "When you get some fellow talking for 10 or 15 minutes," he told a local paper, "well, it all adds up." **(JB)**

CRACKPOT CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE MONTH

GOVERNMENT CONTROLS ATMOSPHERE

On the Alaskan tundra some 200 miles east of Anchorage, where only the most misguided Eskimos venture, sits project HAARP (High-Frequency Active Auroral Research Program), the Pentagon's $100 million-plus "ionospheric heater" prototype. Once finished, it will be able to beam out high-frequency radio waves into the atmosphere.

Government officials claim its intended use is to "observe the complex natural variations of Alaska's ionosphere." But theorists blame the project for everything from power outages to the downing of TWA flight 800—and say it could be used for *Star Wars*-like missile defense and even for controlling the weather in a Lex Luthor kind of way. The machine is similar to the original HAARP invented by Bernard Eastlund, whose contraption was intended for "disrupting communications over a large part of the earth" and enabling "aircraft confusion."

"The government will say it isn't so," Eastlund said in a radio interview. "But if it quacks like a duck and looks like a duck, there's a good chance it is a duck." **(CB)**

Moses tried for a perfect triple lindy

DISCO ERNIE

Wise words

Old folks have had ample time to soak up plenty of knowledge. To tap into this resource, *FHM* has asked our sage, 86-year-old stripper Ernie Nasser (aka Disco Ernie), to give us his words of wisdom.

What's the secret to happiness?
J. Kennedy, Killingworth, CT

Disco Ernie responds:
I raised five kids, and I'm still feeding them. My son owns a store, and I go in every day and bring everyone lunch. But I always bring something different so they don't get tired of my visits. Sometimes I bring spaghetti and chili, all kinds of stuff. The change is good. It keeps things interesting.

Have a question for Disco Ernie? Write to Wise Words, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

EVERETT COLLECTION (7); COURTESY OF ERNIE NASSER

THE FACTS

There is a one in 20,000 chance you will one day get a new identity under the Witness Protection Program . . . By eliminating a single olive from the first-class salads in 1987, American Airlines saved $40,000 a year . . . **About half of the adult population can't read a bus or train schedule . . .** An average of 65 Americans become millionaires each day

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DRIVING IS BELIEVING

THE GUY AT THE END OF THE BAR...

ENDURES HANGOVER MEDICINE

FHM's preeminent lush proves there's no cure for the next-morning baggage that accompanies a long night of drinking

More than half the letters I've received since *FHM*'s launch ask the same age-old question: How can I avoid feeling like death after hanging out at bars all night? Obviously, if there were some sure-fire hangover cure, all of civilization would know about it by now. But in an effort to permanently lay this issue to rest, I figured I'd go through the motions one more time,

Daily at 6, tramp enjoyed a cocktail

and document the results after filling my body with an array of useless elixirs the mornings after my nights of debauchery.

Water

The wisdom: Because pounding beers or sucking down cocktails results in frequent trips to the urinal, dehydration is an obvious side effect of drinking. Also, my personal least favorite aspect of a hangover is waking up with a mouth drier than it would've been had I just devoured a bucket of sand.
Did it work? No. It eased my dry mouth a bit, but otherwise served no purpose aside from wasting space in my festering gut.

Gatorade

The wisdom: Sports drinks claim to be loaded with all sorts of ions, potassium and sugar to help "replenish vital fluids." Besides, anything that tastes this bad must somehow be good for you.
Did it work? No. In fact, I felt a bit bloated by the urine-like drink, which was the last thing I needed on top of a stomach saturated with alcohol.

Coffee

The wisdom: It helps jumpstart me on those rare occasions that I hadn't been beating up on my liver the night before, so perhaps the caffeine would also help lift me out of a drinking-induced semi-coma.
Did it work? No. The coffee actually made me feel worse. It caused me to take a leak every 15 minutes, which meant that I a) had to hoist my aching body off the couch to do so, and b) became even more dehydrated.

Pain relievers

The wisdom: Advil seems to do the trick on regular headaches.
Did it work? No. Unlike a regular headache, hangover head pain is the result of dehydration shriveling the dura mater, a membrane covering the brain. As this deforms, it tugs on pain-sensitive filaments that connect it to the skull, something that proves too much for two measly Advil pellets.

Polish oyster

The wisdom: A concoction of vodka, egg yolk, pepper and salt—I figured that such a repulsive mixture would clearly not exist if it hadn't worked for at least one person in the past.
Did it work? I don't know. I spewed it up violently as soon as it hit the back of my throat. Besides, I didn't feel like trading my hangover for salmonella anyway.

Bloody Mary

The wisdom: "Bite the dog that bit you" (although I can hardly classify such a moronic adage as "wisdom").
Did it work? Temporarily. But unless I continued to drink every day for the rest of my life—an option that did cross my mind once I had regained my buzz—I would eventually have to face the inevitable. Sure enough, the next morning I was forced to deal with a hangover that was twice as brutal.

CONCLUSION

Trust me: I've tried everything from greasy burgers, milkshakes and clam chowder to the herbal crap they sell in those all-natural stores and the wacky wives'-tales antidotes people have conjured up around the world (see "Bizarre techniques . . ." above). The only thing I've found to have even the slightest bit of a positive effect is N-acetyl-cysteine (NAC), an amino-acid supplement available in health food stores.

That leaves us with the dreaded A-word: abstinence. But taking that route would clearly render me a quitter, and would make for a pretty boring time at the end of the bar. **(SG)**

Bizarre techniques from abroad that also don't cure hangovers

Haiti: *Voodoo.* Stick 13 black-headed pins in the cork of the bottle that gave you the hangover. (As if anybody awakens the next morning still clutching said bottle.)
India: *Urine.* A letter published in an Indian newspaper was from a drunk who insisted that the first urination of the "morning after" should be swallowed for relief from a hangover. Enough said.
Israel: *Olive oil.* "The oil can be accompanied by the same drink that caused the problem," says Moulli Azrieli, owner of Finks, Israel's most famous bar. (Quite a salesman, that Moulli.)
Russia: *Rassol.* It's a mixture of vinegar and pickled cabbage water. And it's undoubtedly the most rancid-tasting swill you'll ever imbibe.

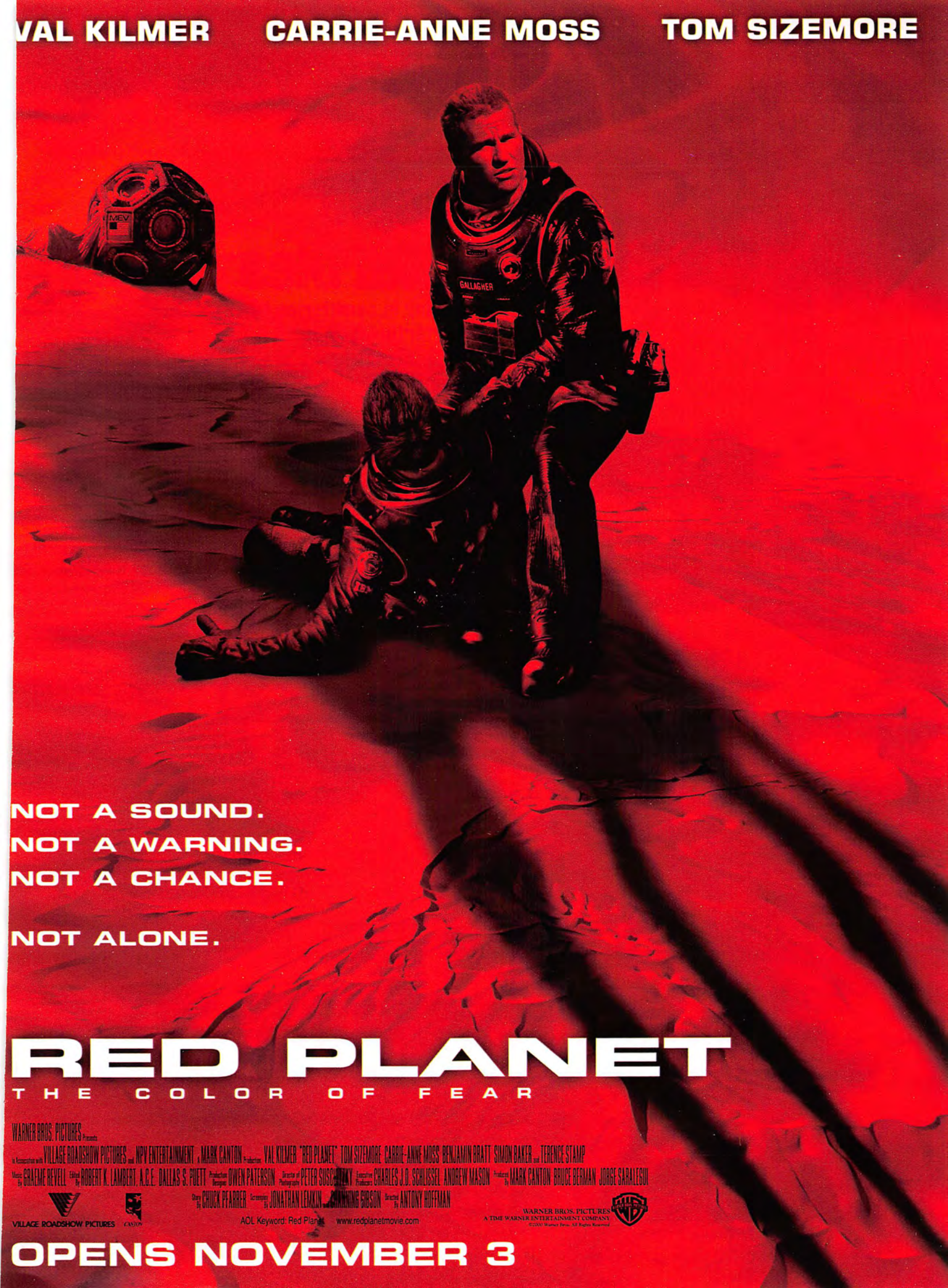
THE CONNOISSEUR

Q **My friend and I used to go out for $1 drafts every Tuesday night to get loaded on Guinness and Murphy's Irish Stout. Recently he switched to Coors Light, claiming his hangovers were far less harsh than they had been after pounding the darker beers. I told him it's all psychological and that he ought to go back to drinking a real man's beer. Am I right?**
Glenn White, Berwyn, PA

A *The medical community appears to be on your buddy's side. According to the American Medical Association, some types of alcohol have higher concentrations of congeners, the impurities that darken drinks such as Kahlua or brandy. Congeners are essentially the toxic byproducts of alcohol fermentation, which ultimately determines the severity of a hangover. As a general rule, the clearer the alcohol, the lower the concentration of congeners—and the lower the risk of a hangover.*

Have a question for FHM*'s connoisseur? Send it to The Guy at the End of the Bar,* FHM, *110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.*

BRENNAN CAVANAUGH (3); CLOTHING: EARLY HALLOWEEN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GAINING ADVANTAGE

Fit people lose marbles

From sleeping in cemeteries to gulping turtle blood, athletes go to great lengths when preparing for competition

Greeks put 'nads at risk

One of the training methods for the Greek martial art Pankratia, in which wrestlers bind their legs together, is the "connected nuts" technique. A weight is tied to a 25-inch rope, which is then tied to the fighter's testicles. The exercise builds back, abdominal and leg strength by forcing the fighter to keep his knees bent and back straight—or else risk losing his ball bag to gravity.

Organs deemed optional

While the rest of the world blamed China's dominance of women's running in the early '90s on coach Ma Junren giving his girls banned substances, his bizarre practices weren't illegal. Junren would force his team to down turtle blood like it was soup, and instituted mass appendectomies so his runners' bodies would be emptied of excess weight. He called the surgeries preventive, in case someone got appendicitis the night before a meet.

Leader cons cult into free booty

Divine Madness is a group of Colorado athletes who train for marathons by running up to 50 miles a day. The group's leader, Yo, preaches the transformation of mortals into superhumans via exhaustion, drinking and sex. According to a lawsuit filed by ex-members, Yo deprived them of sleep to keep them vulnerable to his views. He did this not only by throwing late-night parties full of group sex, but also by telling members their emotional health required that he control their sexual activity.

Trainers offered as food to insects

With a heritage older than Pat Morita, cricket fighting has been a popular Chinese sport for nearly 1,000 years. Trainers prep their Jimineys for battle with a diet of rice, chestnuts, cucumbers, seeds and mosquitoes. Days before a fight, the trainer lets the mosquitoes bite him and imbibe his blood. The bugs are then fed to the crickets, transferring the trainer's strength to the warrior cricket.

Cadavers inspire golfer to greatness

Joon Chul used psychological torture and harsh physical training to raise his daughter, Se Ri Pak, to be an LPGA golf star. To build up her thigh muscles, he made her climb the stairs of their 15-story apartment complex. To teach her about survival, he brought her to pit-bull fights at a young age. And to instill bravery in the girl, he left her alone in cemeteries overnight. **(PC)**

Strongmen: quite camp

INTENSE IRRITATION

TRIVIA GOES TOO FAR

Dubbed "more annoying than jock itch" in its own instruction manual, Norm Nutman has no problem living up to that billing. The 10-inch-high plastic Nutman challenges users to a sports trivia contest with a grating New York accent that makes him sound like the loser who dubs himself "Vinny from Queens" on daily calls to overnight sports talk-radio shows. Slap his tongue to answer multiple-choice questions, but if you're wrong, Norm fires back with lame insults along the lines of "Maybe you would rather talk about your feelings instead of sports." You'll memorize most of the answers in a matter of hours, but as long as you can stop people within earshot from taking a sledgehammer to Norm, you can subject yourself to further annoyance by downloading more trivia through a Nut eLink. **(SG)**

Contact: www.radicagames.com; Price: $40

A talking nut—how amusing

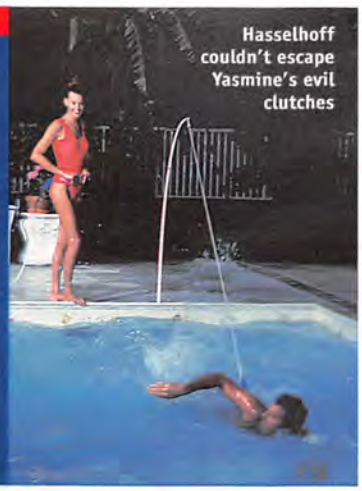
POINTLESSNESS

Dumb swimming

Until recently, the easiest way to improve your swimming speed was to do laps while wearing weights. But if the developers of Superswim have their way, amateur swimmers will never again drown in the pursuit of Olympic glory. That's because Superswim, a flexible rod and harness system designed to train swimmers for competition, prevents you from moving forward in the water. If used properly, it will quickly convince you to take up a less tedious sport. **(JB)**

Contact: www.poolproducts.com/superswim.html

Price: $199



Hasselhoff couldn't escape Yasmine's evil clutches

EVERETT COLLECTION (2); CHRIS GORMAN

THE FACTS

The Raiders and Dolphins are the only NFL squads with images of helmets on their helmets . . . Five team names are repeated within the four major sports: Cardinals, Giants, Kings, Panthers and Rangers . . . **Rich "Goose" Gossage is the only player to represent teams from four different divisions in baseball's All-Star Game**

Scoring?

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PartyByNight.com

It's your ex-girlfriend!

FHM gives women a shot at shaming the men who've done them wrong

If given the choice between falling down ice-covered mountains or getting it on with a sultry 23-year-old, most guys would choose the latter in a heartbeat. That makes most guys smarter than Beth Birkett's ex-boyfriend, Chris. "He worked all week," says the 5-foot-5 Valencia, CA, native. "On the weekend, he always had something else to do—and it was always snowboarding."

The preoccupied bozo didn't even appreciate Beth's attempts to join him on the slopes. "I was no good, and he was always like, 'What are you doing? You're such a girl.' And I was like, 'Hello . . . I am.'"

A year later, this clown still hadn't figured it out, so Beth avoided him like yellow snow. After finally regaining his senses, he crawled back, promising to mend his ways. They moved in together, but it was a mistake. "We were roommates," Beth explains. "He did his thing, and I did mine. That's when I knew it was over."

Which puts Beth back on the market. But before assuming you can give her the attention she deserves, you better take some hints.

Screw chivalry

"If a guy pulls out a chair, that's nice, but it's not going to do it. I don't think you're so great just because you have manners. I don't like feeling as if a guy is trying to impress me. Just be you."

Back off her feet

"I was walking and eating some ice cream and this guy was like, 'Baby, that ice cream looks so good, why don't you drop some on your feet so I can lick it off?' I'm not going to waste my time with him. Women don't do that to men. We don't stop them and basically ask, 'Excuse me, can I waste 10 minutes of your time?'"

Eat beans

"I love being at the point when you're with someone and you don't have to talk. There are no expectations, and you're kind of just watching movies. Then he'll fart, and it's like, 'I love you, baby!'"

Skip the presents

"An ex bought me a ticket to go back home to see my friends, but when I got back, I broke up with him. I was miserable in the relationship, and I refused to let him buy me a ticket to make me feel like I had to stay. So I paid him back." **(AW)**

Hey, ladies! Is there a man in your life—an ex-boyfriend, a father or a brother—you'd like to shame? Send a letter (and some pictures) to Trouble, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

THE EX-BOYFRIEND

Name: Chris
Age: 25
Nickname: Butter Muffin
Don't mention: The time he tried to "teach" Beth how to snowboard by abandoning her on top of a mountain, forcing her to learn as she went down. While he was off snowboarding on his own, she sprained her ankle.

LARRY BUSACCA; MAKEUP BY RITA RAGONE

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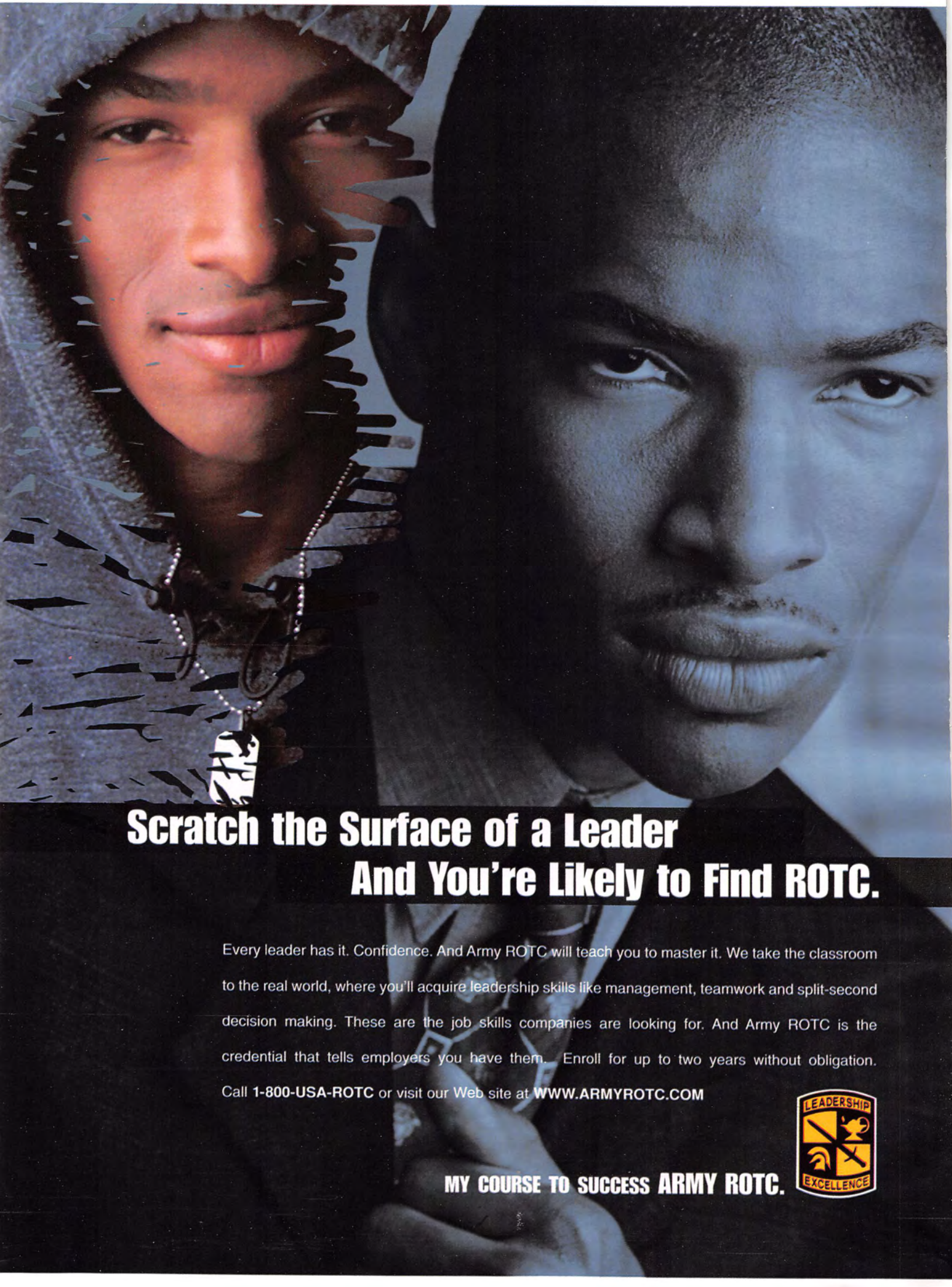
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Wolf Boy longed for his yo-yo

OBSESSION

Haunted houses

Horror-crazed rocker Rob Zombie's dream house has skeletons in the closets and blood in the toilet

Why do you have such a thing for haunted houses?
Hell, I don't know. I've loved them ever since I was so young I can't even remember. I saw a haunted house about five years ago that had a weird room with all these big fat guys hanging upside down in body bags. It was this industrial hell they had created, totally humorless. People were just screaming in terror. It was very cool because there was a realistic aspect to it, like this was something that could happen in a seedy warehouse somewhere in your city. The more you can relate to something, the scarier it becomes.

What did you do to ensure terror in Universal's Halloween Maze?
I never know if something's going to be scary until I get in there and tweak it and mess with the lighting and sound and stuff. I went through it a million times yelling, "Turn that up!" or "That's too bright!"

Any movies make you soil your Underoos when you were a kid?
I never thought horror movies were scary. I loved 'em so much that I identified with the monster. When you're little, some kids are baseball kids, some kids are monster kids. I was the monster kid. In movies, the monster was a misunderstood creature I sympathized with. It wasn't his fault he was wreaking havoc, right?

Gene Simmons of Kiss feels the same way. He cries every time he watches *King Kong*.
King Kong? That was my favorite movie! But I don't get misty for him.

What gets your fear-o-meter going?
Disney. Most Disney movies are *scary*. I mean, they have that premise like, "Oh! Isn't it cute?" But they always end up throwing cute Bambi or poor Pinocchio into a terrifying situation where their parents get slaughtered. Every Disney movie has something that'll make kids cry. That's far more twisted than anything I do. **(JM)**

Rob Zombie's "House of 1,000 Corpses Halloween Horror Maze" is open through the end of October at Universal Studios Hollywood.

ALBUMS

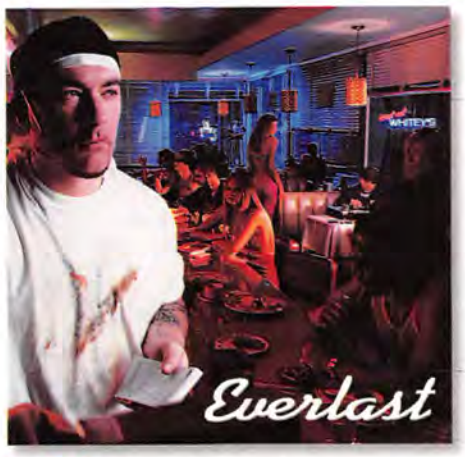
The ratings: ★★★★★ O'Connor ★★★★ Heche ★★★ Bernhard ★★ Etheridge ★ Navratilova

DJ Hurricane

DON'T SLEEP (TVT)
Hurricane's been on the scene since the giddyup, co-writing and working the turntables for the Beastie Boys (*Paul's Boutique* to *Hello Nasty*). He's wrecked shop with one-off super-group The Afros and has even been a bodyguard for Run D.M.C. Now, five years after his disappointing solo album, *Hurra*, he returns with a record hotter than leather car seats in the Arizona sun. Talib Kweli, Pharaohe Monch, N'dea Davenport, Rah Digga, Public Enemy, Ad-Rock and The Roots' Black Thought all punch in, as does Scott Weiland and *Real World* veteran Heather B. This dizzying whirlwind of talent is exactly what you'd expect a hurricane to deliver. ★★★★ **(JB)**

Nothingface

VIOLENCE (TVT)
"I have a split personality when I write," front man Matt Holt says of his inconsistent style. Although Nothingface delivers with a heavy rock sound, Holt is by far the weakest link. With vocals ranging from fair to flat to just plain fake, he's a poor man's Richard Patrick (Filter's lead guy) when erupting into a gravely falsetto yell. The first single, "Bleeder," is aggressive and heavy, but the album plummets straight downhill from there. ★★ **(DC)**



Everlast EAT AT WHITEY'S (TOMMY BOY)

Everlast has come a long way. Ten years ago, he looked like Vanilla Ice and rhymed with Corky Nemec (Parker from *Parker Lewis Can't Lose*). From there he fronted House of Pain before emerging as a Grammy-winning solo artist. Now he looks like a toddler learning to ride the porcelain pony—scared to fall off and holding on tight to tricks that worked last time. But can you blame him? With slick production work (same as last time), soulful singing (like before) and loads of guests, the man's made one bomb-ass record (again). ★★★★ **(JB)**

Honeydogs

HERE'S LUCK (PALM)
If you believe the Honeydogs' Web site, the three-year layover since the band's last album was to allow the canines to finish some side projects. Brian wrote a book, *Horse Grooming: One Man's Spiritual Journey*; Adam worked on *Beaches: The Musical*; Trent trained for his bout as an ultimate fighter. . . . You get the idea. The truth is far simpler: *Here's Luck* was supposed to surface early in 1999, but label trouble postponed it. On the bright side, Palm, the imprint that finally signed the band, has given them a bit more freedom and released a richly textured collection of rock-flavored—and at times almost country-styled—pop songs. ★★★ **(QR)**

Morphine

BOOTLEG DETROIT (RYKODISK)
Rappers, Elvis fans and Yoko Ono have long known the massive money that can be made from a post-mortem release. Now it's Morphine's turn. The band cashes in on lead singer Mark Sandman's death (he suffered a heart attack on stage in Italy in July 1999) by releasing *Bootleg Detroit*, their only authorized live recording, done by a fan in 1994. It's a mediocre rendition of their self-proclaimed "low rock." ★★ **(DC)**

MARK SELIGER/CORBIS OUTLINE

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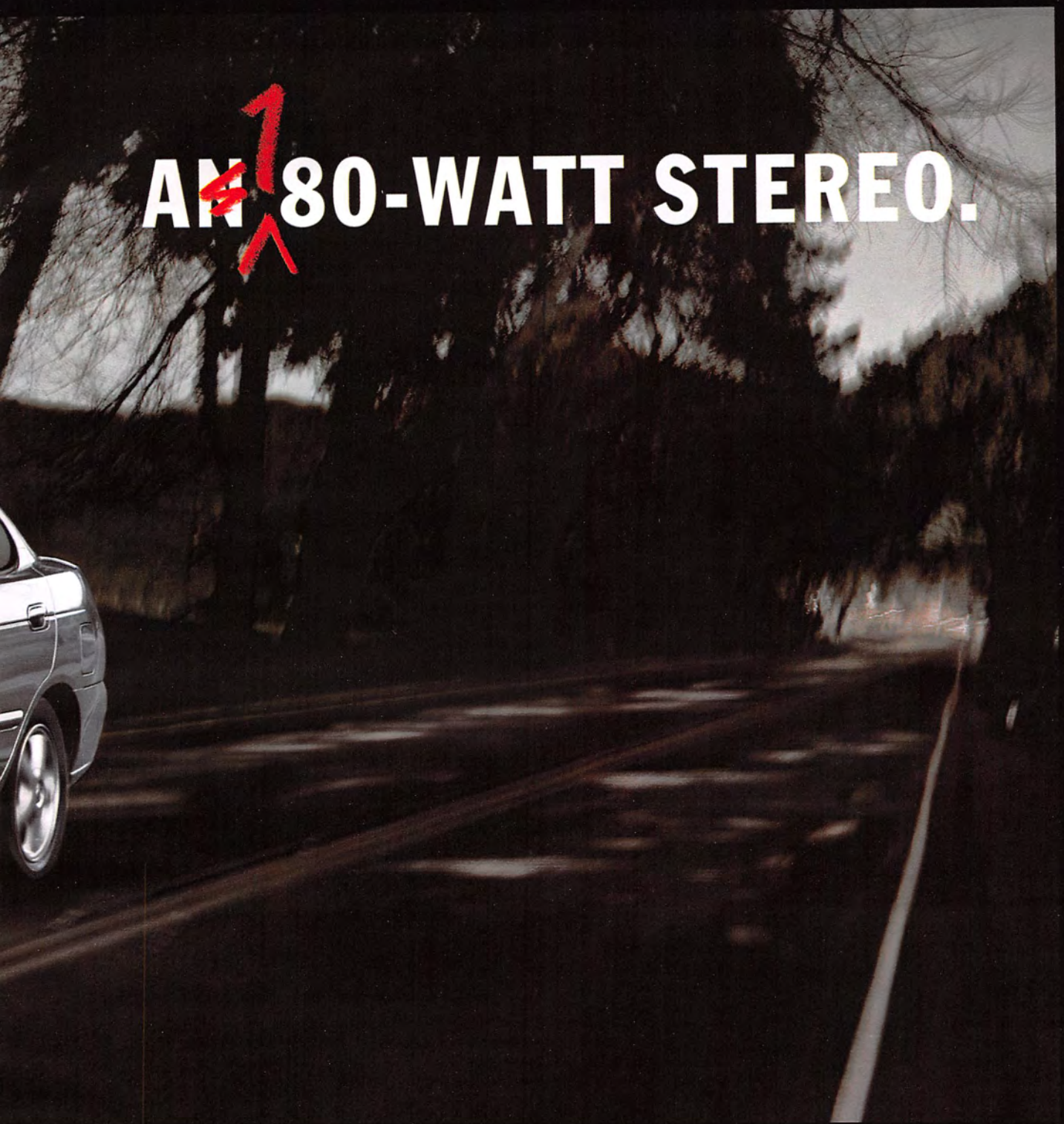

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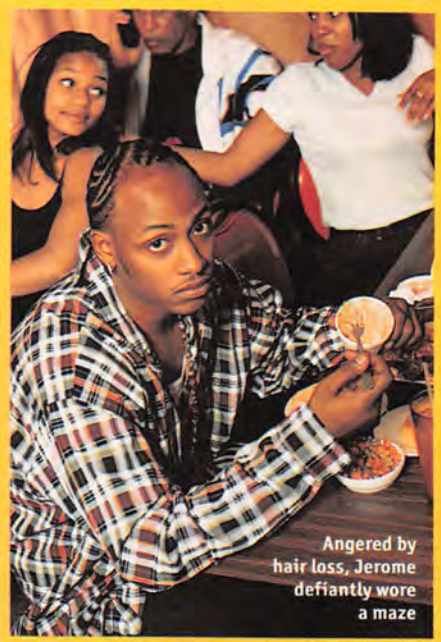

Angered by hair loss, Jerome defiantly wore a maze

MYSTIKAL

LET'S GET READY (JIVE)

You won't understand him, but you'll like what you hear

Although many rappers talk the street-talk and walk the street-walk as part of a contrived anger-fed image, New Orleans-bred Mystikal has had just cause. Five years ago, his sister was stabbed repeatedly with a screwdriver, then strangled with a clock-radio cord by her boyfriend Damion Neville (grandson of one of the Neville Brothers) while Mystikal was home celebrating his birthday. Neville confessed to the brutal crime on tape, yet was shockingly acquitted.

Mystikal's anger is still present on *Let's Get Ready*, his fifth album, but it takes a back seat to a rhyme style that switches at split-second intervals between an ultra-soft whisper and a lightning-fast shout, making all but the hooks virtually indistinguishable. It leaves you with more of a vibe than words you'd pick out and memorize, but when mixed with super-slick production work, the record bangs harder than Ron Jeremy. Rest assured that tracks like "Shake Ya Ass," yet another ode to the gluteus maximus, will be rocking dance floors for years to come, thanks to help from singer/producer Pharrell Williams, best known as the beat-master of Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Got Your Money." ★★★★ (JB)

ALBUMS

Outkast

STANKONIA (ARISTA)

Nobody can accuse Outkast for failing to live up to their name. The band that bucks fashion trends by boldly combining ski boots, fur legwarmers and a Vietnam-style rice hat is scorned by even the most accepting of old women (a wheelchair-bound Rosa Parks sued them for naming a song after her) and cranks out music unlike anything else out there. From the clever production of "Stanklove" to the infectious "Ms. Jackson," *Stankonia* is packed with the southern-fried, extra-terrestrial, El Dorado funk that's put them on top in the past. Had Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris been outcasts like this, Columbine might have been a happier place. ★★★★ (QR)

Robbie Williams

SING WHEN YOU'RE WINNING (CAPITOL RECORDS)

Williams's star power is unrivaled in the UK: Imagine 'N Sync, Limp Bizkit and Beck rolled into one ego-driven, Ginger Spice-humpin' singer. He was the first to leave Take That, Britain's answer to the New Kids, which sold more records than any English act since The Beatles. Five years later, the catchy ballads of this, his second solo record, should help him win fans here in the colonies. ★★★★ (JH)

Usher

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF U (LAFACE/ARISTA)

Although most people would be hard-pressed to name someone they know who's an Usher fan, such backers must be out there somewhere. After all, his debut, produced by L.A. Reid and Sean "Puffy" Combs (back before he added the "Daddy" bit), went platinum, and he's had two other chart-topping records in addition to numerous big-screen appearances. Throw in his work on *Moesha* and the guy clearly has a following. Perhaps *The Wonderful World of U*—with edgier work that's likely to remind you of Sisqo (minus the thong talk) or even a male Kelis (minus the aggression)—will bring his supporters out of the closet. ★★★ (QR)

QUIZ

The joke's on...

Like homemade fireworks, teen celebrities burn bright before quickly fizzling. The lucky ones land lucrative cable syndication deals, while others are mocked for thinking their fleeting weeks of fame would be able to support a full-blown music career. Revisit the days of your misspent youth by trying to figure out which of these wretched celebrity recordings are real and which are just cheap shots at easy targets.

1. Brian Green

ONE STOP CARNIVAL

Sounds like A poor man's Vanilla Ice

Most embarrassing Green's pitiful attempt to co-opt street slang by giving his songs "phat" titles such as "1-2-Threez," "Style Iz It," "Da Drama" and "Beauty and Da Beats."

2. Corey Haim

HIGHWAY TO FUNKY TOWN

Sounds like A poorer man's Brian Green

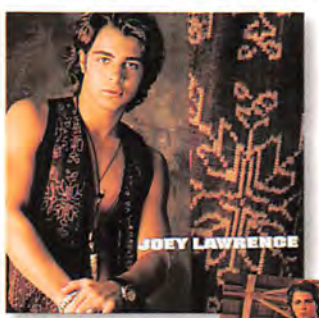
Most embarrassing The track "Break It Down Proper" where, amidst cries of "Go, Corey! Go, Corey!" Haim actually attempts to beat box.

3. Scott Baio

THE BOYS ARE OUT TONIGHT

Sounds like Crap

Most embarrassing From the pink cover to song titles such as "Can't You See That She's Mine," there's nothing that *isn't* embarrassing.



4. Joey Lawrence

JOEY LAWRENCE

Sounds like A one-man boy band

Most embarrassing The mini-poster folded into his cover notes.

5. Dustin Diamond

PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!

SCREECH'S SONGS FOR SCHOOL KIDS

Sounds like Barney, only more retarded

Most embarrassing The album's title track, about confronting the school bully, wherein Screech screeches: "So next time you meet a bully/Or some other schoolyard thug/Remember he's got his own sad story/and could probably use a hug/Yes, give him a great big hug!" He then grunts as if he's giving a big bear hug.

Answers: 1.Real, 2.Fake, 3.Real, 4.Real, 5.Fake

QUIZ TEXT BY ADAM WINER; STEVEN MCBRIDE; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; FOTOFANTASIES

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EXPLANATION

Box-top breakdown

Like Transformers and hair-sprouting moles, some CD covers offer more than meets the eye. Here's the story behind *Licensed to Ill*

The title
The album title, *Licensed to Ill*, is curiously absent from the cover. That's because the original name, *Don't Be a Faggot*, had to be removed thanks to a last-minute bit of common sense.

The idea
Producer Rick Rubin wanted to reflect the destruction that the rock 'n' roll lifestyle can cause. All seems fine with the airplane's tail on the cover's front (right half), but mayhem is revealed once unfolded.

The critique
Critics noted that the image, when viewed as a whole, was phallic. Rubin agreed.

The message
The plane's identification number on the tail actually reads "Eat Me" when held up to a mirror.

The anger
American Airlines sent an angry letter to the record label complaining that the plane looked an awful lot like one of theirs. **(JB)**

ELLEN SILVERMAN/FPG; MIKE MALYSZKO/FPG; ROBERT MORRISON/FPG

ALBUMS

Coldplay
PARACHUTES
(NETTWERK AMERICA)
Sounding like a gentler version of The Verve, Coldplay has already garnered acclaim in their native England. The album's first single, "Shiver," is about unrequited love and is fueled by a "November Rain"-like riff by front man Chris Martin. The song was written with Natalie Imbruglia in mind: It's easy to see why Martin would harp on the model/actress, since he claims to have been a virgin until the not-so-tender age of 22. Whether you find yourself in a similar predicament or are just fumbling with the CD player moments before cuddling up to some fine female, *Parachutes* delivers with a powerful, sentimental feel. ★★★★ **(DC)**

Cherry Poppin Daddies
SOUL CADDY (MOJO)
Even after the Daddies' 1997 multi-platinum *Zoot Suit Riot*, critics had trouble classifying the group. (Were they a swing band that skas or a ska band that swings?) With the addition of Motown R&B, and distorted rock guitar, it only gets more confusing on *Soul Caddy*. No matter, if you're looking for an excuse to wax your hair like a car and toss a girl haphazardly over your head, this is it. ★★★ **(DC)**

Roni Size/Reprazent
IN THE MODE
(ISLAND)
In much the same way that Saudi Arabia has oil and Jersey has trash, the English city of Bristol overflows with musicians: Massive Attack, Tricky, Soul II Soul and, most notably, Roni Size's collective, Reprazent. Size and pals, who three years ago brought drum 'n' bass to the masses by mixing in hip-hop and jazz, have done it again. In addition to the group's MCs, *In the Mode* gets help from Zack de la Rocha, Rahzel and Method Man, who worked with Size before on the remix of "Judgement Day." The resulting album would be equally at home on a rave's sound system or a b-boy's grossly oversized headphones. ★★★★ **(QR)**

Sammy Hagar
TEN 13
(BEYOND MUSIC/CABO WABO)
While Patrick Ewing has had a productive 16-year NBA career, his deteriorating skills make you wish he'd called it quits years ago. *Ten 13* triggers the same thoughts about Sammy Hagar, Van Halen's lead singer for more than a decade. He shows glimpses of his old self in "Shaka Doobie" and "Let Sally Drive," but sappy ballads like "Deeper Kind of Love" make you wish he would start hawking tequila on a full-time basis. ★★ **(MD)**

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MARTINI

Yoga was hard in the small box

GREEN DAY

WARNING
(WARNER BROS.)

This is not your older brother's Green Day

There was a time when you knew what to expect from a Green Day album: three or four chords, a yelling lead singer and catchy tunes. Unfortunately for fans of the band's three previous efforts, some serious soul-searching and experimentation have led to a more radio-friendly version of the pop/punk trio. *Warning* kicks off in typical Green Day fashion with the title track sounding like a scaled-down version of "Walking Contradiction." But with the passing of each subsequent song, you'll ask, "When's this thing gonna start rocking?" The unfortunate answer: Never.

Somewhere along the way, Billie Joe Armstrong lost his distortion pedal—and his attitude—and the result is a disc lacking passion and anger. Armstrong admitted to being into Bob Dylan prior to penning this opus, a fact that's painfully obvious as the record drags on. What he didn't say was that he was trying to make a new Beatles album—the optimistic "Hold On" is basically a medley of "Love Me Do" and "Help!", and "Misery" could've been titled "Eleanor Rigby's Silver Hammer." There's little wrong with being compared to the mop-heads from Liverpool, but it's not the kind of music Green Day fans crave. ★★ **(DS)**

NATIONAL TREASURE 6

The Elvis Is Alive Museum

Where believers deny the bloated rocker has become a bloated corpse

Business slowed once Wal-Mart opened across the street

Believing Elvis is alive is more passé than wearing pleather, yet thousands still flock to the Elvis Is Alive Museum in Wright City, MO. The theory is that Presley faked his death in '77 to escape enemies he made while working for the DEA, and his daughter, Lisa Marie, was sent to Sweden for protection (leaving behind the stand-in who later married Michael Jackson). Museum owner Bill Beeny admits his ideas sound "kooky," but his book, *DNA Proves Elvis Is Alive*, lays it all out.

Realtors: a dying breed

So does the museum. It boasts hundreds of documents pertaining to the King's alleged death and a gift shop that sells velvet Elvises for just $18. The highlight is a casket containing a dummy that looks nothing like the King, but, Beeny counters, neither does "the body purported to be Elvis" resting in Graceland.

Sadly, souvenir hunters often violate the scene's solemnity, stealing the dummy's eyebrows so frequently that the staff keeps a bag of spares. "People also scrape pieces of wax with their fingernails," says Beeny. "We'll need a beautician to fill in the pock-marks with makeup so it doesn't look like Elvis has acne." **(AW)**

I SURVIVED ROCK!

Former Judas Priest lead singer Rob Halford sounds off on what's happened in the quarter century since he first started piercing people's eardrums

On the heavy metal scene
There are no more bands like Judas Priest. There are no more bands like Iron Maiden. There are no more bands like Queensrÿche. The newer stuff doesn't reach that level—it's just not there. I'm attracted to a group from the perspective of what the singer is doing, and I just don't hear any of that these days.

On '80s hair bands
People in Los Angeles will do anything to get you to come see them and that includes doing what bands like Poison and early Crüe did, which is going to extremes. That entire hair-band phenomenon was just something that came out of the LA circuit in the '80s.

On MTV
MTV takes care of business for those bands you see on *Total Request Live* or whatever. But there's an incredible amount of talent out there, and MTV doesn't even scratch the surface. They're a tiny bubble world unto themselves. They don't give any insight into popular music in America.

On Limp Bizkit and Korn
I'm not hearing any singers anymore. I'm just hearing yelling or screaming. I miss good, quality singers. That's what I miss more than anything else. **(SG)**

Rob Halford's latest CD, **Resurrection**, *is on sale now.*

Nervous of the hog's power, Halford wisely left the stand down

MARINA CHAVEZ; LAUREN WINER (2); JOHN EDER

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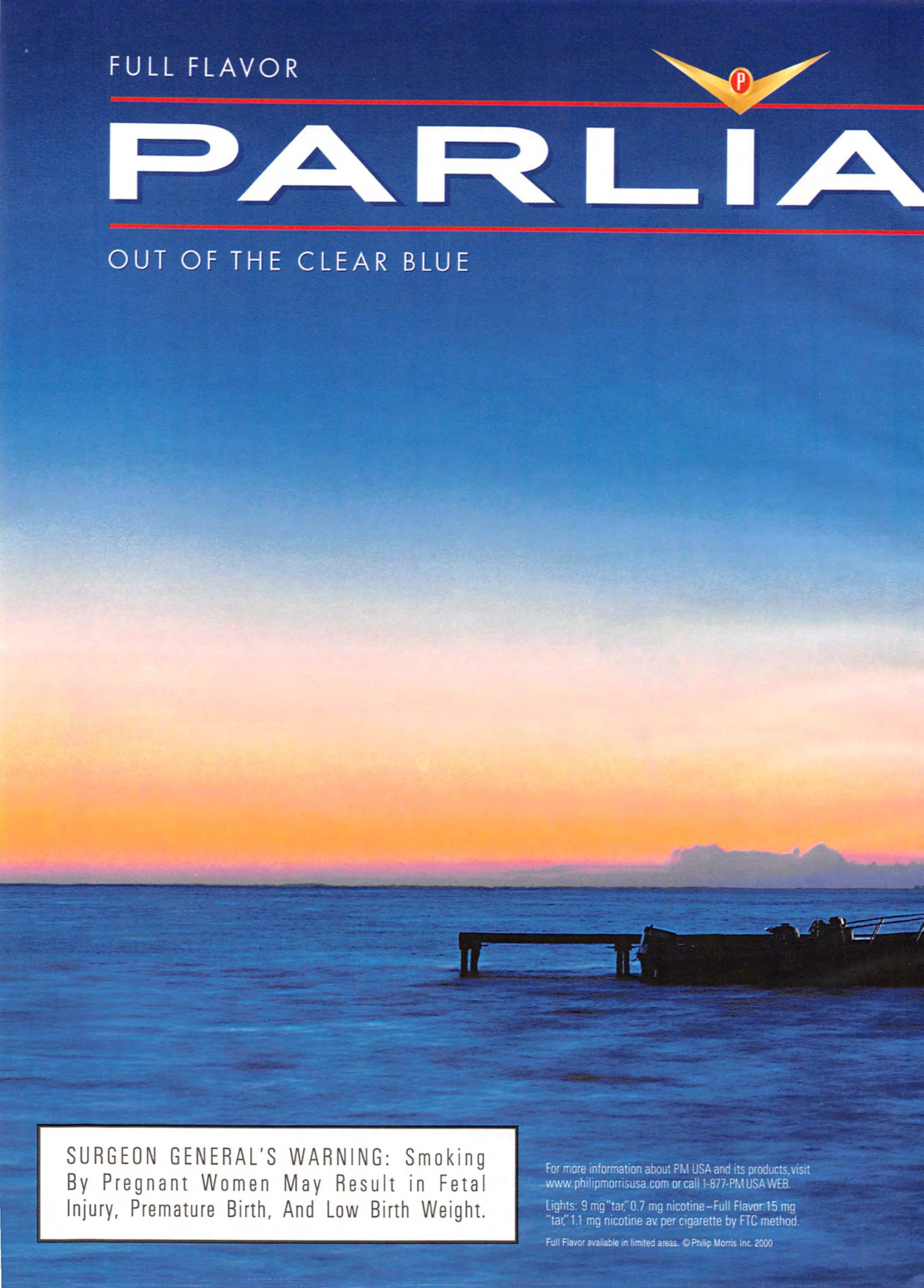
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POOL

BLOCKBUSTER

Unbreakable

Having shelled out crazy dollars for the new suspense film by the director of *The Sixth Sense*, Disney expects to cash in

After walking away scratchless from a colossal train wreck that claimed the lives of all other passengers, a man tries to discover why he seems invincible. Help comes from his polar opposite, a guy whose bones can be snapped like a pretzel rod.

With Bruce Willis, Samuel L. Jackson, Robin Wright Penn, Charlayne Woodard and Spencer Treat Clark

Seventh Sense While *The Sixth Sense* was busy shocking everyone in the movie industry last fall with its superhuman box office staying power (number one movie in America for five weeks, $650 million grossed worldwide), writer/director M. Night Shyamalan took the opportunity to gouge Disney for his next script. The price, $5 million, was the largest amount ever paid for a spec script, and the Mouse House then tossed in another $5 million for Shyamalan to direct. Willis immediately signed on as the unbreakable man, and Jackson, who in the film looks strangely like Shaft suffering from a potent hangover, became the brittle comic-book lover who's convinced that his weakness is supernaturally linked to Willis's god-like strength. By all accounts, the resultant suspense thriller will have Mickey clapping his freakish hands in white-gloved glee.

"On three, we open our pants"

Get this Shyamalan believes he has learned a secret trick to making successful blockbusters that no one else in the industry has figured out. Except for Steven Spielberg.

Release date 11/22

Both men were disappointed with their Supercuts

FILM PREVIEWS

Two Family House

10/27 A frustrated musician buys a two-family house intending to convert the bottom floor into a performance lounge with him as the headliner. Then he realizes he'll have to evict a pregnant lady.

With Michael Rispoli, Kelly Macdonald, Kevin Conway and Katharine Narducci

Bada-bing Fans of *The Sopranos* will notice a few familiar faces among the cast (Big Pussy!), yet this indie won the Sundance Audience Award for best drama with nary a rubout.

Get this Thinking he had no chance of winning at Sundance, director Raymond De Felitta left town before the awards ceremony. When they announced he'd won the Audience Award, De Felitta was watching at home on the Sundance Channel.

Blair Witch 2: teens do more scary snooping

Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2 10/27

There's a new crop of nosy coeds heading back into the woods to settle this witch brouhaha once and for all.

With Kim Director, Jeffrey Donovan, Tristen Skyler and Stephen Barker Turner

Motion sickness not included For *The Blair Witch Project*, sequels were a given. But what *BW2* might gain in camera advancements and a devoted following, it will lose in the terror-driven buzz that attracted fans to the original.

Get this To equal the profit-margin ratio the original *Blair Witch* boasted on its opening weekend (a $35,000 budget raked in $29 million), the $10-million sequel would have to open to more than $8.2 billion in receipts.

Stardom 10/27

A photographer's pictures transform a local girl into a national superstar, forcing her to deal with the glut of media attention.

With Jessica Pare, Dan Aykroyd, Thomas Gibson, Charles Berling and Frank Langella

Oh-oh-oh, she's my cover girl! Indulging in a bit of experimentalism sure to be labeled "edgy," director Denys Arcand crafted her dark comedy out of the different media feeds that cover Pare's rise to stardom. But a satire about media saturation is about as edgy as *Entertainment Tonight*.

Get this Pare, who plays the model, is described by producers as a "gorgeous girl—a gold mine." But she was once turned down by a talent agency for being "too fat."

Red Planet 11/3

Earth is dying (as it tends to in sci-fi films), so a team of astronauts sets out to colonize Mars. Naturally, they end up being stranded.

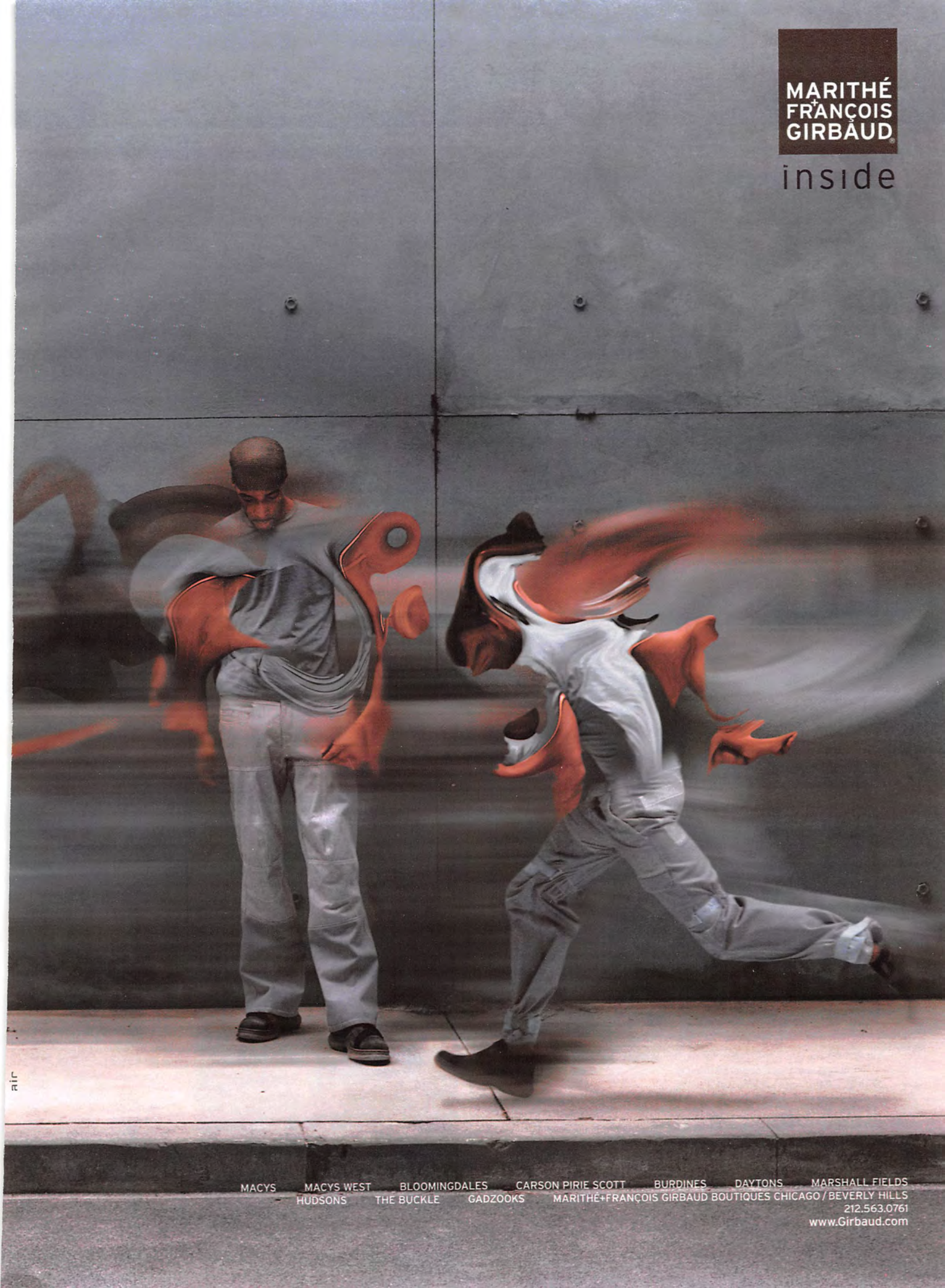
With Val Kilmer, Carrie-Ann Moss, Tom Sizemore, Simon Baker and Benjamin Bratt

Men are from Mars On set, Kilmer and Sizemore fought like cosmonauts dueling over the same escape pod. Rumors circulated they'd even obtained restraining orders against each other.

Get this To learn the history of the Australian area where they were filming *Red Planet*, Kilmer met with members of an aboriginal tribe. They served him barbecued kangaroo.

Red Planet: Astronauts feel lonely

FRANK MASI/SMPSP/TOUCHSTONE PICTURES (2); ABBOT GENSER 2000 ARTISAN ENTERTAINMENT; 2000 WB & VILLAGE



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OBSCURITY

WHERE DID IT ALL GO WRONG?

Don't cry for Steve Guttenberg—he's been drawing paychecks from the film industry for more than 20 years. But his experience can be used as a cautionary tale of what actors should not do. For instance, don't follow up Oscar-worthy roles with Bobcat Goldthwait vehicles. And don't ever do Part IV of anything . . .

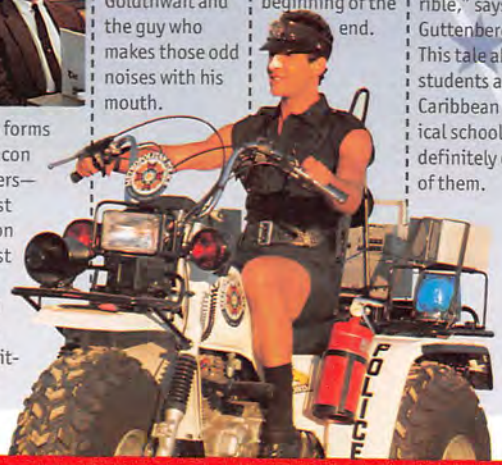
1978
The Boys from Brazil
At age 19, the lucky bastard's first film is alongside legends Gregory Peck and Laurence Olivier. Sadly, Guttenberg's character is killed by a crazed Nazi doctor within the first 20 minutes.

1980
Can't Stop the Music
Guttenberg stars in this failed musical biopic about the Village People. Perhaps in need of money to make car payments, he shows an early propensity for choosing awful movies.

1982
Diner
Although this is one of the best-ever films on male friendship, it curses its actors. In addition to Guttenberg landing on this page, Mickey Rourke becomes a walking freak, and Kevin Bacon forms the Bacon Brothers—the rest jump on the fast track to bad Helen Hunt sitcoms.

1984
Police Academy
This flick's numerous sequels and frequent cable play turned out to be Guttenberg's ticket to fame. Then again, it was also the ticket for Bobcat Goldthwait and the guy who makes those odd noises with his mouth.

1985
Cocoon
Guttenberg returns to *Diner*-quality acting while teaming with a bunch of geriatrics in this fountain-of-youth story. "This was one of my Super Bowl rings," he says. Unfortunately, it was also the beginning of the end.



1985
Bad Medicine
"Some films, before you do them, you know they're just going to be terrible," says Guttenberg. This tale about students at a Caribbean medical school was definitely one of them.

1986-1987
Police Academy III&IV
Guttenberg grows angry when asked to defend these wretchedly lame sequels. "People are always knocking those movies, even people who starred in them. I just want to say to them, 'You got the check, and you didn't leave or walk off the set.'"

WRONG!

1987-1999
Family film vomitus
"I was expanding my art," says Guttenberg of churning out forgettable movies for soccer moms and their offspring. "You have to keep popping up in different roles, like Sean Penn or Humphrey Bogart. All you can do with art is keep moving. After all, van Gogh never sold one picture when he was alive."

2001
P.S. Your Cat Is Dead
Guttenberg writes, directs, produces and stars in this film about a struggling actor who catches a burglar in his apartment and is forced to spend New Year's with him. "It's finally my turn," he says. "After 25 years of working for the store, I want to open my own." **(JJ)**

FILM PREVIEWS

***Charlie's Angels*: hot chicks save world**

Charlie's Angels 11/3

The Angels save a kidnapped billionaire and thousands of innocent lives, and they look great doing it.
With Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz, Lucy Liu, Bill Murray, Crispin Glover and Tim Curry
Sorry, Charlie Featuring a script massaged by at least 10 screenwriters, *Matrix*-style kung fu from a perky Diaz, and more T&A than a can of alphabet soup, this adaptation of the 1970s series can't be a "good" movie. See you in line!
Get this The movie's high kung fu quotient is partially due to producer/star Drew Barrymore, who thinks it's cowardly to kill someone with a gun. She had the script changed so that none of the Angels use a firearm.

Once in the Life 11/3

After a drug deal gone bad, a gangster seeks help from an old friend who's been ordered to kill him.
With Laurence Fishburne, Titus Welliver, Gregory Hines, Eamonn Walker, Dominic Chianese Jr. and Paul Calderon
No sugar coating Reworking his mediocre play *Riff Raff*, which he also starred in, Fishburne has crafted a film about friends who are also murderous criminals. Oddly, one of the characters is named Tony the Tiger.
Get this During a Halloween performance of *Riff Raff*, a fan in a Playboy Bunny costume threw candy on the stage and yelled, "Trick or treat, Mr. Fishburne!" Days later, she showed up with a sign that read, "Larry is a spoiled homophobic child."

Little Nicky 11/10

Nicky may be the son of Satan, but he's shy and awkward. That's why he gets a talking dog to help him find his renegade brothers, who are wreaking havoc in New York.
With Adam Sandler, Patricia Arquette, Harvey Keitel, Robert Smigel, Tiny Lister, Rhys Ifans and Dana Carvey
Funnier than George Burns The premise sounds like a *Dogma* subplot, but it lets Sandler play the awkward adult that boys aged 13 to 15 love so much. And as if cameos by Quentin Tarantino, Regis Philbin and Ozzy Osbourne weren't enough, Rodney Dangerfield plays Lucifer's dad.
Get this Producers held an online contest where wannabe rock stars could submit songs for the soundtrack.

***Little Nicky*: Satan endures family spat**

The 6th Day 11/17

After a helicopter crash, a pilot returns home to find he has been replaced by a clone and is being hunted by the clone's creators.
With Arnold Schwarzenegger, Robert Duvall, Tony Goldwyn, Wendy Crewson and Michael Rapaport
Recalling *Total Recall* Ten years after *Total Recall*—and amidst sequel talks—Arnold opts for the next best thing: A movie with the same premise. But the three-breasted woman has been traded for Duvall, and the director is Roger Spottiswoode, who managed to helm both *Tomorrow Never Dies* and *Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot*.
Get this Arnold was dubbed "the most perfectly developed man in the history of the world," by the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

KOBAL (5); EVERETT COLLECTION (4); DARREN MICHAELS/COLUMBIA/TRISTAR; MYLES ARONOWITZ/NEW LINE © 2000 NEW LINE CINEMA

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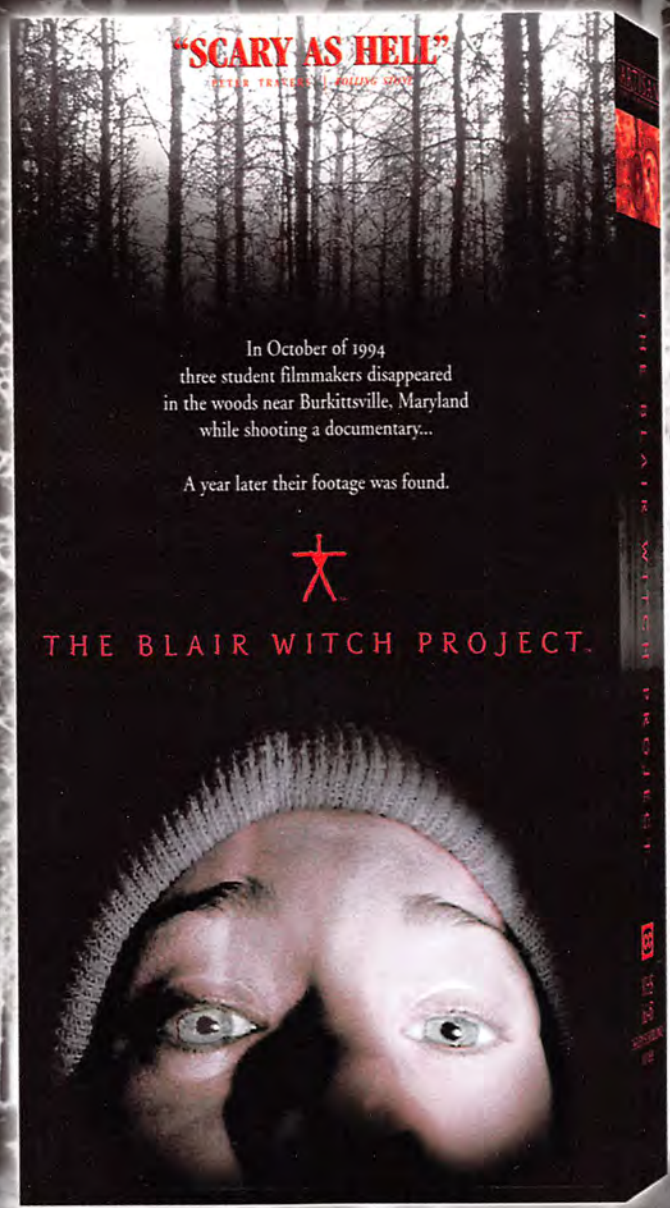

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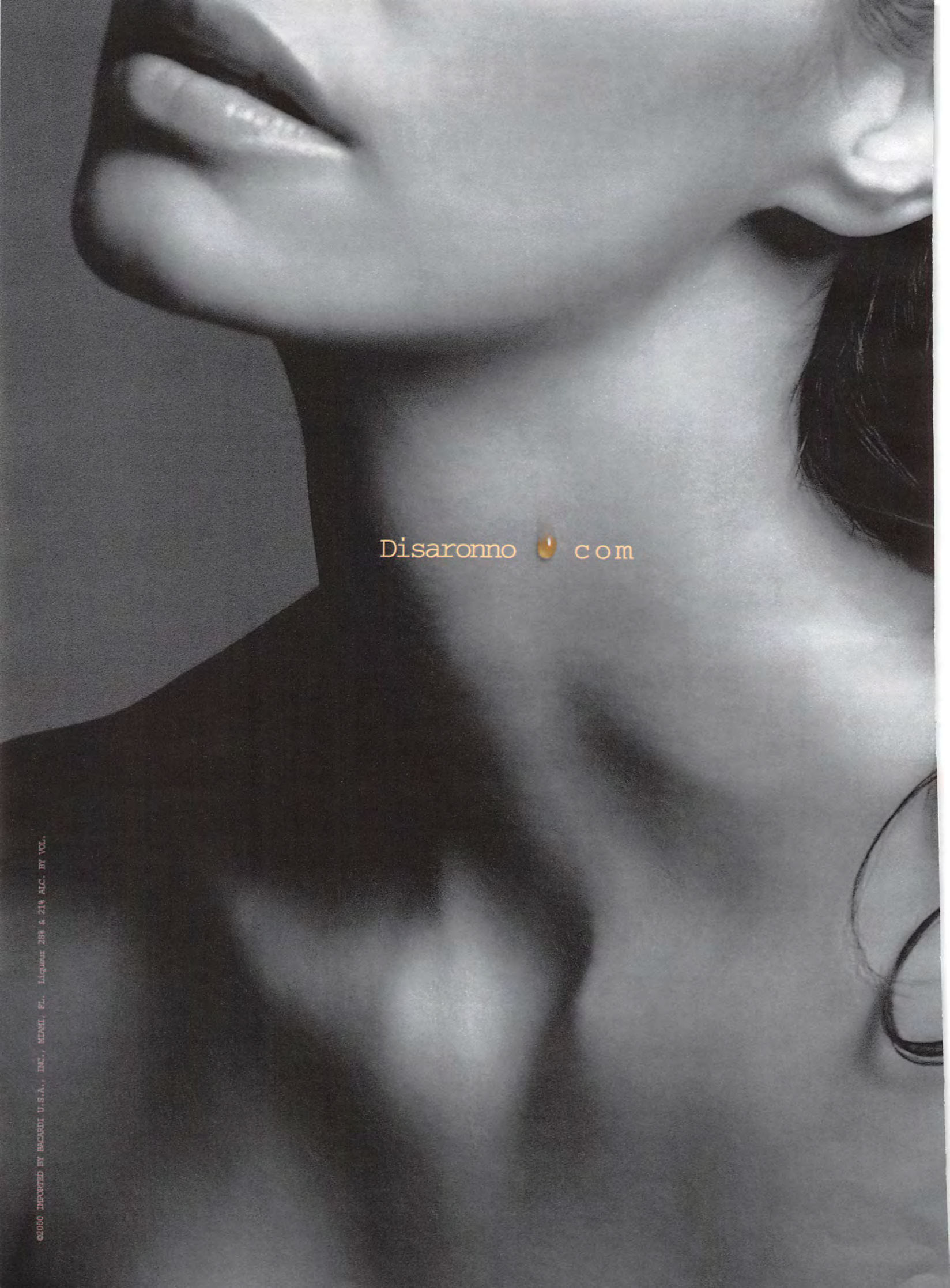
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KINKY

The father of sadism

The movie Quills *(see below) provides a fictionalized account of the final jail-bound years of infamous early 19th-century author and sexual deviant, the Marquis de Sade. Although best known for his scandalous writing, the Marquis's real-life exploits help explain why lurid, violent sex is named after him.*

"I may be impotent but I brought this"

The whipping game
Soon after marrying, the Marquis took a prostitute to a rented love shack and had her whip him with a glowing hot cat-o'-nine-tails. He proceeded to stomp on a crucifix while masturbating with a second cross, and made the prostitute promise she'd return the next weekend to steal two Communion hosts from a nearby church, one which they would burn, the other which they'd use as a sex toy. Instead, the woman went to the police and had the Marquis locked in a dungeon.

The slumber party
In what came to be known as the "Little Girls Episode," the persecuted Marquis spent a winter hidden on his estate with a newly acquired staff of five 15-year-old girls. After much debauching, deflowering and daisy chaining, the girls were sent to nunneries to hide the ordeal from their parents. One father later shot at the Marquis, upset because he had been assured that the Sade estate was "like a convent."

The flatulence fest
During his most notorious orgy, the Marquis offered candies laced with Spanish fly and anise, a potion that causes flatulence, to four prostitutes. In the course of the sex, masturbation and sodomy that followed, the Marquis took 758 lashes with a broom (he kept count on a nearby mantlepiece) and, according to the later testimony of one of the whores, "stuck his nose between the cheeks of my buttocks so as to inhale my wind." For their efforts, Sade and his servant were imprisoned and then executed in effigy. **(AW)**

FILM PREVIEWS

Original Sin 11/17
A Cuban coffee merchant takes an American wife before realizing she's not quite what he thought.
With Antonio Banderas, Angelina Jolie, Thomas Jane and Viggo Mortensen
Sexier than Juan Valdez While you're salivating over November's big-budget bangs (*The 6th Day*, *Red Planet*), your girlfriend will demand at least one chick flick. Do yourself a favor and choose this 18th-century sizzler. Angelina looks hot no matter how dusty her clothes are.
Get this Banderas has reteamed with director Robert Rodriguez, the man who made him an action hero in *Desperado*, to film *Spy Kids*, about a husband-and-wife spy team who are rescued by—who else?—their kids!

Grinch: Furry man warms hearts

Dr. Seuss' How The Grinch Stole Christmas 11/17
It's the same as the cartoon that runs on TV every December: Green man hates Christmas, then loves it.
With Jim Carrey, Molly Shannon, Christine Baranski, Taylor Momsen and Jeffrey Tambor
He's a mean one Seuss would approve of the stylized sets and funky hairdos, but the jury's still out on whether his simple story can be stretched into a full-length feature. On the bright side, *The Mask* gave proof of what Carrey can do when he's mugging in green face.
Get this How's this for stomach-turning marketing? Universal convinced the US Postal Service to promote the film by canceling letters with a special Grinch postmark.

Quills 11/22
An asylum doctor tries to "cure" the infamous Marquis de Sade (the man whose name put the 'S' in S&M) of his penchant for writing filthy stories.
With Geoffrey Rush, Kate Winslet, Joaquin Phoenix and Michael Caine
Hurt so good Yes, it's adapted from an award-winning play and features a cast of top-notch actors, but let's be honest: You're going to go see this movie because it features demented sex and comes from Philip Kaufman, director of *Henry and June*, the first-ever NC-17 film. Everything else is just icing on the nuts.
Get this Brother to River Phoenix, Joaquin decided to change his name to Leaf at age four and then switched it back when he turned 18.

EVERETT COLLECTION; RON BATZDORFF/2000 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

Q&A

Robert Smigel

The voice of Triumph the Insult Comic Dog on animal sex, Adam Sandler films and creating *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*

The mammoth white boy dominated the NBA

Triumph was fond of TNT

You and about 10 other people appear in pretty much every Adam Sandler film. Is there a Sandler mafia out there?

Adam doesn't have a mafia, he just has friends that he's very loyal to. If there's a part in his movie and he thinks one of his friends can pull it off, he gives it to that person. It's always fun to hang around a movie set where the guy in charge is a goofball in sweatpants who goes, "Yabba dabadooo!"

Is the best thing about being around Sandler the fact that you never feel underdressed?

The best thing about being in show business is that I never feel underdressed. And I've probably lowered the bar. Not only do I not dress up, but I rarely change my clothes. The goal is to do good work, so that people are like, "Oh, look at that, he hasn't taken a shower in a week. . . . Man, but Triumph sure is funny! Don't tell him about soap—just let him do his thing."

Does the dog you voice in the upcoming film *Little Nicky* talk like Triumph?

No, he doesn't have the Eastern-European accent. He *tawks like dis*. He's an impression I always did of Adam's manager that Adam loved, so when he wrote the part of the dog he just thought of my impression and had me do it.

When did you start doing impressions?

As a kid, the way I made people laugh was by drawing cartoons and doing impersonations. I lacked the empathy chip in my brain; I didn't think what I was doing was cruel. I just thought, "Come on, you're fat. It's funny! You're a 12-year-old male, and you have floppy tits. I mean, that's funny! Why are you upset about that?" I'd get bugged when people would get mad, because I genuinely liked these people who I made fun of.

What was it like working as the initial head writer for *Late Night with Conan O'Brien*?

At *Conan*, we just wanted to be silly. I didn't see any way of stepping into Letterman's time slot and doing any kind of wise-ass found humor. I created all these crazy rules. One was no topical humor. Conan's first monologue had no topical jokes. That lasted a couple weeks. Then I realized that Conan isn't Regis Philbin, who goes to parties every night and has things to talk about. If Conan were to come out in the show and talk about the night before, it would be like, "A funny thing happened to me last night. I was in the writer's room, worrying about whether I was going to get canceled or not, and one of the writers said, 'What if we did this piece where you lick this shoe,' and I was like 'Goddamn it! If I lick a shoe, I'm going to get canceled!' And then I went home and cried myself to sleep. Anyway, we've got a great show, folks."

Has anyone ever gotten pissed because you made fun of them on the show?

Actors that Triumph makes fun of don't see the scripts in advance, but they're all warned. The only time we had a problem was when I said something about Jennifer Love Hewitt's boobs. She was coming up, and because Triumph was in LA, he had fake boobs. So I improvised, "Jennifer Love Hewitt, top these babies!" The audience loved it, but there was a huge rhubarb offstage between her publicist and the producer. The producer was really pissed at me for improvising.

In show business, I never feel underdressed. Not only do I not dress up, but I rarely change my clothes

Are there any topics you try to avoid?

There's nothing less funny to me than making fun of Britney Spears's boobs. They're just played. I wish her boobs and Jennifer Lopez's ass would jump off a cliff. These things just have a life of their own. You try to kill Britney Spears's boobs and they just get stronger.

What's the deal with your new show *TV Funhouse*?

It debuts on Comedy Central in December and it's going to be an ensemble of animal puppets who are supposed to be hosting a kid's show with this poor guy Doug. The show always starts with Doug, and the animals always blow him off because they have other things they're more interested in doing. Some of them are married to live animals, and they have domestic squabbles or cheat on each other. There's an endangered species animal who's really arrogant. He always gets the best seat in the restaurant because he's an endangered species. Plus, he refuses to have sex with the last existing female of his species. There's a whole episode about trying to get him to masturbate into a cup. In another episode, the rooster feels upset because he hasn't banged his wife for months because she's constantly pregnant. You see the rooster pouring ice down his crotch. It's the all-time dumbest, most Emmy-proof show in television history.

So what's the funniest topic out there today?

Vagina humor. No wait, vaginas are played actually. They were hot in the early '90s, but vaginas are just hackneyed at this point. I think the next big thing is probably sodomizing animals. But maybe that's just wishful thinking. **(AW)**

SARA BARRETT; JOSEPH CULTICE FOR *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

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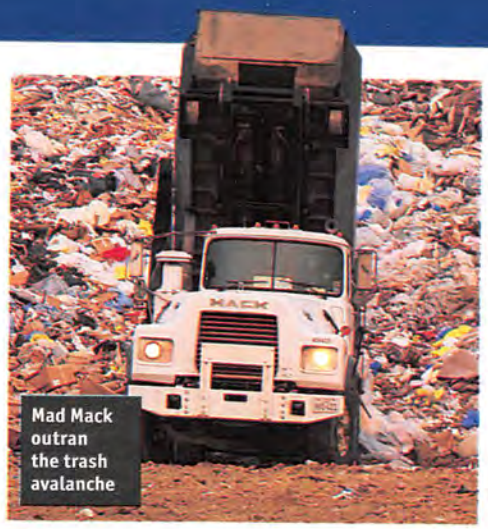
CARBAGE PICKING

World's best recycling program

With the help of the Internet, Greg Omeg turns other people's rubbish into valuable currency



Mad Mack outran the trash avalanche

What kind of trash do you try to sell?
It's not really trash, it's just stuff people are through with and don't have time to find a buyer for themselves. You'd be surprised how many things on the curb fit into that category. I'll collect loads of stuff, put it up for auction online and see what happens.

What do you do once you're done picking through the garbage?
I've got a digital camera at home. I'll snap some pictures, then put them online. The way you describe it is really important. The more keywords you use, the easier it is for the right person to find it. Then, unless I have a good idea of the price it should get, I'll put it out in a free bid.

What are the best sites for turning junk into cash?
The most well-known is eBay, but I also use Loot.com for some of the stranger stuff.

What trash is the most lucrative?
Levis with leather tabs where the red tab now is. The more they've been worn, the better. I found three pairs, and within hours, I was getting bids from Japan. One pair was size 42. I can't imagine too many Japanese would fit into them.

Isn't there something better than used pants?
Vintage appliances, whether or not they work, are a gold mine. I mean, someone's got to have the same fridge from the '70s that I just found out in the street. When they break the handle, the door or a knob, they can't just go to the local Ace Hardware to get it replaced. They have to find the same model, and that guarantees me top dollar. I once came across an oven from the '50s, but I left it because it weighed a ton. I did pull all five porcelain knobs off it and got $175 for them. I could have made a fortune if I took the rest of the oven. Definitely the biggest mistake I've ever made. **(JB)**

RESOURCEFULNESS

VIDEO FOR YOUR IN BOX

Wondering what's been amusing the IT guy across the hall all day? *FHM* lets you in on the secret

:02 Man ambles toward road after having relieved himself in the woods

:30 Donkey brazenly pursues man and refuses to take "no" for an answer

:45 Man finally loses the battle, as donkey proceeds to show its love

To download the video of the horny donkey, go to www.FHMus.com

AUCTION SITE REVIEWS

www.auctions.amazon.com
More widely known for its desire and ability to hawk books, Amazon apparently was quaking at the knees when it realized the kind of powerhouse business eBay was doing. So they went ahead with Operation Copycat, and in March 1999 launched something that measures up surprisingly well. Visitors to Amazon Auctions can find a variety of goods for sale, and because the site's sign-up policy is a bit more labyrinthine than that of eBay, there's less scamming and tomfoolery. The obvious downside is that Amazon's auction site has fewer users, which translates into fewer suckers willing to buy your crap. But if it's books you're looking to unload, this is quickly becoming a haven for bibliophiles. ★★★★

www.ubid.com
Proudly trumpeting themselves as the "Internet's premier e-commerce auction site," a seemingly hollow boast that's actually true, uBid features everything from power tools to computer equipment, all starting at auction prices as low as a buck. Prices obviously go up, but that doesn't mean there aren't excellent deals to be found. Almost all items sold on this site go for far less than retail, and since uBid sells its wares to the public directly, they'll offer you an extended warranty for a negligible cost. Add in an easy-to-use interface, and this site is hard to beat. So before you get in line to buy a high-ticket item, you might first want to check out uBid. You may save serious cash. ★★★★★

www.auctionwatch.com
AuctionWatch follows hundreds of auction sites, allowing you to use a universal search to find whatever item you're looking for. It also lets you manage your entire bid process from one page, including tracking, shipping, hosting images and listing. And those who value time can sign up as a user for the gamut of major auction sites in less than two minutes. On paper such an idea sounds spectacular. But when put to the test, it didn't work quite as well as one might think. For example, when searching for back issues of *FHM*, we found several hundred listings—but the overwhelming majority were on eBay. It makes you feel that AuctionWatch should think about changing its name to eBayWatch. ★★★

THE POWER OF SEARCH ENGINES

Each month, *FHM* uses a new keyword to test the smarts of the Internet. Here are the five oddest sites Yahoo! spit out in response to opulent, an adjective that means "exhibiting great wealth":

5. The entire movie script for *The Crow*
http://home.att.net/~alan.cade/crow/script.html

4. Bigass Sportswear
www.bigass.com

3. A catalog of gay videos
www.gaycat.com

2. Dan Heller's photos of bullfighting in Nimes, France: *www.danheller.com/bullfight.html*

1. Napa Valley Mustard Festival
www.mustardfestival.com/

REVIEWS TEXT BY JONATHAN HURWITZ; CHRIS SALVO/FPG

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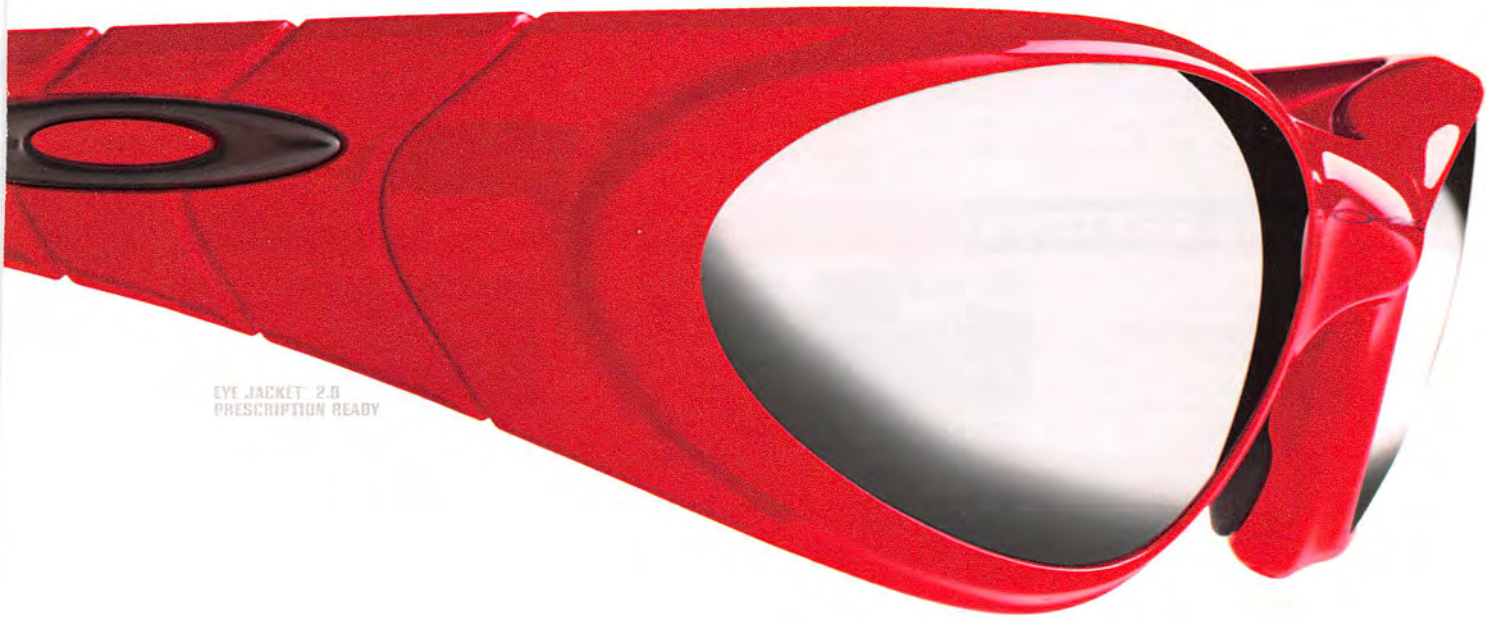

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SELF-PROMOTION

Rockstar returns!

The makers of *Grand Theft Auto* have taken a time-out from partying to crank out some stellar new game releases

Whether you found it a rollicking good time or more of a low-fi, humdrum diversion, *Grand Theft Auto* (and later the expansion pack *GTA: London 1969*) deserved props simply for its give-the-finger-to-the-man attitude. Let's face it: There just aren't many real-world-based games that encourage you to commit grand theft and murder so you can get in with the mob. Equally as intriguing as their games are the much-ballyhooed brains behind *Grand Theft Auto*. Based in New York City, Rockstar Games has managed to nurture a mini-cult of lifestyle by throwing ultra-exclusive underground parties in which wannabes—from rave kids to PR flacks and celebrities—have to submit to a bizarre phone interview (so that Rockstar can determine whether they're cool enough to attend).

Rockstar Games is currently working on setting up clubs nationwide as well as releasing a line of clothing emphasizing iconic graphics. Yet they've still found time to jam on five new Playstation 2 titles to be released soon after the system's much-anticipated late-October launch. In addition to a pool game and a surfing game slated for release before the end of the year, the three titles in the box to the right—two driving simulations and an anime-inspired adventure—are sure to turn some heads. **(EB)**

ADDICTION

'I CHALLENGE THEE TO A DUEL!'

Smuggler's Run
(OCTOBER)
A Hummer or a Jeep are standard rides these days, but Rockstar has added a twist as players have to smuggle contraband into Mexico or Canada. The desert and forest scenery are top-shelf eye candy, while the high-speed chases make for great driver's education.

Midnight Club
(NOVEMBER)
Drivers take to the streets again, this time for midnight death rides through New York and London. Starting off with just a taxi, drivers can upgrade to tricked-out speedsters that bang up very realistically.

Oni
(DECEMBER)
The heroine of this anime-inspired title has a petite frame, but Konoko packs a powerful kick. In addition to well-rendered characters, this action hybrid features dynamic city architecture, which means that while you're looking for trouble, you can get the lead out by busting the windows and doors. **(EB)**

VIDEO GAME REVIEWS

Spider-Man
ACTIVISION
PLAYSTATION
Despite sporting the second-worst suit among superguys (the ultra-fey Aquaman wins hands down), young Peter Parker does have his tingling Spidey-sense and his patented web slinging, both of which come in handy as Spider-Man goes forth to battle evil. This game features favorite villains such as Venom, Doctor Octopus and Carnage, who are up for a tussle through the depths of Manhattan.
Best bit Marvel Comics icon Stan Lee narrates the adventure, which plays out in a linear comic book story line.
Verdict Fans of the series will certainly approve, as this game captures the essence of the comic book and animated series.
★★★★ **(EB)**

Spec Ops: Omega Squad
ZOMBIE/RIPCORD GAMES
DREAMCAST
With the US lacking any true enemy states at the start of the 21st century, we're forced to search hard for the fights we pick. This game allows players to earn their keep by dropping behind enemy lines to lead a small squad of Green Berets against rogue North Koreans, evil terrorists and anyone else who's up for a scrap.
Will you still be playing in six months? With *Rogue Spear* and *Soldier of Fortune* coming soon to Dreamcast, the boys of *Spec Ops* will probably find retirement from military service within a few months.
Verdict There's plenty to play with more than 30 missions to complete—it comes down to whether you're a lifer or simply in reserves. ★★★ **(PS)**

Crimson Skies
ZIPPER INTERACTIVE/ MICROSOFT PC
Set in an alternate 1930s timeline in a Balkanized America, players take to the skies in their zeppelins in search of bloodthirsty pirates and their flashy art-deco-inspired airships. This action/flight simulator combines relaxed flight dynamics with a top-notch adventure story line.
Best bit Strafing an enemy zeppelin, narrowly entering its hanger before the doors close and making it out again as the whole place explodes, is well-crafted violence at its best.
Verdict Considering the likelihood of online squadrons now starting to form, this has the potential to be a game with a lot of history ahead. ★★★★ **(PS)**

Starlancer
CRAVE ENTERTAINMENT
DREAMCAST
The Cold War heats up again, this time in outer space as the Western Alliance and the Eastern Coalition battle for control of Earth, Mars and any other planet within reach. As a lucky member of the 45th volunteer crew, you're stationed on a hunk-o'-junk space carrier, doing what you can to fight the good fight.
Will you still be playing in six months? You'll play every last one of the 25 missions. And then you'll be ready to apply to NASA.
Verdict Space flight has never been so real, and the grand cinematic sequences enhance a great story line.
★★★★ **(EB)**

This month's reporters *(in order of how many site matches were found for their name at Google.com):* David Solomon (356,000), Jon Chase (74,300), Max Duffy (18,900), Enid Burns (5,470), Jonathan Hurwitz (4,400), Phillip Crandall (3,720), Adam Winer (2,570), Peter Suciu (2,350), Darius Cohen (2,280), Scott Gramling (837), Jim McLauchlin (649), Jake Bronstein (335), Jimmy Jellinek (145), Quincy Roscoff (6)

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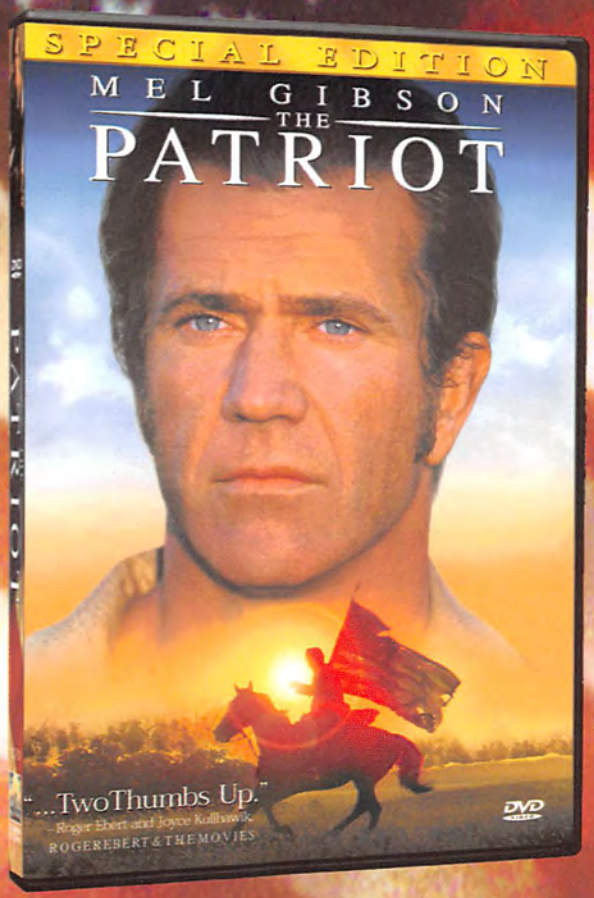

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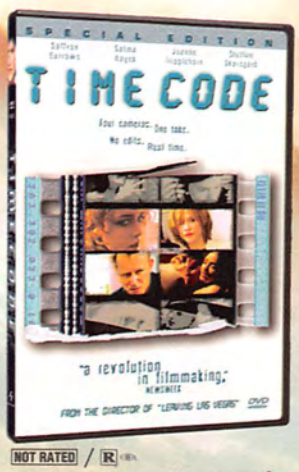

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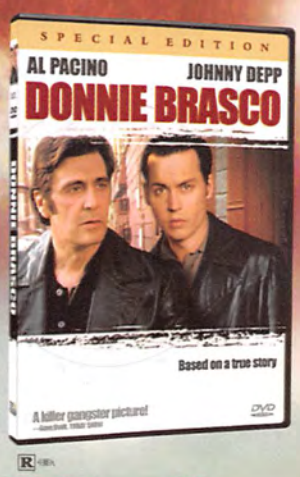

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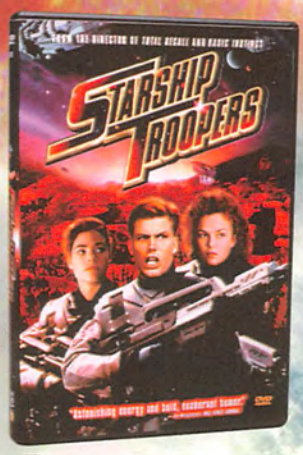

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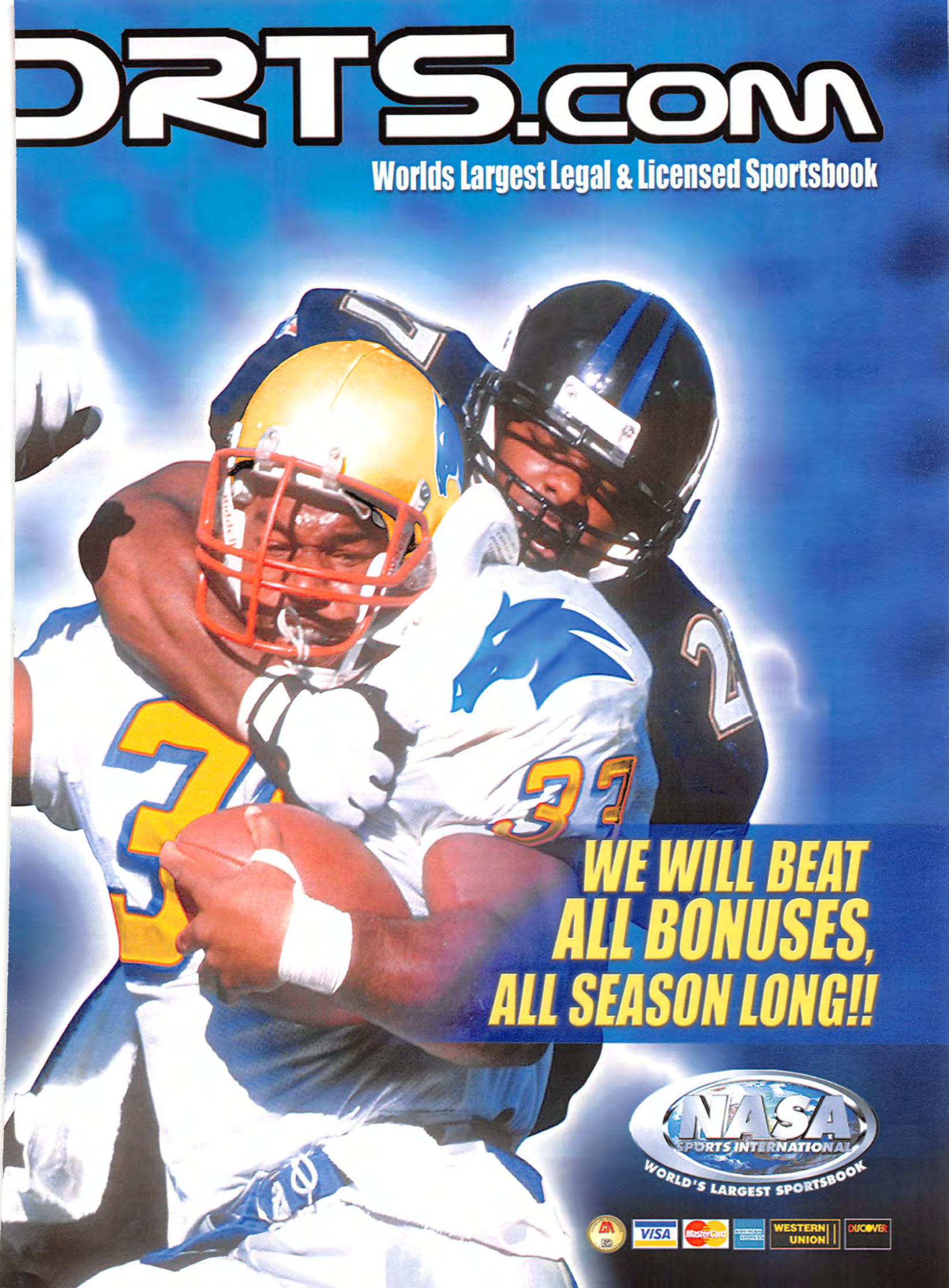
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DISCOVER

A long way from home

When Neil Stevenson found himself 2,400 miles adrift of his Australian destination, he thought hitchhiking couldn't be that difficult

I awoke from a deep and blissful sleep, savoring for a few minutes the sensation of lying on the bed with my eyes shut. Finally, I sat up to greet the new day—only to recoil in horror. An old man was standing over me, with just a filthy pair of underpants covering his scrofulous body. Worse, his pants were distended into an obscene tent-shape by a huge erection pointing horizontally toward my face. "G'day mate," he croaked in a broad Australian accent. "Breakfast's ready."

I'd thought that traveling the world would make me a wiser and better person. But after five months of wandering around Asia with the shits, I admitted defeat and bought a ticket to Australia, where I had some relatives. I only had enough money to fly to Darwin, on Australia's north coast. Brisbane, where my uncle lived, is on the east coast. There's a road that connects them, winding through 2,400 miles of outback. My plan? Hitch a lift.

Leaving Darwin's tiny airport at dawn, I found the road just outside and stood on the shoulder, waving my thumb. To my utter amazement, the plan worked right away. One of those huge, triple-articulated "road train" trucks stopped, and I soon found myself perched in a cab behind 10-foot-high kangaroo-crusher bars, sitting next to a wizened Crocodile Dundee clone named Larry. Despite being a neo-Nazi who listened to country music, he seemed to be a nice enough guy.

About six hours out of Darwin, we passed some tracks that veered off the side of the road, chewing up the red earth on the edges. "That was me on the way up," announced Larry cheerfully. "Fell asleep. Woke up when the rig started bouncing off the road. Close one. Do you want some pills?" He was offering a handful of white tablets. They were a mixture of out-of-date diet pills and decongestants, both with one ingredient in common: amphetamine. Ten minutes later, we were sweating, babbling and beating our hands on the window frame to accompany Tammy Wynette. Grinning wildly, Larry explained that he'd driven without sleep for the last three days: "That's why I picked you up—to keep me awake." With freight costs getting squeezed, drivers were forced to cross the Australian continent four or five times a week, sleeping one day out of five and falsifying their drivers' log books to avoid detection. Like most of the drivers, Larry had a serious drug habit.

He'd taken off all of his clothes except for his underwear

The next two days passed in a sleepless blur of pill-popping, truck-stop cafes and unending straight roads. Finally, we arrived at the outskirts of Mt. Isa, a Queensland mining town about halfway to the coast. Pulling into a truck stop, Larry suddenly announced I had to get out. "Don't worry, mate," he assured me. "I've just got to pick some stuff up. If you're still here when I get back, I'll take you on to Brisbane."

I asked him how long he'd be. "Oh, four days or so." I spent 36 hours at that truck stop, during which time I unsuccessfully tried to stow away on a freight train (I managed to get on one, but it didn't move). Finally, just as I was starting to gibber with loneliness and fear, another road train arrived.

Hysterical with relief, I turned to my savior. Clutching a two-liter bottle of Coke and a packet of familiar-looking tablets, he looked like a serial killer who hadn't slept this decade. His name was Shaun. We drove through the night, sharing pills but little conversation. Occasionally, I drifted into unconsciousness, only to wake up with Shaun screaming at me: "If you go to sleep, we'll fucking crash! And we'll both die!"

As dawn broke, Shaun steered the rig off the tarmac and onto the dirt shoulder. Turning the engine off, he turned to me with eyes that were terrifying bloodshot pits. "I'm beat, I can't see and I need to sleep. Wake me up in 15 minutes," he muttered, then flopped unconscious over the steering wheel. After 20 minutes, I gently tapped him on the shoulder. He jerked upright, punched me in the face, then wrenched at the wheel and stamped on the brake. "Shaun," I said as calmly as I could, "the engine's not on." He glared back at me, then turned on the ignition and we drove off along the road.

It began to rain; huge drops of water splattered off the cab. What had been dusty outback suddenly turned to rivers of mud. By early afternoon, a town called Roma loomed out of the gloom. Shaun stopped the truck. "Can't go any further," he announced. "The road's fucked." Once again, I was kicked out. It was 1 p.m. We were just 300 miles from Brisbane.

Wandering around the darkened town in the torrential rain, I eventually found a bar. It contained a handful of old men who looked like extras from a David Lynch film. Dimly aware that everyone was staring at me in silence, I tried to explain to the crone behind the bar why I was looking for the police station. She shuffled off, then returned. "There's a bloke over there who says you can stay with him."

Things started out OK—he gave me a piece of meat pie to eat—but then he began staring at me with increasingly obvious sexual interest. At first I thought I was just being paranoid, but when he tried to accompany me into the shower, I knew something was up. I weakly protested, and he left me alone for a while, apart from occasionally putting his head around the curtain to remind me not to use too much hot water. Alarmingly, he'd also taken off all of his clothes except for his underwear. When he asked me how many pushups I could do, alarm bells began to sound in my head. But I knew I had nowhere else to go, and with a final plea to be left alone, I passed out on his makeshift camp bed.

And so it was that I ended up greeting the fresh, dewy morning faced with the unsettling vision of a straining marquee of stretched cotton, masted by Antipodean wood. To this day, I don't know whether anything happened that night. Ironically, I took some comfort in the fact that he had a hard-on the following morning. It at least suggested that he hadn't spent the night pumping himself over my inert body.

I refused his offer of another shower and fled for the local railway station. There was a $20 train headed for Brisbane that day. I only had $19, but the fear must have shown on my face. The man behind the counter took pity and gave me a ticket. I escaped. It was only later that I found that the old man had been through my bag and stolen all my unwashed boxer shorts. **FHM**

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Command performance

When a blonde approached Graham Wray in a bar and asked him to come home with her, it seemed too good to be true. It was

Excuse me, I'd like to buy you a drink." Sitting at the bar watching a dull football game, the soft voice whispering in my ear was a bolt from the blue. I turned around and was greeted by the smiling face of an attractive blonde. Granted, she wasn't dream-date material, but she was certainly not in possession of a "trick or treat" face either. Quickly, I racked my brain for a suitably charming response to her offer, but before I could do my bit to get the conversation flowing, it was already over. "I would like to buy you a drink," she continued, "but I'd much rather you came back to my place and had sex with me first." My jaw dropped. Any pretense at nonchalance was out of the question. Stammering, I asked her to repeat herself, and was met with the same cocksure opener. My eyes darted about, half expecting a bearded prankster with a withered hand to be lurking under one of the barstools. Despite the odds, there was no denying it. A complete stranger had offered me her body, and all without my having to say a word.

Too good to be true? Of course. We'd only gone about 60 feet in the cab when Joanne calmly dropped the bombshell that her boyfriend was at home. "Well, let's go back to my place," I offered, naively. "No, perhaps I should have explained," she said. "You see, Steve really likes to watch me with other men. Don't worry, it'll be fun."

Yes, I know I should have immediately left the cab. After all, my idea of casual sex is to whistle nonchalantly throughout the entire performance. But by this stage, intrigue and six rum and Cokes had the better of me. I spent the rest of the ride trying to lay down some ground rules, determined to ensure that a little voyeurism wasn't going to turn into a full-scale threesome with Steve's ass too close to my face. Joanne laughed.

By the time the cab pulled up to their apartment, my insides were doing somersaults. What would Steve's reaction be? How much did he know about his girlfriend's surprise? More importantly, how big would the bastard turn out to be?

Much to my dismay, Steve was indeed a strapping guy. Six feet tall, burly and with hands the size of Andre the Giant's, he stretched out a huge paw to greet me and I heard myself gulp, cartoon-style. "Hi, come in," he said, smiling. "Don't look so worried." But Steve's relaxed demeanor only made me more nervous. Every time I tried to look him in the eye, the phrase "I'm going to fuck your girlfriend" echoed in my head like the voice of God booming at Abraham in John Huston's *The Bible*.

While Jo and Steve disappeared to open some wine and, no doubt, discuss tactics, my eyes scanned the room for evidence of a debauched private life. Expecting to come across gibbets, strap-ons and a barrel full of amyl, I was relieved to find nothing more erotically sinister than curling irons and a copy of *Penthouse*.

Returning with two glasses of red, Steve announced that he was going to get himself a beer while the two of us "made ourselves at home." As it turned out, Joanne's quaint way of making me feel at home was to escort me to the bedroom and start unzipping my pants, before going down on her knees and administering oral sex. Amid this warmest of welcomes, I tried to blank out the sight of the chair that was strategically placed by the bedroom door. Ominously empty, it would surely be soon filled by Steve's brick-like frame.

Joanne was doing her impressive best to make me concentrate on the task at hand, and we were naked and in the throes of full-blown sex within seconds. "Steve just loves to see me sitting on another man's cock," she whispered breathlessly, making me feel more and more as if I were part of a '70s porn movie. I was just beginning to enjoy myself when I noticed Steve sitting bolt upright in the chair, silently and critically watching my every move. When the deed was finally over, I congratulated myself on a half-decent performance and turned to see Steve sitting in the chair, legs astride, nervously playing with something glistening in his lap. Something glistening and unmistakably orange. So erotically charged was my performance that Steve had felt compelled to tug at the skin of nothing more hard and throbbing than a withered tangerine. I wasn't expecting a standing ovation, but honestly, a fucking tangerine?

Climbing off the bed and mumbling something about needing a drink of water, I grabbed my clothes and headed for the sanctuary of the bathroom. It was then that I heard the screams from the bedroom. Terrifying, blood-curdling screams followed by a sickening thumping noise. Fearing Steve had flipped at the amount of pleasure I had been able to give his loved one and was bludgeoning her to death, I put my shoes on and crept along the hall. Peering around the bedroom door, I saw a naked Steve taking Joanne roughly from behind. The bed was thumping 10 to the dozen against the wall, Joanne was howling with ecstasy, while Steve appeared to be feeding a grotesque salami into her. Except it wasn't a salami. It was his enormous cock. An appendage so huge, I swear it had a knee joint.

Like the scene of a grisly car crash you just can't tear your eyes from, I stood motionless, mouth agape. Don't get me wrong. As erotic experiences go, it quickly became as sensually thrilling as watching paint dry. But what had me rooted to the spot was the sudden realization that I'd been used merely as some sort of pathetic fluffer, preparing Joanne for Steve's main course.

Gathering my senses, I tucked my salted snail of a penis back in my pants, pulled my trousers up and silently let myself out. About a hundred feet down the road, I could have sworn Joanne's howls of delight took on a distinctly mocking tone. **FHM**

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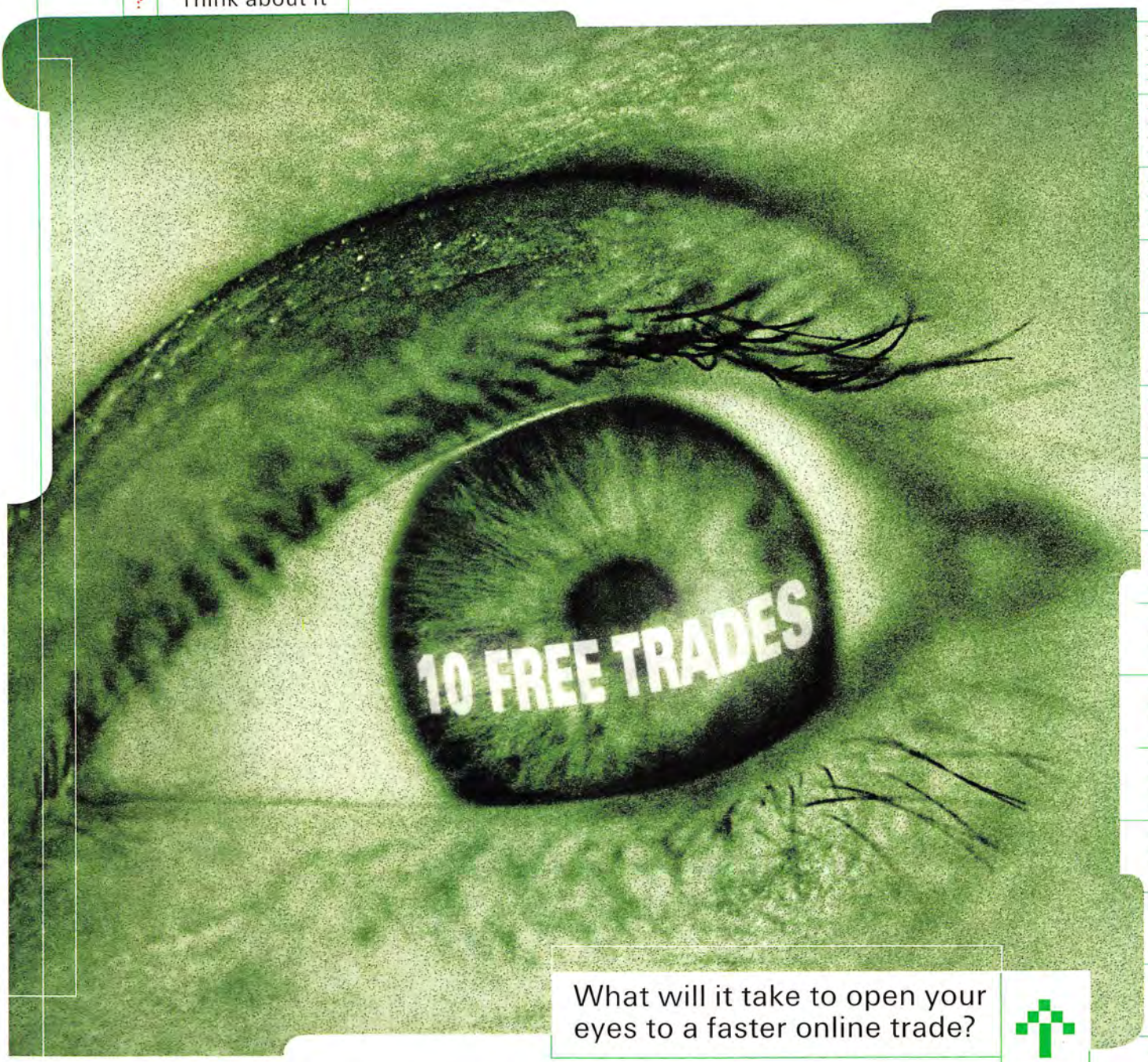

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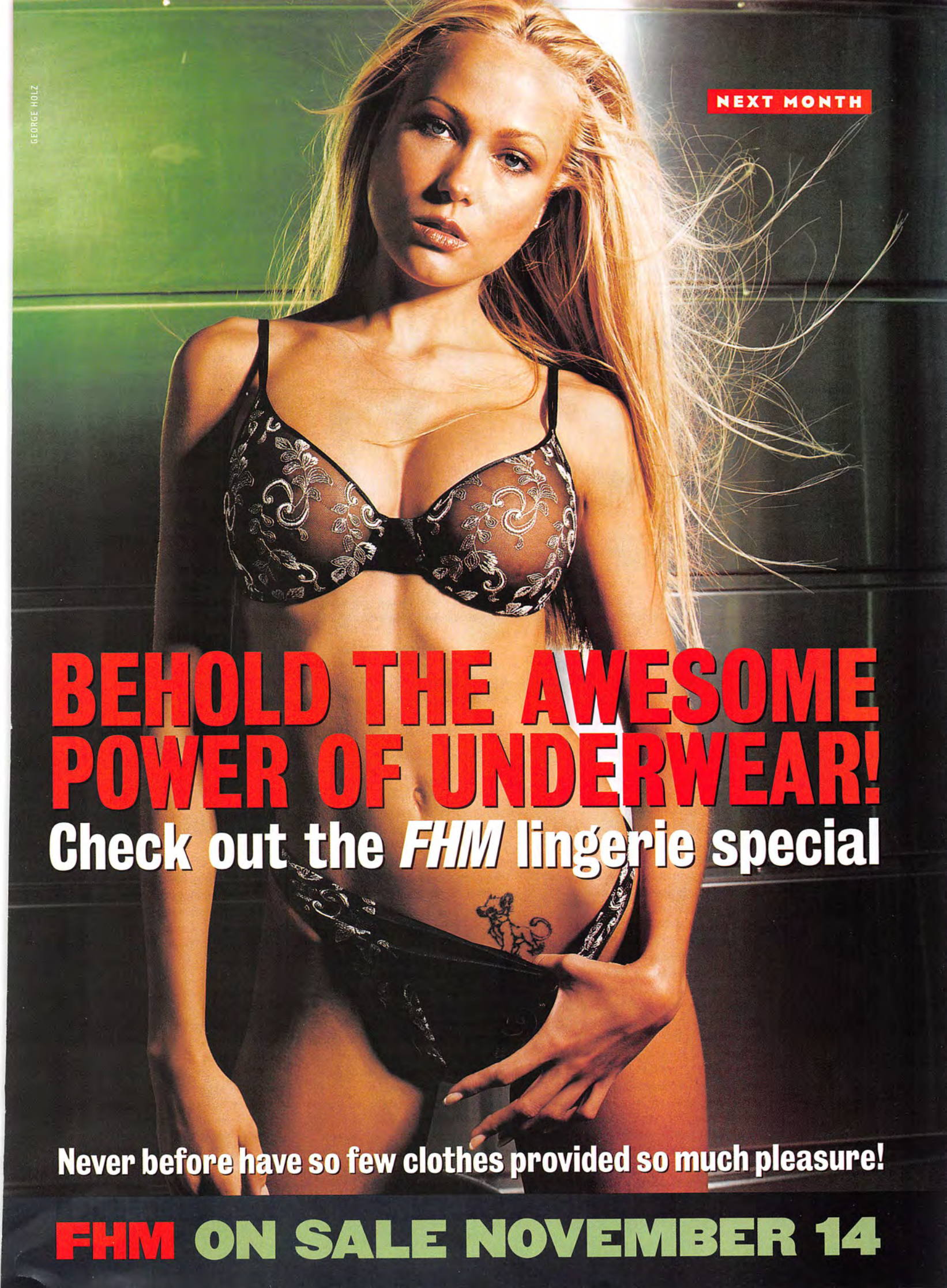
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MARK ZINGARELLI; CORBIS

JOKE OF THE MONTH

It's a cold winter day, and an old man walks out onto a frozen lake, cuts a hole in the ice, drops in his fishing line and waits patiently for a bite. He's there for almost an hour, without even a nibble, when a young boy walks out onto the ice and cuts a hole next to him. The boy drops in his line and minutes later hooks a large pickerel. Very quickly, he pulls in another large catch. After watching the process repeat itself a few more times, the old man can't take it any longer. "Son, you've been here only a few minutes and have caught a half-dozen fish! How do you do it?"

The boy responds, "Roo raf roo reep ra rums rrarm."

"What was that?" the old man asks.

"Roo raf roo reep ra rums rrarm," says the boy.

"Look," says the old man, "I can't understand a word you're saying."

Annoyed, the boy spits a pile of squirming worms into his hand and says, "You have to keep the worms warm!"

Bill Barton, Marblehead, MA

A missionary is sent into the deepest, darkest part of Africa to live with a tribe. He spends years with the people, teaching them to read and write, and preaching to them about the good Christian ways of the white man. One thing he particularly stresses is the evils of sexual sin: Thou must not commit adultery or fornication!

One day, the wife of one of the tribe's noblemen gives birth to a white baby. The village is shocked and the chief is sent to talk with the missionary. "You have taught us of the evils of sexual sin, yet here, a black woman gives birth to a white child. You are the only white man who has ever set foot in our village. Even Stevie Wonder could see what's been going on!"

The missionary replies, "No, no. You are mistaken. What you have here is a natural occurrence, what is called an albino. Look to thy yonder field. See the flock of white sheep, and yet amongst them, one of them is black. Nature does this on occasion."

"Tell you what," the chief says, "You never mention the sheep again, and I won't say anything about the baby."

Sal Mastroianni, Paramus, NJ

Complaining of stomach pains and abdominal swelling, a lady goes to her doctor to get checked out. The doctor examines her nether regions and prepares to impart his diagnosis, asking her, "Do you like changing diapers?"

"Why?" she asks excitedly. "Does this mean that I'm pregnant?"

"No," he says. "You've got bowel cancer."

David Haberman, San Francisco, CA

A woman is in a coma. As two nurses are in her room giving her a sponge bath, one of them notices that when she washes the woman's "private area," there is a slight response on the monitor. They explain to the woman's husband what happened, telling him, "Crazy as it sounds, maybe oral sex will bring her out of the coma." The husband is skeptical, but they assure him that they'll close the curtains for privacy, and besides, it's worth a try. The man finally agrees and goes into his wife's room. After a few minutes, the woman's monitor flat-lines. The nurses rush into the room, and the husband, pulling up his pants, says, "I think she choked."

Dan Jamieson, Amherst, NY

Two tourists are driving through the South. As they approach Natchitoches, LA, they start arguing about the pronunciation of the town's name. They argue back and forth until they stop for lunch. As they stand at the counter, one tourist asks the employee, "Before we order, would you settle an argument for us? Could you please pronounce where we are . . . very slowly?"

The cashier leans over the counter and says, "Burrrrrr-gerrrrr Kiiinnnggg."

Cedric DeFalco , Charlottesville, VA

An army major visits the sick soldiers to check on morale. He goes up to one private and asks, "What's your problem, soldier?"

"Chronic syphilis, sir."

"What treatment are you getting?"

"Five minutes with the wire brush each day, sir."

"What's your ambition?"

"Sir, to fight again, sir."

"Good man," says the major. He goes to the next bed. "What's your problem, soldier?"

"Chronic piles, sir."

"What treatment are you getting?"

"Five minutes with the wire brush each day, sir."

"What's your ambition?"

"Sir, to fight again, sir."

"Good man," says the major. He goes to the next bed. "What's your problem, soldier?"

"Chronic gum disease, sir."

"What treatment are you getting?"

"Five minutes with the wire brush each day, sir."

"What's your ambition?"

"Sir, to get the wire brush before the other two, sir."

Max Langer, Scottsdale, AZ

John is having problems pleasing his wife, so he goes to see a sex doctor. The doctor tells him he'll do better in bed if he masturbates before having sex. John leaves, and on his way home, he decides he'll have sex with his wife as soon as he gets there. So he finds a nice open spot on the side of the road and pulls over. He gets under the car, closes his eyes and proceeds to "check the axle." About five minutes later, he feels a tug on his pants, and not wanting to come out to see who's there, he asks, "Who is it?"

"It's the police. What do you think you're doing?"

With his eyes still closed, John replies, "I'm checking my car's axle."

The cop says, "Well, you'd better check your brakes, too, because your car rolled down the hill five minutes ago."

Kyle Gussen, Panama City, FL

Read more funny jokes at www.FHMus.com.

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Leave it to the pros

Our man gets busy with an X-rated diva to see how he really measures up

In the days before she became famous for marrying England's chinless Prince Andrew and doing commercials for Weight Watchers, Fergie used to own an interesting item of jewelry. Given to her by an ex-boyfriend, it was a silver pendant made up of the entwined letters "G.I.B." But what did it stand for? Well, various interpretations were offered up by the media, ranging from the cheerfully patriotic ("Groovy, I'm British!") to the brutally self-aware ("Greedy Idiotic Bitch"), until a high-society insider revealed that it actually meant "Great In Bed." And, though it's admittedly disturbing to think of the red-haired wobble bottom doing anything of a sexual nature, this does raise an interesting question: How does anyone know for sure if they're any good in the sack?

Of course, some guys might say, "Well, my girlfriend has plenty of orgasms," or, "I've never had any complaints," but this sort of data hardly stands up to investigation. After all, your girlfriend might have had stronger orgasms, or multiple ones, with her previous lovers; and maybe your other partners never complained because they figured dumping you—possibly with the words, "Sorry, but I need to spend more time with the real me"—was an easier option. Anyway, to discover just how high you can fly, you'd need to have sex with an amazingly gifted sexual partner and—let's face it—none of your previous girlfriends have fit that bill.

Sound unfair? Well, consider this: The bedtime gymnastics of your wildest-ever girlfriend would seem positively virginal compared to those of a real porn star. Sure, your old squeeze might have blown you in a moving car or wrapped her ankles around your ears a few times, but did she ever enjoy multiple penetration from three men with a combined unit length of 36 inches? Or finish a gangbang by showering under what is technically known as "a jizz fountain?" Nope? Didn't think so.

The good news is that despite not having a big dick or a burgeoning career in movies called things like *Wetness for the Prosecution*, I myself recently had sex with a genuine porn diva. At a party given by a friend who plays guitar in an indie band, I was introduced to a woman named Kelly. Actually, "woman" doesn't do her justice—she had the kind of body that death row prisoners dream about, with blond hair, pouting lips and silicone breasts of a size and majesty more commonly associated with mountain ranges. A native of California, she had starred in more than 30 adult flicks. Needless to say, my immediate thought was "no chance." However, during our conversation she mentioned that she was doing some writing of her own and asked if I'd visit her house to read it over. Although I usually steer well clear of aspiring writers—on the very sensible grounds that I don't wish to be exposed to

HUGO DIXON; STYLING BY HANNAH PENFOLD AT PROPPED UP; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DEBBIE CRONIN AT MICHAELJOHN

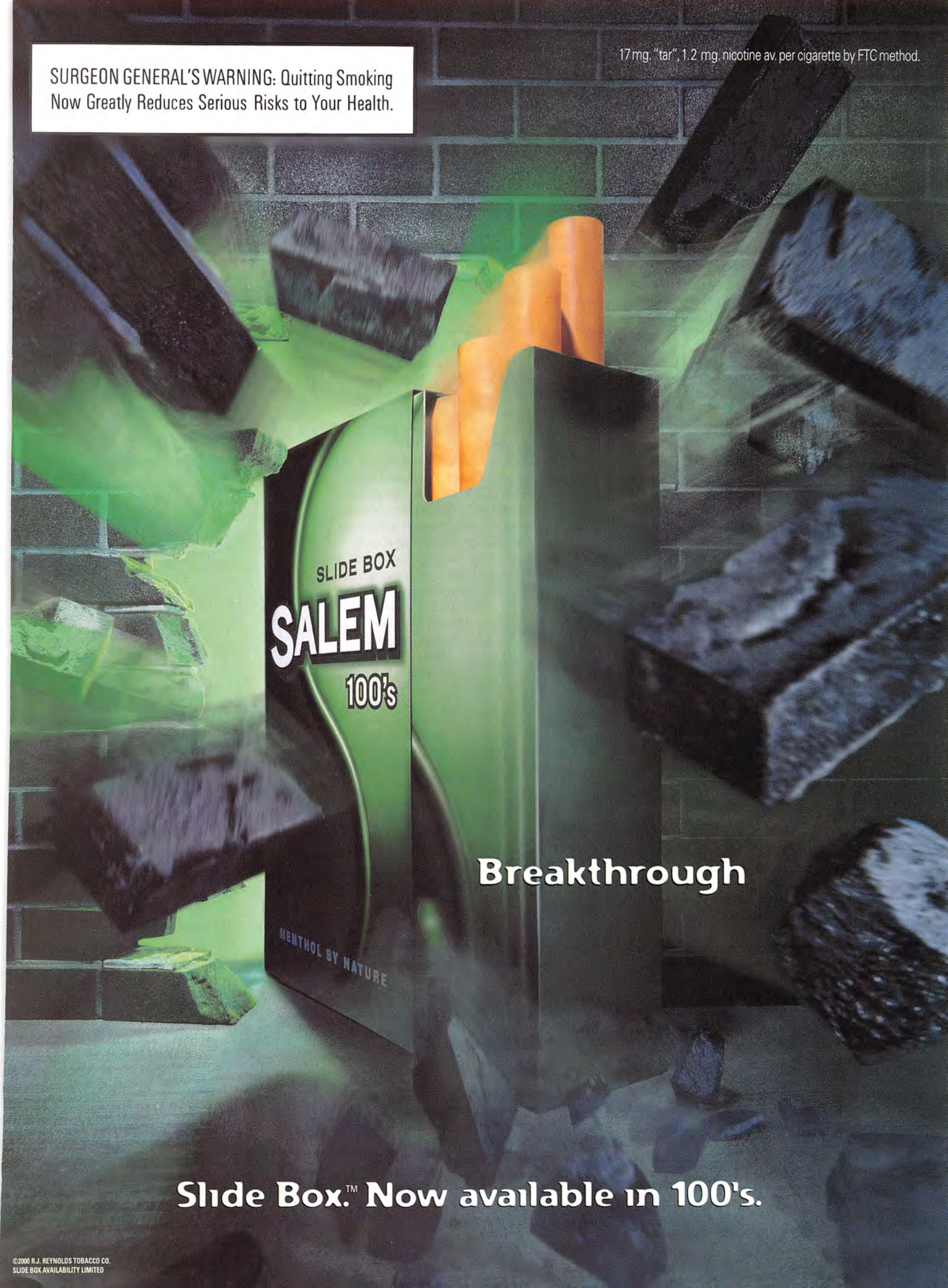
She moved around a lot and squealed like a raccoon being run over

poetry—I instantly agreed and gave her my number. Even then, I assumed she'd never call. That she did, and furthermore that she agreed to let me write about everything that happened on our date, is a tribute to the refreshing candor of our great nation's XXX-rated performers.

Though not without its moments of pleasure, I tried to view what happened as educational. As a result, you can now gauge whether your performance would be good enough to satisfy a chick from the big leagues, or whether you'll need to brush up on your sexual *Cliff's Notes* like I did. . . .

STAGE 1. THE DATE

After agonizing for about an hour over what to wear, I settled on the trusty combination of jeans, T-shirt, blazer and enough Stetson to gas a badger. Then I taxied it over to Kelly's place, wondering whether her apartment would look more like an S&M dungeon or a Nevada whorehouse. In fact, it turned out to be rather sweet—all pastel furniture, country cookbooks and teddy bears. She poured me a glass of red wine, showed me a (thankfully very) short story about a therapist and said she'd ordered us a pizza for dinner. I was just beginning to think, "Hey, porn actresses are just people, you know. They're no different from you and me," when I got my first rude awakening of the night. After asking if I wanted to watch a movie while we waited for the food to show, Kelly popped a tape into the VCR. I was expecting something unchallenging from Blockbuster, but the image which sprang to the screen was unforgettable. It was her, stark naked, being vigorously penetrated by a black man, and I have to tell you the size of his membrum virilis was a tribute to everything the African-American gene can achieve. My jaw duly dropped. "Oops," said Kelly, "I forgot to wind it back to the beginning. Do you mind?"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NOTES: Unless you're lucky enough to be hung like a Kentucky Derby winner, you've probably experienced a few cock-size anxieties before. For the record, most girls regard a seven-inch penis as "perfect," but owning one as short as three-and-a-half inches probably won't get you kicked out of bed. Girth, anyway, is much more vital, as the majority of her sensitive nerve-endings are at the front of the vagina. If you do have a small cock, make sure you concentrate extra hard on giving great foreplay, and try not to whine about your ill-fortune. Saying stuff like, "Is it OK?" and constantly seeking reassurance will just be annoying to her. You want to be sexy in bed? Then just feel the fear and go for it with what you've got.

STAGE 2. FOREPLAY

Watching your date screw onscreen gives you a fair inkling that she might be willing to have sex with you, and that you won't need to shell out for flowers and front-row seats at *Les Miserables* beforehand. Sure enough, within a minute we were swimming out of our clothes. Always the gentleman, I began to stroke her, only for her to immediately flinch and pull away. Had I done something wrong? No. She had, in fact, already come. I found this astonishing—I had only touched her for three seconds, tops—but she insisted it was true. And though I'd be the first to admit I'm no Liberace when it comes to nifty finger work, maybe it was. After all, most porn stars do their job primarily because they love sex. Their gift is to get turned on easily and be responsive, so it was probably a case of "lucky her" rather than "clever me." But I still felt like a bit of stud, naturally.

NOTES: With "normal" women, of course, a lot more foreplay is required, often to the point of getting lockjaw. So how can you make her come as freely as a XXX vixen? Well, one trick I read about recently is "no-tongue cunnilingus." As the name suggests, you go down on her but use only your nose, lips, gums, forehead and bristly chin to stimulate her. By all accounts, the results make for dirty animal-sex dynamite—which leaves you with more time to watch *SportsCenter*.

STAGE 3. SPECIAL MOVES

Before we could get much further, the pizza boy arrived. In a porn movie, of course, he'd probably join in, but that didn't happen. Instead, as Kelly paid him off and got some some plates, I went to the bathroom to give my pits and crevices an emergency spruce up. While I was taking a piss, the door opened and she came in. Now, I'm OK with women seeing me take a leak, so I carried on, assuming she wanted to brush her teeth or do something feminine with perfume. But what actually happened—and I *swear* I am not making this up—is she knelt down by the side of the bowl and leaned over so her open mouth was beneath my personal waterfall of urine. As it spilled and zigzagged over her face, I twisted away, every middle-class fiber of my body rebelling against this vileness. Sadly, the same middle-class fibers wouldn't let me piss on her fluffy carpet either, so I tried to aim for the narrow "corridor of uncertainty" between her right cheek and the enamel. It was like being on some sick fairground attraction until she guessed I wasn't into it and went back to the kitchen to carve the Papa John's.

NOTES: This is where I showed myself to be a mere minor-leaguer, I guess. But if you have a pee-loving missus and share my reluctance about "golden shower" games, there are definitely ways to get over it. First, practice at the urinal, picturing your girlfriend's head in the bowl. Next, when you're actually trying it with her, imagine she's on fire, and this is the only way to put her out. And lastly, always get her to lie down in the tub. It'll be a lot easier to clean up afterward.

STAGE 4. THE SEX

Perhaps chastened by what had happened in the bathroom, Kelly was actually quite subdued when we had full sex. I mean, she moved around a lot and made squeals like a raccoon being run over, but it was no different from sex with a normal girl. Only when I approached orgasm did she switch once more into Manic Nympho Mode, pointing my bell-end at her chin and lapping at it with her pointy iguana tongue. My climax was, in consequence, volcanic, weakening my knees and reducing my body weight by, ooh, easily five to seven pounds. So far so good, but then I was once again made to feel inadequate. You see, no sooner had my penis shriveled then she was tugging at it, begging me huskily to "do it again."

NOTES: My usual routine after orgasm is to fall asleep, snore like a Harley-Davidson and show slightly less animation than the cast of *Awakenings*. In the world of adult entertainment, nodding off is apparently not an acceptable response to "do it again," and thus I learned my final lesson. As a porn stallion, I was good for nothing but glue.

MASTERCLASS

Sex tips that work for novices and swordsmen alike

Q My girlfriend has been bugging me to make love in our car. Unfortunately, the only "lover's lane" near us is a KMart parking lot. How can I ensure that we won't be discovered?

A Firstly, it's highly unlikely that any underpaid security guard is going to leave the warmth of his hut just to peep in your windows. But that isn't really your problem. If the parking lot you refer to really is notorious for courting couples, then it'll probably be well-known to "doggers." These specialist perverts get their jollies from observing lovers in the act, but—thanks to repeated beatings—they usually look for recognized signals that the couple wants to be watched before moving in. Common codes include flashing your interior lights or dropping a hankie out of the window. Avoid these, and you should manage to christen that back seat without attracting an audience.

Q My penis, although big enough, is rather weak, by which I mean that it only goes "up" to about 90 degrees. Is there any way of improving this?

A Aging billionaires are sometimes fitted with hydraulic implants, which operate by use of a discreet pump worn on the thigh. For those of us on a tight budget, however, the best bet is to do some Kegel exercises. You don't need to be a member of an expensive gym to do these: All they involve is tensing and untensing the muscle you use to stop yourself from peeing. The best technique is to hang a wet towel over your hard-on and try to make it move up and down. Do 60 reps a day and you should notice the results within a month or so. And have somewhere handy to hang your washcloth.

Got a sex query? Then send it to* FHM, *110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY, 10011.

HUGO DIXON; MATT ANTROBUS

MARQUEE

Bloomingdale's Fall Fashion House Party

In New York, a party can break out just about anywhere, as was the case when FHM and Bloomingdale's hooked up to celebrate the best of fall menswear at Bloomingdale's flagship 59th Street location. FHM and Bloomingdale's used the mammoth retail space wisely to throw a weeklong event that not only featured the best looks in fashion, the hottest music and plentiful beverages, but also helped launch what may be the new face of men's modeling.

Highlights of the week included a massive kickoff party for subscribers and fashion industry players and a "Monday Blues" party that featured a live blues band and authentic soul food from the Harlem hot-spot Sylvia's. A trip to the New Orleans House of Blues was also given away to one party guest to continue their southern-themed partying.

The highlight, however, was the Click Models "Male Model Search." On Tuesday, FHM rounded up hundreds of pretty boys and found the best looking studs to compete in the finals.

On Thursday, the top 10 prospects came back to Bloomingdale's and were judged by New York fashion experts and former *Baywatch* babe Carmen Electra, who handed the top prize of a one-year Click Models contract to Sean Sacca of Teaneck NJ.

Congratulations, Sean, and thanks to everyone who participated.

Photo: FHM's Antony Wright with the Model Search finalists.

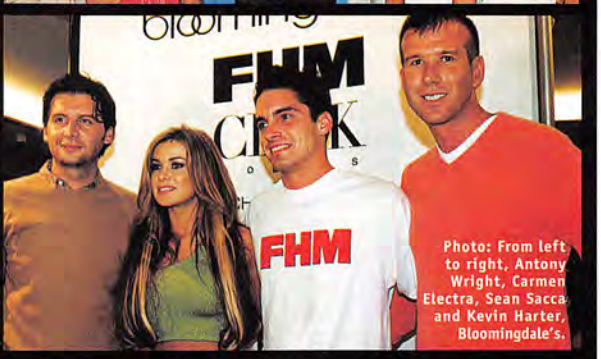

Photo: From left to right, Antony Wright, Carmen Electra, Sean Sacca and Kevin Harter, Bloomingdale's.

PHOTO CREDIT: ROHANNA

Becks

Beck's presents the 2nd annual "Beck's Spotlight Concert Series" featuring Third Eye Blind. One contestant from each of the 50 United States will have the chance to win a grand prize trip for two to their choice of an intimate Third Eye Blind concert in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. The concerts are closed to public sale and only available through Beck's. Runner-up prizes include autographed guitars, mp3 players and Beck's Spotlight Series T-shirts. To enter, log on to **www.becksbeer.com** or visit your local Beck's retailer. Must be 21 years or older to enter. Contest ends October 31, 2000.

BECK'S SPOTLIGHT SERIES

Tommy Hilfiger

Stop by new Tommy Hilfiger stores opening this fall: Westchester Mall in White Plains, New York (grand re-opening in mid-October, store will carry Tommy Hilfiger sportswear for men, women and Tommy Hilfiger Infant & Toddler), Dallas Galleria in Dallas, Texas (grand re-opening in mid-November, store will carry Tommy Hilfiger sportswear for men, women, boys and girls, and Tommy Hilfiger Infant & Toddler) and Phipps Plaza in Atlanta, Georgia (grand opening in late November, store will carry Tommy Hilfiger sportswear for men & women).

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THE LION TAMER

Dave Hoover of Clyde Beatty Cole Brothers Circus on gay cats, hickory sticks and the lion who saved his life

Did you get your start by training a house cat?

No. I was too squeamish to be a vet, so I took a job at Cincinnati Zoo, where I raised lion cubs. I learned to train big cats from a book that was written by an Englishman in 1903. Then I became acquainted with a circus trainer named Clyde Beatty; I replaced him after he died.

How long does it take to train a wild cat?

Six months for lions, a little less for tigers—they're smarter. We start when they're 18 months old. I just sit inside the door of the cage with my cigar and a crossword puzzle until the animal is no longer worried about my being there. Next, we cut off the cat's food for a day, then start feeding him off the end of a stick. Then we put a seat in the cage. After a few days, I start feeding him while he's on there. That's the first command: "Seat." My act incorporates things cats do naturally: They run, jump, lay down, roll over and sit up, so I have them jump hurdles or walk backward on a barrel.

What props do you use?

A four-foot hickory stick that the animals learn to follow the end of; a light whip, mostly to make a noise; and a gun that fires blanks to distract them. All animals are afraid of flames, but if you fire a cartridge, the animal's mind goes blank for a second and it'll jump through a flaming hoop on command. I also use a chair for safety. If a cat ever decides to eat you, the four legs of the chair represent four other points of interest, so his train of thought is broken.

Is it fear that stops them from attacking you?

It's mental bluff and the fact I keep them busy. They don't understand why I don't seem to be afraid of them, although I am. The trick is to never let them know I'm weaker than they are. If I get injured, I finish the act like nothing happened. Once I walked out of the cage, then collapsed: An animal had opened up my leg with his claw. My boot was squishing full of blood.

You can't just run down to the pet store and buy a lion, so where do you get your animals?

From zoos and private parks. There are currently more tigers in the US than in India, even though they haven't been imported since the beginning of the century. Lions cost about $500, but tigers run upward of $3,000.

Would you ever have a tiger as a pet?

I've raised about 300 lion and tiger cubs in my house. We only keep them at home for the first three months, otherwise we wouldn't have any upholstery left. And they could kill me. Besides, it's not humane to keep wild animals as pets.

Or in a circus?

I'm an animal lover. Animals born in captivity live longer, and I think they prefer being taken care of. They feel safe in their cages, and they have large exercise areas. Even in the wild, lions sleep 21 hours a day. If you go to the zoo and see one walking around, you're lucky.

Is it possible to tame a big cat so that it would never harm you?

Getting hurt is always a possibility. It's inbred. In the US, four or five children are killed each year by dogs, which have supposedly been tame for thousands of years. But I've had a few lions that were too docile for their own good; they have to be able to protect themselves. Usually I keep them aside for ads and movie work, like Clarence the cross-eyed lion in *Daktari*.

Was Clarence really cross-eyed?

Oh, yes. He was a good-looking lion, but real lazy. He wasn't interested in female lions.

Was he gay?

He wasn't interested in either sex, but I have seen gay lions go at it. It's a bit like being in jail, I guess, when there's no females around.

Has a frisky tiger ever taken a shine to you?

Yeah. This one female tiger named Bingo would roll over and want her belly rubbed. I think it's a mating ritual, but I wasn't falling for it.

Do you have a favorite lion?

I had a big black-maned lion named Caesar—a truly handsome cat, but he was meaner than the devil. He hospitalized me seven times, but he was more responsive than the other cats. Then one time in Philadelphia, a big lion charged me, my foot slipped and I went down. My stick caught the animal in the mouth and he was hanging over me. Caesar attacked the other lion and saved my life. He worked until he was 21. Then I retired him to a safari park, and he sired 32 cubs.

Q What human behavior makes a lion angry? A They don't like alcohol. If a lion escaped into a crowd, he'd go after the drinkers.

How many big-cat scars can you boast?

Quite a few. If I keep it up, I'll need a seamstress to travel with the show. I've been put in the hospital 11 times by lions and twice by tigers.

What's the closest you've been to death?

I was in the hospital for three months not long after I started in the business. I needed 152 stitches in my legs and arms, and I had to have a blood transfusion. A lion opened up the side of my leg; I have no feeling from my right knee down. It happened during training when, like a dummy, I'd gone into the cage by myself. I was wearing a watch with an expanding wristband and when this lion swung at me, his claws got tangled in the band and he pulled me into him. He was missing a fang or he would have chewed off my finger and probably a toe. That scared the hell out of me. Fortunately, I always wear a steel collar for training—big cats often go for the throat—and I had heavy clothing on, although the lion ate my wool coat. They like mutton, apparently.

Any other serious scares?

Once in Illinois, the lights went out in the middle of the act. I was trying to edge along to the escape door and when the guys turned on some headlights, a lion was crawling under my stick, trying to get me. I don't normally drink, but I had a whiskey after that.

Would a lion eat you if it had the chance?

No, they're not hungry enough. But a trainer I knew was killed in front of an audience after the door dropped on a lion's tail and the lion jumped the guy. The cat carried my friend around like a rag doll. The police had to shoot the animal to get the body back.

What human behavior makes a lion angry?

They don't like alcohol. If a lion escaped into a crowd, he'd go after the drinkers.

Is it true that the cats are sedated before the show and that their claws are removed?

No, because tranquilizers would break down their fear of you. And giving the animals drugs risks killing them, as they have a very low tolerance. If a big cat has an ingrown claw, it's very tricky. We put the animal out just enough to make it drowsy. As for pulling out their claws or removing their fangs, that's like cutting off a child's fingers! Some trainers do it, though. But if they're really that afraid of lions, maybe they should get a poodle act.

Ever stuck your head in a lion's mouth?

No way! That trick was popular years ago: If the trainer felt pressure from the lion's jaws, he'd spit tobacco down its throat to make it open up. That's not to say some of those guys didn't lose their heads. . . .

What's the procedure if things go wrong?

I had to use a fire extinguisher to break up a fight once. Two lions were locked on each other's necks and wouldn't leave the cage. One's testicles were in the air, so I turned the extinguisher on him. It was ice cold. He crossed his legs a lot after that.

What should we do if confronted with an escaped big cat?

Stay still or move away slowly. Nine times out of 10, the animal will move away from you. Don't run or he'll follow you. A lion can run 100 yards in four-and-a-half seconds.

Wouldn't you rather work with less risky animals, maybe elephants?

I owned elephants when I had a zoo in Miami, but elephant acts don't make the adrenaline flow for me. I'm a cat man. In the first place, there's not so much mess to clean up, and cats are more unpredictable. If I don't have action, I get bored. I'm just trying to get killed!

Interview by Caroline Rees

CARLOS SERRAO

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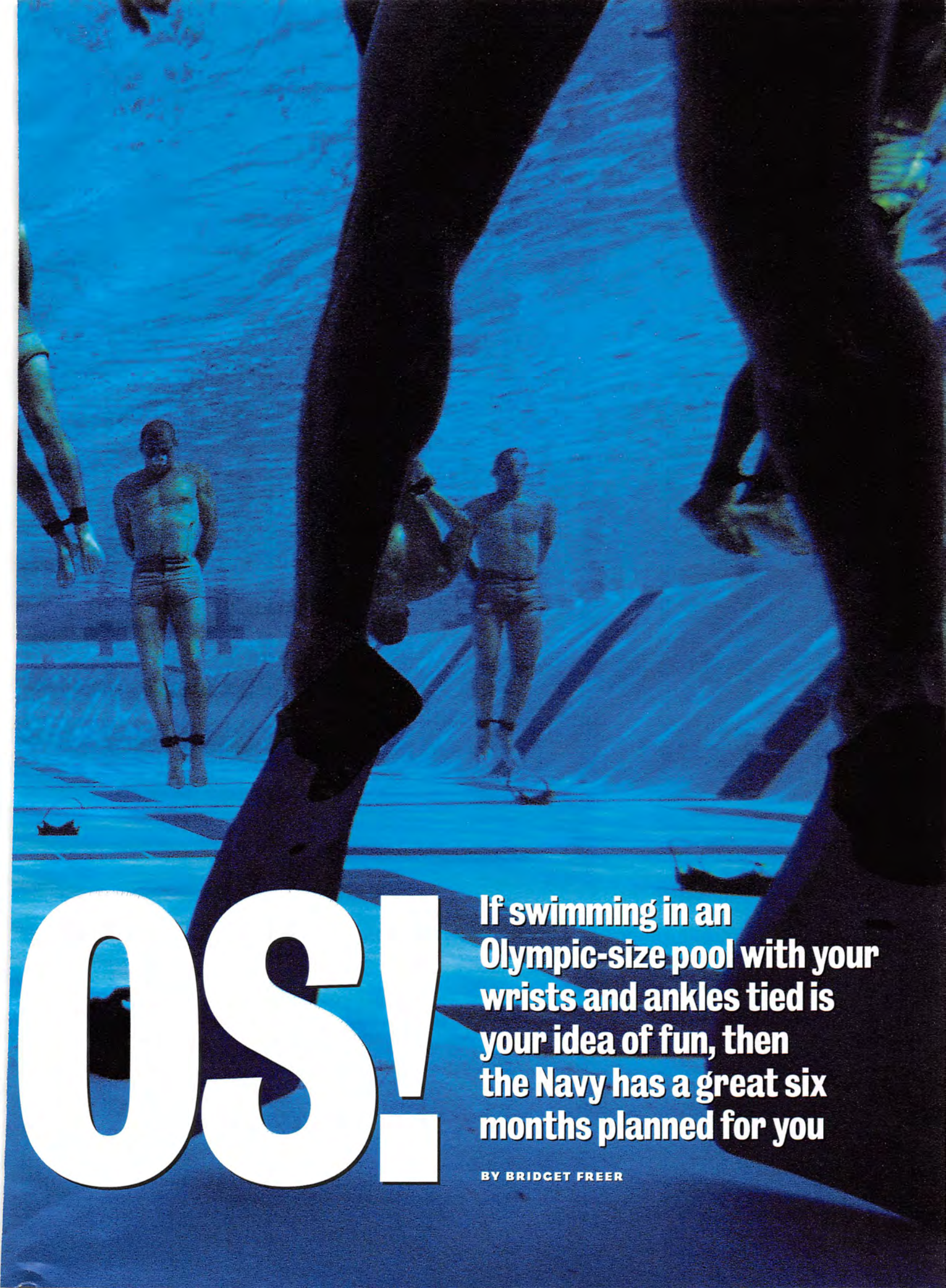
TOP TROOPS

BATHTIME FOR PSYCH

RICK RICKMAN/MATRIX



OS!

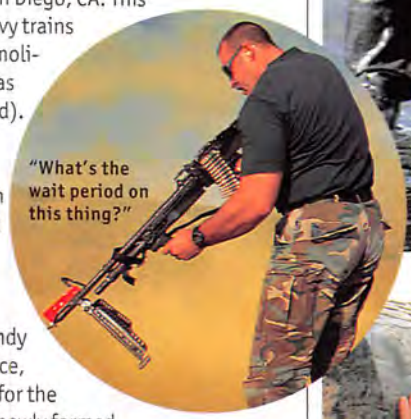
If swimming in an Olympic-size pool with your wrists and ankles tied is your idea of fun, then the Navy has a great six months planned for you

BY BRIDGET FREER

TOP TROOPS

In a near-empty classroom in the dead of night, two men sit slumped at desks with their heads in their hands. Classical music blares from a radio and the heat is turned up uncomfortably high; their clothing is dripping wet and water is in a puddle at their feet. Men in uniform approach them, place printed forms in front of them and shake them awake. "Huh?" says one, trying to focus on the paper. Numbed with fatigue, he can barely make out the words. Then he can't believe what he sees. Shocked, he sits rigid, wincing at the pain from the oozing sores in his groin and armpits. The paper is an agreement to quit. And it appears to have been signed by him. "No," he shouts, "I didn't quit. I want to be here. This doesn't make any sense." His colleague, similarly shocked, is shaking from head to toe.

The two men are in the schoolhouse at BUDS, (Basic Underwater Demolition School) in Coronado, near San Diego, CA. This is where the US Navy trains its underwater demolition units, known as SEALs (sea-air-land). It started in 1943 when the naval combat demolition units were ordered to clear German mines from the Utah and Omaha beaches in Normandy and southern France, making them safe for the Allied troops. The newly formed underwater demolition teams then moved on to see action in every corner of the Pacific during World War II. Their next moments of glory came during the Korean War, when they deployed guerrilla warfare methods in delaying operations. Since then, they have won themselves a fearsome reputation as arguably the world's fittest combat unit.



"What's the wait period on this thing?"

The course at BUDS lasts for six months and comprises three phases—physical training, diving and land warfare. The two exhausted men are in the fourth and penultimate day of Hell Week, the last days of the first phase of their training. The eight-week Phase One is dedicated to PT (which would-be SEAL recruits soon learn stands for physical torture) and Hell Week is its final grueling five days which, according to Navy literature, has been calculated to push the men to the very limits of their physical and mental capacity and beyond. For the last four days, these two men and their comrades have been on their feet, running and jumping to orders for up to 22 hours a day. Their exertions are continuous. As during the rest of Phase One, just eating involves six miles of sprinting—they have to run everywhere and the mess hall is a mile away. During Hell Week they get an extra meal a day (so that's another two miles) and have to run in seven-man teams with a 200-pound IBS (inflatable boat, small) on their backs.

They get more to eat in Hell Week because US Navy doctors have conducted analysis over the years and estimate that the trainees can burn as much as 15,000 calories a day. That's eight to 10 times the normal amount. Sometimes a student's body develops a stress fracture and becomes incapable of carrying on, or their mind simply says, "I can't put my body through this any more." On average, 70 percent of SEAL students drop out during the course. (The highest yearly percentage of men graduating the course was 45 percent, and there was one class—"the class that never was"—in which not one man made it through to the end.)

The blind commando carried the log in circles

When a BUDS student decides he can't take any more, he has interviews with three officers, each of whom signs a form detailing the recruit's reasons for wanting out. The most common recorded excuse is "loss of motivation." *FHM* approached several men who'd been through the BUDS course and hadn't made it, but all refused to talk on the record about their experiences. The workings of the SEALs are shrouded in mystery and a certain amount of paranoia. One of the ex-BUDS boys who did agree to talk to us (on guarantee of anonymity) warned that, "You will be watched for doing this story." Another told us he decided he could take no more when he developed hydrophobia. "I started shivering uncontrollably every time they told us to get back in the water, then I got to the point where I just could not make myself get in the surf again. That was in 1994, and just thinking of water can still make me shiver sometimes."

US Navy doctors estimate that the trainees can burn as many as 15,000 calories a day

Meanwhile, the BUDS public affairs officer, Lt. JG Greer, told us, "There are a lot of different factors why a student decides he just doesn't want it anymore. A lot of people don't expect the difficulty level. Their body never seems to quite recover. It is constant and continuous, and it tears you down." Once they've dropped out, the men have to ring a bell on the grinder (exercise yard) three times, and lay their helmet beneath it.

The line of helmets expands rapidly during Hell Week, largely due to the fact that on top of the extreme physical pain and pressure the trainees have to endure, the instructors add sadistic little

RICK RICKMAN/MATRIX(3); EDDIE ADAMS/CORBIS (2)

"Sarge said it would leave our skin feeling silky and blemish-free

"Wait, I left my lotion in there"

twists of mental stress. If, for example, a man faints during a run, or vomits during a swim, his entire seven-man team has to stop, go back to the start and do it again. They won't all fail if one backs out, but they will have to start that part again. Every now and again the instructors pick a man almost incoherent from sleep deprivation, exhaustion and/or near hypothermia, send him and his team back to the start and then say, "Ha, ha, not really," just to see if they have the required stamina and guts to do it again. One of the ex-BUDS boys recalled, "The instructor ordered us back in the water for the 11th time in four hours and told us we were going to be wet and cold all week. He then said he wanted to see some laughing. So we started to laugh, and he said, 'Great! The more you laugh the more heat you expend.' It sounds stupid now, but I really snapped. For a few minutes I honestly thought, 'This bastard's trying to kill us. He actually wants us to die of cold.' And yet all the time the instructors are telling you BUDS is voluntary, that we can stop at any time."

Instructors claim that is why the bluffing is common at BUDS: They have to know the men can take the conditions they might face while on a mission. One of their proudest boasts is that no SEAL has ever surrendered or left behind a wounded or dead comrade. Ever. Testing that kind of motivation requires bluffs and trickery. As Greer explains, "Bluffs are a motivating tool to get the level of commitment where it should be and mentally challenge the students." It is also, he says, "one of the things that marks BUDS from other courses. A lot of military units follow a rote doctrine, but we want to instill unconventional thinking, because an ability to think out of the box could determine whether a SEAL lives or dies on a mission."

Hence the two men sitting in the classroom, thinking they are about to be made to ring the bell and lay down their helmets 12 hours before the end of Hell Week. During the course of that day, the pair had already paddled their IBSs 15 miles through a four-foot-high surf; run to breakfast with boats aloft, then run back; swum 400 yards in the freezing sea in boots and T-shirts; and run eight miles in wet boots and gear through soft, deep sand. All that was interspersed with three other runs to the mess hall and random orders to do one-hour PT regimes on the grinder; a run up sand dunes, tossing and kicking 250-pound logs; somersault relays; an ultra-challenging obstacle course (widely recognized as the toughest in the US military) and periods of lying or sitting in the ocean until they are ordered out. This last one is known by the students as "surf torture," so-called because during exercises, sand gets inside their clothes, rubbing their skin raw, and getting into the sea literally puts salt in their wounds. Then there is the cold. For most of the year, sea temperatures around Coronado barely rise above 60 degrees, which is well below body temperature.

'N Sync broke down in the conga event

It was after a two-hour beach-running and surf-torture session that the men were led into the classroom. It was 9 p.m.; they'd had less than 90 minutes sleep in four days, and they were cold, wet and confused. They had recently been ordered to write an essay about "your last moments as a lobster being placed in a pot of boiling water." The men began writing, but gradually their bodies crumbled again and gave in to sleep. One by one, instructors woke all but two of them and motioned them to leave the room. It was then the two wannabe SEALs were given their papers. Both stood firm, saying, "We don't quit; we want to be here," and eventually the instructors broke out laughing. They'd survived another bluff and were led back to join the others who were already waiting for their second hygiene check of the day.

Great care is taken as to the students' health during Hell Week: They are checked every 12 hours by a corpsman and a doctor. The course is so physically demanding that the men's immune systems can give out and make them prone to infections—most commonly pneumonia, flesh-eating bacteria in their broken blisters, cuts or chafing sores. The other major concern is hypothermia because of the amount of time they spend in wet clothes. As Greer explains, "Hit 87 degrees and that's death, basically." So they monitor their temperatures carefully, and if a young man is pushing 88 or 89 degrees, they get him in the hot tub, warm his body, put him in dry clothing and get him back in training.

Nothing is as bad as Hell Week, but Phase Two, which concentrates on diving, has its own horrors, including drownproofing (the men have their ankles and wrists bound and are made to swim the length of an Olympic-size pool, or dive to the bottom and come back up again on cue) and pool competency. Known as Phase Two's mini-Hell Week, "pool comp" is designed to teach the would-be underwater warriors to cope with "an emergency-type situation" in the deep. They are told to kneel at the bottom of the pool and stay there. Then, an instructor will come up behind them, take them by surprise and rough them up a little. "They'll either take their breathing regulator off and tie it in knots," says Greer, "or rip off their mask and tumble them around a little bit." The instructor then backs off and closely monitors how the student fixes the problem. If he panics, the instructor will grab him and pull him back to the surface and he will have failed. Each student gets two to four tries at this, but if he can't correct the problem without being seen to nearly drown, he can't be a SEAL. There's quite a bit of bell ringing during pool comp.

Phase Three concentrates on land warfare and is held on San Clemente Island, which has firing ranges, a demolition range and an underwater demolition area. The average BUDS course has 120 students, and by this time, 15 weeks in, there is an average of 30 or so left. It's a shame, because the toughest physical challenge of this phase is a mere 14-mile run loaded up with equipment, and this is when the students get to "go hot" and use live ammunition. Asked if this has ever led to casualties, Greer replies in the negative, although three men have died in training since BUDS was founded, all from hypothermia or drowning.

Those still standing after the 10 weeks in San Clemente are permitted to graduate, but it will be another year before they can pick up their Trident shield and become a certified Navy SEAL. They have to take further instruction in jump training, which is seen as a very tough, demanding course by the rest of the military. However, to someone who's just come out of BUDS, it's a piece of cake. They do still have PT sessions, but will never have to cope with the extremes of pain, cold and mental stress that they endured in Hell Week . . . unless they get captured by the enemy while on a mission.

So who's the daddy?

It takes insane determination and a love of all things painful to be an elite soldier

"I warned you not to pull his tail"

Van Damme liked to play in his moat

In addition to killing and looking mean, one of the favorite pastimes of Special Forces soldiers is bragging. Rarely do you hear these muscle-bound meatheads claim to be the "fifth hardest army in the world." So, to settle the matter of who's the toughest once and for all, *FHM* has compared the rigorous selection tests undergone by would-be recruits in eight of the most elite military outfits in the world. As the US government still doesn't acknowledge the existence of Delta Force, Chris Ryan of the British army's Special Air Service was enlisted to help sort the wussies from the Terminator-like fighting machines.

FRANCE: The Foreign Legion

Operations: Protect French interests abroad, and be the first regiments to engage in combat during any overseas conflict.

Reputation: Three regiments were sent to the Gulf and only three Legionnaires were killed in a campaign that saw them take Al Salman airport, an important strategic target. Between 1992 and 1996, the Legion also carried out a peacekeeping role in Bosnia.

Fitness requirement: La Forme Physique involves a 2,600-meter run to be finished in 12 minutes. Then recruits must complete the following twice a day for three weeks: a four-mile run, 50 sit-ups, 60 pushups, 10 chin-ups, a rope climb (no legs allowed) and a fireman's carry. Training culminates in a 30-mile non-tactical march and Le Raid, a 90-mile trek over mountainous terrain, which must be completed in three days.

Pass rate: 50 percent. One in eight quit.

Chris Ryan says: "The supposed intensity of the training is blown out of proportion. I know someone who's done it and he said it was crap. Their soldiering skills really aren't that hot either."

Final rating: 6/10

IRAQ: Special Republican Guard

Operations: Guard key Iraqi installations, including Saddam's "weapons of mass destruction." Protect the president and provide a military response to any attempt at rebellion or coup.

Reputation: Noted for their fierce loyalty to Saddam and their demented determination to fight to the death—probably because the president would happily slice their limbs off one by one if they gave up.

Fitness requirement: 50 sit-ups, 50 pushups, 12 chin-ups, then a three-mile run. Emphasis is more on endurance than supreme fitness. After the upper-body fitness and cardio test, candidates are immediately thrown, disorientated, into the unforgiving desert. They then have to make their own way back to a specific rallying point.

Pass rate: 90 percent.

Chris Ryan says: "They were at their best during the Iran-Iraq war, but after that conflict ended, they've been employed as glorified guardsmen and have become weaker."

Final rating: 4/10

ISRAEL: Haruv Commandos

Operations: Security activity at Israel's besieged borders, plus counter-terrorism.

Old soldiers make new ones look like girls

Thanks to technology, the modern soldier doesn't even have to think about digging a trench or engaging in hand-to-hand combat—he can slaughter thousands by remote control. To find truly vicious warriors, you'll have to go back in time.

The Spartans: 5th–2nd Century BC

Both clever and psychotic, the Spartans slaughtered a 27,000-strong Athenian army by digging huge ditches, then creeping up behind as their gullible foes puzzled over them. Victory against the Arcadians in 368 BC is known as the Tearless Battle: Not a single Spartan died.

The Iceni: AD 50–61

With just a force of 120,000 Britons, Boadicea almost led the Iceni to victory against the mighty Roman army. Though disorganized, the Iceni were well-known for their scythe-wheeled chariots and merciless tactics, which included cutting out Romans' intestines before boiling the soldiers alive. Against the odds, they took Coventry, St. Albans and even London, as well as an estimated 70,000 enemy lives.

"OK, OK, your brother *doesn't* prefer Greeks"

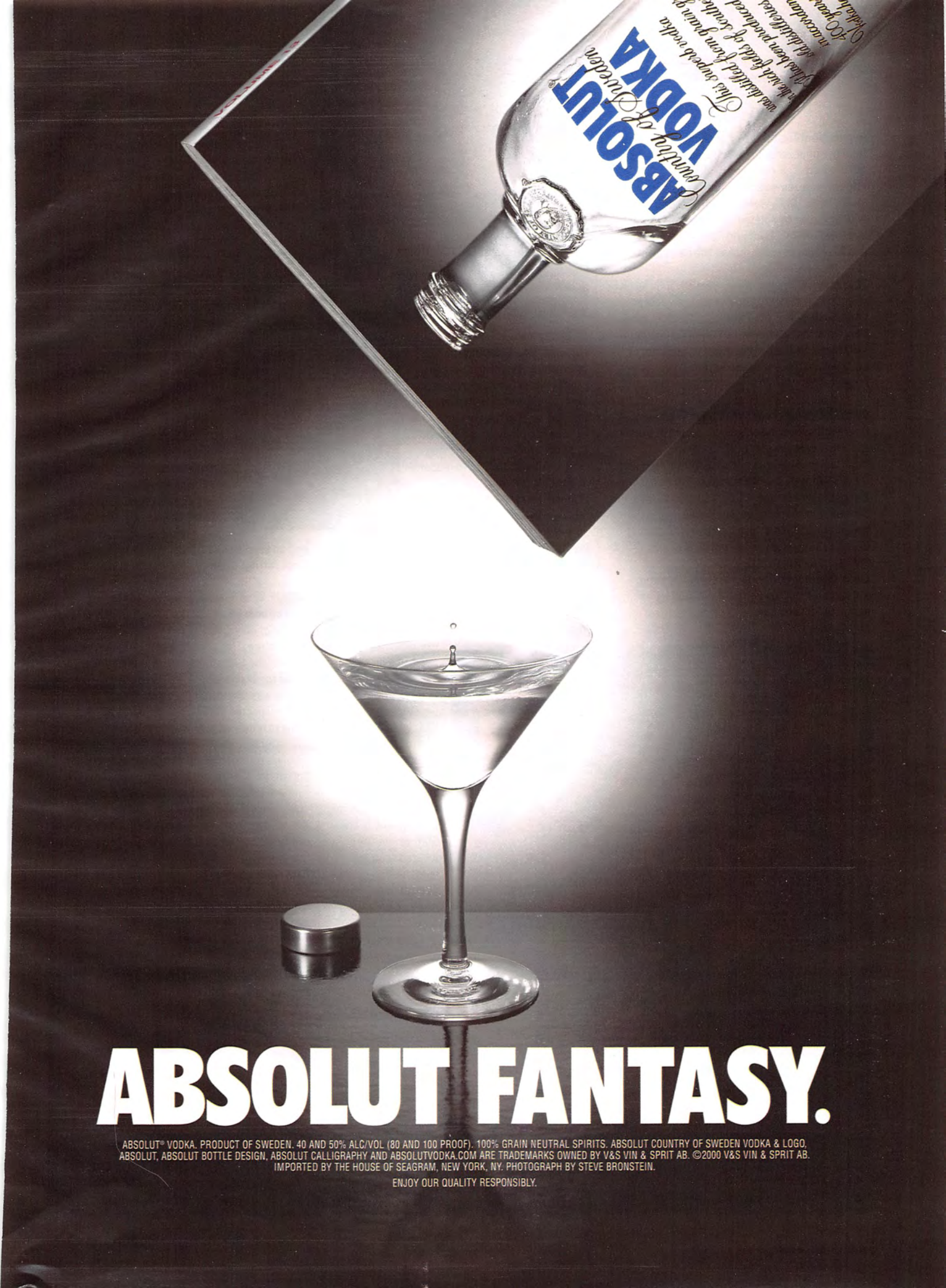
Mongol hordes: 1220–1300

Even though Genghis Khan died 20 years into their fun, the Mongols still instilled trouser-browning fear throughout Asia and Europe. A shortage of food was cleverly overcome by eating peasant women: Officers munched on tender teenagers, and the infantry chowed down on old ladies. Any women in between were systematically raped, a policy that affects the Russian bloodline even today.

The Wallachian Army: 1456–1476

Led by Vlad "The Impaler" Tepes, the Wallachians' animalistic tactics included drinking blood and forcing defeated troops to eat the cooked flesh of their spouses and children. When Turkish envoys arrived to discuss peace, the Wallachians nailed the Turks' hats and coats to their bodies, making an invasion by the Turks a certainty. Instead, an inspired piece of PR forced Sultan Mehmed II to retreat: On the border, the Wallachians had impaled over 20,000 captive Turks as a warning, predating the modern Turkish kebab by 500 years.

RICHARD EMBLIN/BLACK STAR (2); PICTORIAL PRESS



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TOP TROOPS

Reputation: The rescue of passengers and crew from the hijacked Air France jet at Entebbe in 1976 raised their profile considerably.
Fitness requirement: Parachute drills at the secret Israeli Defense Force jump school; a five-mile run to be completed in 40 minutes, followed by 50 dips, 60 pushups and 80 sit-ups. Finally, two "live" jumps—one during the day, the other at night.
Pass rate: 20 percent. Every year the unit receives five times as many applicants as it can accept.
Chris Ryan says: "They're well trained because they work with the American Delta Force. Quite hard men and reasonable soldiers, they're certainly up there with the best."
Final rating: 8/10

DENMARK: Jaegerkorptset (Ranger Corps)

Operations: Long-range reconnaissance patrols specializing in sabotage.
Reputation: Elite corps who, when training with the US Rangers, found the course too easy.
Fitness requirement: 65 pushups, 60 sit-ups and 60 freehand squats to be completed in less than two minutes. Then a 10-mile run in full combat gear followed by three 50-foot rope climbs.
Pass rate: 7 percent.
Chris Ryan says: "The Jaegers are very good, although I'd put our British Paratroopers up against them any day."
Final rating: 8/10

"Is this your acorn, Private Tis?"

GERMANY: KSK (Combat Diver Company)

Operations: Performed reconnaissance on East German harbors during the cold war; now deployed on German ships in the Persian Gulf to enforce the UN embargo of Iraq.
Reputation: Top specialist frogmen and divers trained in modern underwater warfare.
Fitness requirement: 60 pushups, 80 sit-ups and 50 dips. Then candidates have to run 10 miles with an instructor setting the pace, swim 3,800 feet in 70 minutes and make two 50-foot dives.
Pass rate: 80 percent.
Chris Ryan says: "They used to come to Hereford to do our combat survival course and they were great, but when we've worked against them on exercises, we've been all over them like a rash."
Final rating: 5/10

"Just walk around"

USA: 1st SFOD–"Delta Force"

Operations: The men of Delta Force are known to have seen action both in Panama and in the Gulf, where they located scud launchers.
Reputation: Mostly made up of Green Berets, and said to be the world's best in CQB (Close Quarters Battle). Their credibility took a battering in 1979 when they took part in the failed attempt to rescue 66 hostages from the US Embassy in Tehran.
Fitness requirement: Selection tests for Delta Force are said to be harder than those for the US Rangers. It's thought to consist of 100 pushups, 100 sit-ups, 20 chin-ups, 100 dips, an 80-foot tower climb, a rappel down a 60-foot cliff and a mile march carrying 60 pounds of equipment, to be completed in less than three hours.
Pass rate: 10 percent.
Chris Ryan says: "These guys are very good. But a lot of their training is crap. The emphasis on who can do the most reps in the shortest time is where a lot of the Yanks fall foul. A different kind of fitness is required on maneuvers, and I know that if you strap a 100-pound pack on their back and tell them to walk for three days and three nights, they'll end up totally exhausted."
Final rating: 8/10

The 82nd worked hard on their scary faces

BRITAIN: 22nd Special Air Service (SAS)

Operations: Small raiding assault units working behind enemy lines.
Reputation: Until May 5, 1980, not many people knew of the SAS's existence. But after the storming of the Iranian Embassy, aired live on TV, their profile was raised and they became one of the most respected elite forces in the world.
Fitness requirement: Instructors aim to exhaust the natural strength of each individual. Selection involves runs of five, 10 and 15 miles every day and then hill exercises carrying 65 pounds. The runs are interspersed with 50 to 100 pushups and 100 sit-ups. Training culminates with "the fan dance" over Pen y Fan (960 yards) in Wales, where candidates cover 15.5 miles carrying 55 pounds in four hours.
Pass rate: 5 percent.
Chris Ryan says: "I know the hardest selection course in the world is the British SAS, and I'm not being biased. We set the standard."
Final rating: 9/10 **FHM**

MASTER OF DISGUISE

There are many things the military could teach the feeble civilian, not the least of which are camouflage skills. With just a roll of Scotch tape, you too will know what it feels like to be invincible!

Beat the doorman
This mild eyebrow lift will baffle the bouncers at any bar you're banned from.

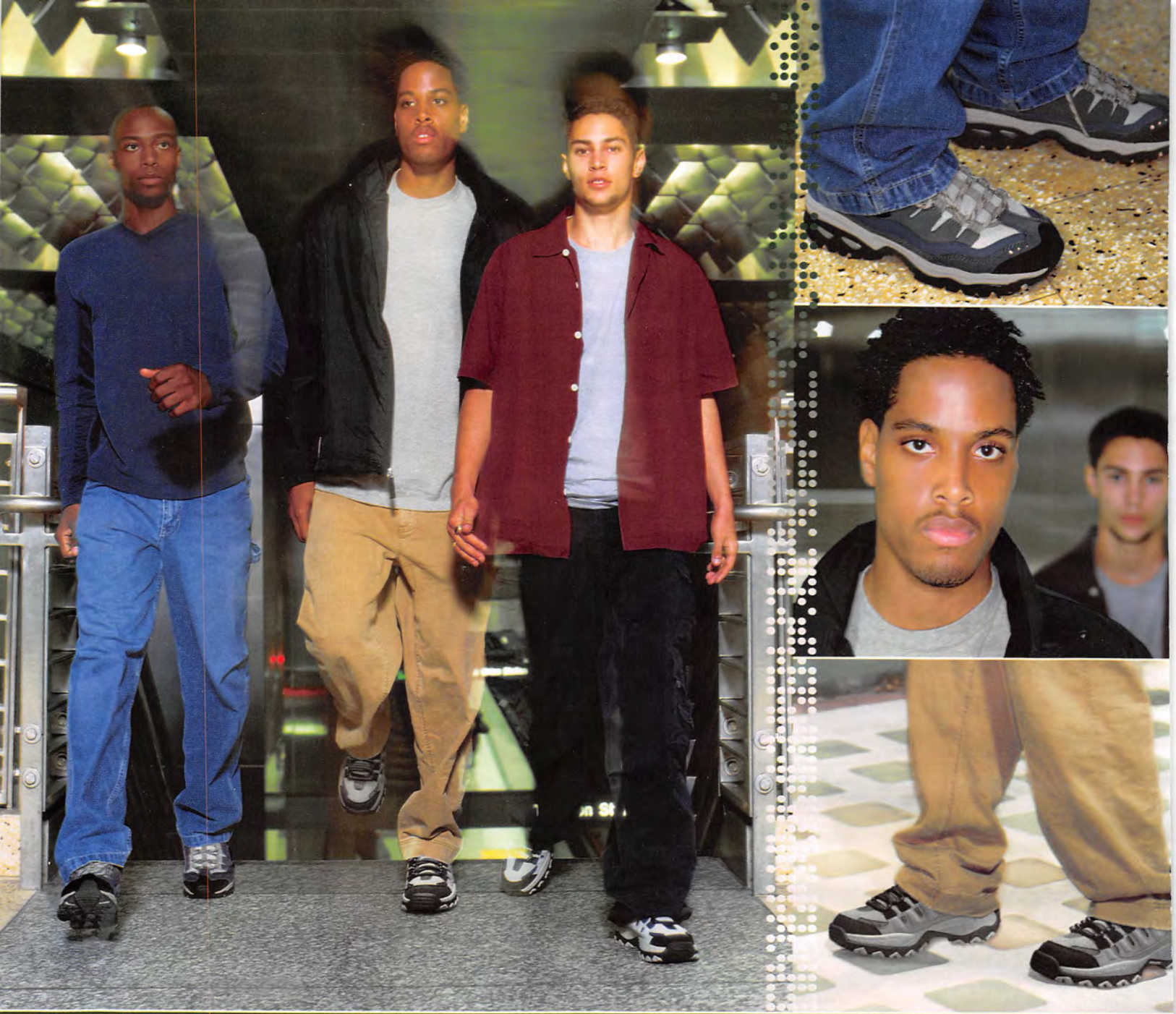
Do a post office
Easier than a stocking, this ensures you won't get chosen in a police lineup.

Terrify children
Say goodbye to trick-or-treat worries with this "Pig Mutant" horror mask.

Alien abduction
Relax! No extra-terrestial is going to fiddle with your anus if you look this warped.

R. BAKER/MATRIX; J. NACHTWEY/MAGNUM PHOTOS; P. FRILET/SAOLA; MICK HUTSON (4)

got milk?
Want strong bones?
Your bones grow until about age 35 and the calcium in milk helps. After that, it helps keep them strong.
JACKIE CHAN ©2000 AMERICA'S DAIRY FARMERS AND MILK PROCESSORS



SKECHERS
SPORT
FOOTWEAR

Foot Locker
SELECT STORES

FHM lays down the law for handling your girlfriend's annoying entourage

BY GRUB SMITH • ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE TOOMER

PEST CONTROL

Beginning a new relationship is a tricky business. For starters, you have to persuade a woman that it would be a good idea for her to remove her clothing and get all Greco-Roman with you under the bed sheets, a process that usually involves shelling out for countless drinks, dinners and theater tickets. Then you have to worry about the sex. Are you doing it right, or will your clumsy finger work and Halloween-style "come face" end up being discussed in a *Cosmo* article? Finally, you have to wave goodbye to the simple joys of bachelor life—the Spice Channel, beer-can ashtrays, blowing your nose on laundry—and instead spend your weekends going to IKEA.

These difficulties, however, are nothing when compared to the real problem of going steady: her friends. At best, they will treat you with suspicion, wondering if you're going to break her heart or boff her sister like the last guy (still known only as "that bastard"). At worst, they will see you as an interloper into their happy little circle and do everything in their power to persuade her to press the button marked "DUMP." Either way, they can make your hard-won sex life a misery.

So then, how do you tame them? Well, as Machiavelli pointed out, knowledge is power, and your best bet is to handle each of her pals on their individual merits. You can learn about their weaknesses as well as the special dangers each one presents, and then get to work. Or, you can be truly wise and kick back, relax and let *FHM* do it for you. . . .

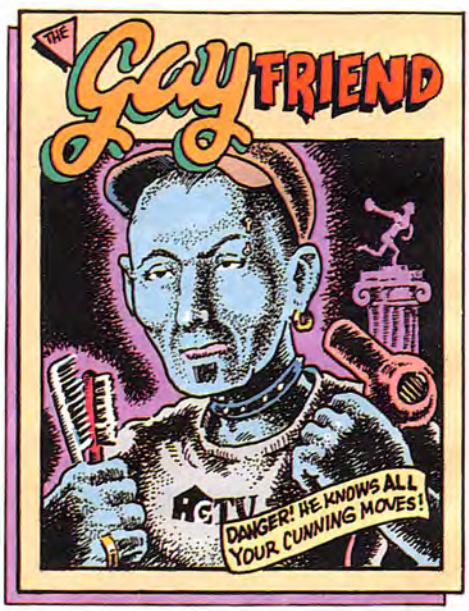
THE ROOMMATE

WHO: Not only are you muscling in on this girl's closest friend, you're also invading her privacy. One wrong move, and she'll be right there every morning to tell your squeeze what an inconsiderate creep you are.
DANGER: You may think you behave like a Parisian diplomat when you sleep over, but females have absurdly high standards when it comes to cleanliness and social behavior. So she's guaranteed to be pissed off about something, whether it's your not washing the cereal bowls, watching the game when *Ally McBeal* is on or taking too long in the crapper. Worse still, her proximity behind a paper-thin bedroom wall will stop your girlfriend from making those abandoned "monkey love" noises you crave.
WEAKNESS: If she has to share a place, odds are she's strapped for cash. So spend a little money on things for the apartment. Nothing too expensive, just "thoughtful" items such as flowers and perfumed soaps.
BEST TACTIC: You're never going to win this one outright, so just try to have fun while it lasts. Secretly checking out her underwear drawer, for instance, is always good for a laugh.

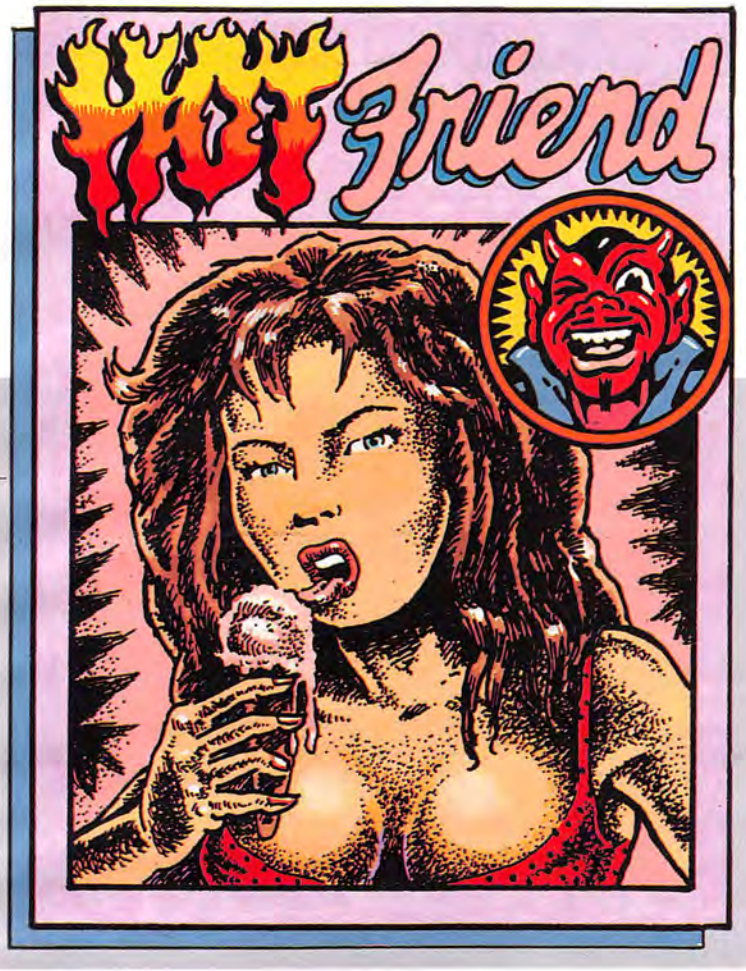
THE HOT FRIEND

WHO: Sure, your own partner satisfies most of your physical requirements. But it's hard to stay focused—or faithful—when one of her friends looks like a cross between Britney Spears and Jessica Rabbit.
DANGER: As you get a little friendlier, she'll become more comfortable in your presence, hugging and kissing you when she says hello and asking to sleep on the fold-out when she's too wasted to drive home. In a code-red situation, she may even end up coming to your sweetheart's beach party, resulting in an embarrassingly obvious "Speedo boner."
WEAKNESS: None. But good may still come of the situation, as she'll make you so horny and permanently engorged that your lover reaps the benefits. Once your girl recovers from the cystitis, she'll spread the word that you're a tornado under the duvet.
BEST TACTIC: To quell any insecurities, assure your partner that her friend actually has a big ass. Or fat ankles.

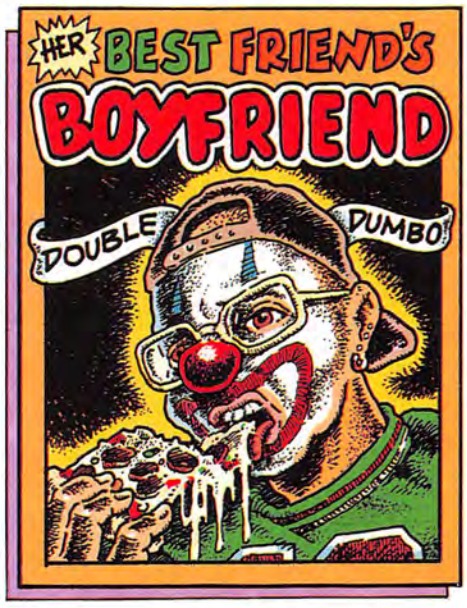
THE GAY FRIEND



WHO: Like a Fendi handbag or a pair of Jimmy Choo mules, this sensitive fellow is a must-have accessory for the modern woman. Ideally employed in the field of couture or hairdressing, he is always there to gossip about celebrities, or to sympathize about boyfriends. As well as having more style than you, he'll have tighter abs and can dance without looking like a disabled white boy at a wedding.
DANGER: As a guy, he'll have an inside track on all your schemes, making it impossible to feed her the normal girl-foolin' bullshit about a "touch football game" when you get caught with scratches on your back.
WEAKNESS: For all his snooty disdain of "breeders," he can't fail to have been affected by the years of discrimination and prejudice. So needle him by casually leaving the Bible open on Ezekiel 4:17 ("He that lieth with a man commits abomination"), or asking, "Do you need a cushion, buddy?" whenever he sits down.
BEST TACTIC: When he lectures you on Liza Minelli or interior design, nod your head as though you understand what the hell he's talking about.



THE BEST FRIEND'S BOYFRIEND



WHO: This stooge has nothing in common with you except that he's screwing one of your girl's friends. In normal life, you'd cross the street to avoid hearing him drone on about his golf swing or repeat old Leno jokes, but now you'll have to sit through double dates together.
DANGER: If you drunkenly confide any secrets in him, he'll tell his girl what you said. Then, once the chick grapevine gets going, it'll only take a few phone calls before your beloved is waiting for you with a pissed-off face and a rolling pin.
WEAKNESS: Just like the US and the USSR during the cold war, your best weapon is "mutually assured destruction." If he plays stool pigeon, you can strike back with some choice info that'll ruin his relationship.
BEST TACTIC: Tell your girl you love her so much it hurts to share your "quality time." If she doesn't buy that, suggest you have your double date at the movies. At least that'll shut him up for two hours.

THE SOCIAL CLIMBER

WHO: She used to be a regular gal, but now she has a taste for sapphires, charity galas and weekends in the Hamptons. Currently dating a Wall Street broker, she is considering giving up her job to live off his millions. And changing her name to Muffy.
DANGER: She may invite your girl to some Park Avenue party, where rich bores will attempt to bed her. Surrounded by so many platinum AMEX cards, her high moral standards will drop swiftly, followed by her panties.
WEAKNESS: As someone obsessed with high society, she won't want to be reminded that her father worked in dry wall, or that the "exclusive Swiss finishing school" she attended was actually in Compton. Let her know that you're onto her and it's in her best interests to stay friendly.
BEST TACTIC: Get yourself invited along to her cocktail parties and pick up some stock tips. You get rich, and the assholes get arraigned for insider trading.

THE MAN HATER

WHO: Once a pretty girl, she now wears the haunted expression of a POW in Da Nang. Men have been her downfall: First she fell for the guy who beat her, then the married guy who got her pregnant but wouldn't leave his wife and then there was the botched abortion and the illegitimate kids. And that was all before she turned 20. Now she lives on welfare and despises anyone with a penis.
DANGER: If you ever raise your voice to your girlfriend—let alone a hand—she'll spread the word that you're a potential Ted Bundy. She will also persuade your girlfriend to read feminist literature, the main tenet of which is that blow jobs are part of a sinister conspiracy to rob women of the right to vote.
WEAKNESS: As a single mother, she simply won't have enough spare time to see your girlfriend very often. And few women can actually read Elizabeth Wurtzel's books without falling asleep.
BEST TACTIC: Encourage your girlfriend to attend one of her friend's lesbian group meetings. The sight of so many moaning, mustachioed dykes will be better aversion therapy than any arguments you can come up with.

THE UGLY FRIEND

WHO: Every group of women has one: the charity case they hang out with because she's got such a "great personality." Her unattractiveness can take many forms, from a huge ass to missing limbs, but you will be expected to meet her without gawking like a day-tripping hick at a freak show.
DANGER: As one of Mother Nature's mistakes, she probably gets very little sex, so watch out when she hits the bottle. Liquor will release her long-suppressed libido and she'll corner you at a party, spilling her guts about how she's seen you "looking at her." If you're also drunk, you may actually end up sleeping with her. If you reject her with a blunt, "You've got to be kidding, Quasi," she'll burst out crying, making you the bad guy.
WEAKNESS: With a scant possibility of ever having kids herself, chances are she'll dote on other people's offspring. So assure her that if you and your woman get married, she's first in line for the much-coveted godmother spot.
BEST TACTIC: Tell her she has "nice hands." Astonishingly, women seem to think this makes up for stuff like having no tits.

THE CHILDHOOD FRIEND

WHO: They grew up next door to each other and speak a private language full of references to people you've never heard of. If you interrupt their chats to ask who the hell "Molly from Ohio" is or what the family dog actually did to Mr. McCall the Postman, you'll come across like the jerk who asks questions during a movie.
DANGER: When she comes over for dinner, forget sex, because your girlfriend is about to be sucked back like Marty McFly to a time of innocence. No matter how many hints you drop about going upstairs to play hide the kielbasa, she'll prefer to reminisce. In extreme cases, she may even dig out her old dolls and insist that they "sleep" on the bed.
WEAKNESS: As your girlfriend has grown older, she'll have acquired newer, possibly more exciting pals. This will make her childhood chum feel insecure, so eat away at her confidence by talking them up at every opportunity. ("I get kind of intimidated meeting all those other friends of hers—you know, the fashion and music crowd?—but you're not like that. You're . . . homey.")
BEST TACTIC: Photograph albums can disappear. Diaries can be burned. Dolls' delicate porcelain faces can be "accidentally" stepped on. With work boots.

How to speak girl

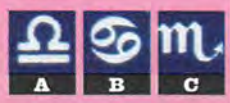
When you hear her friends babble away, do you understand a word they're saying? Probably not. But to discover just how ignorant you are in the mysterious ways of women, check these boxes. . . .

1. You can get a haircut for under $10, possibly doing the job yourself with a tackle knife. She, however, requires the services of a heavily scented man named Bruce, who charges $200 just for picking up a comb. Which of these extras might he supply?
a. Truffling
b. Foiling
c. Welshing

2. When she has her period, which of these traditional brews will provide soothing relief, and stop her from hurling crockery at you?
a. Raspberry leaf tea
b. Orinoco coffee
c. Gatorade

3. Amazingly, when it comes to choosing a pet, women prefer the kitten to the pup, despite the fact that their selfish fur ball will never fetch a newspaper, bite intruders or perform amusing tricks. But which of these is a genuine breed of cat?
a. Burmese
b. Cambodian
c. Molouccan

4. Name the star signs these zodiac symbols represent.



a. _____
b. _____
c. _____

5. Although they show little interest in genuine literature like *The Chuck Norris Story*, women will shell out hundreds of dollars for fat novels designed to make them feel envious. Are you up to speed with their reading habits enough to pick the genuine Jackie Collins hero?
a. Rudi Van Horn
b. Jake Python
c. Mickey Surge

6. If you want her to wear lingerie, the very least you can do is know the difference between styles. Identify these items (pictured on right):
Teddy _____
Tanga _____
Bustier _____

7. Ever since they discovered the hair-removing powers of wax, women have been grooming their pubic hair into a vari-

THE NEW-AGE PAL

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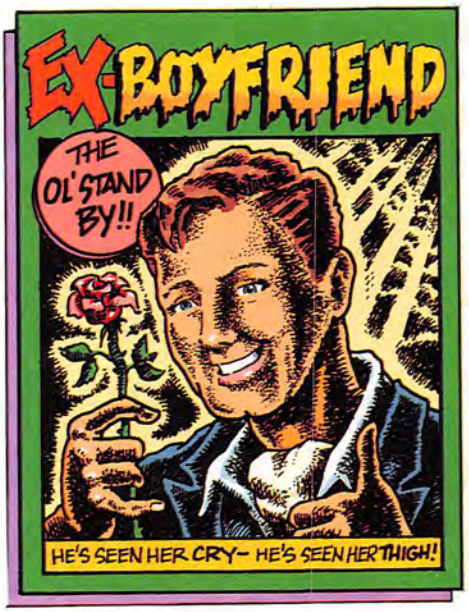

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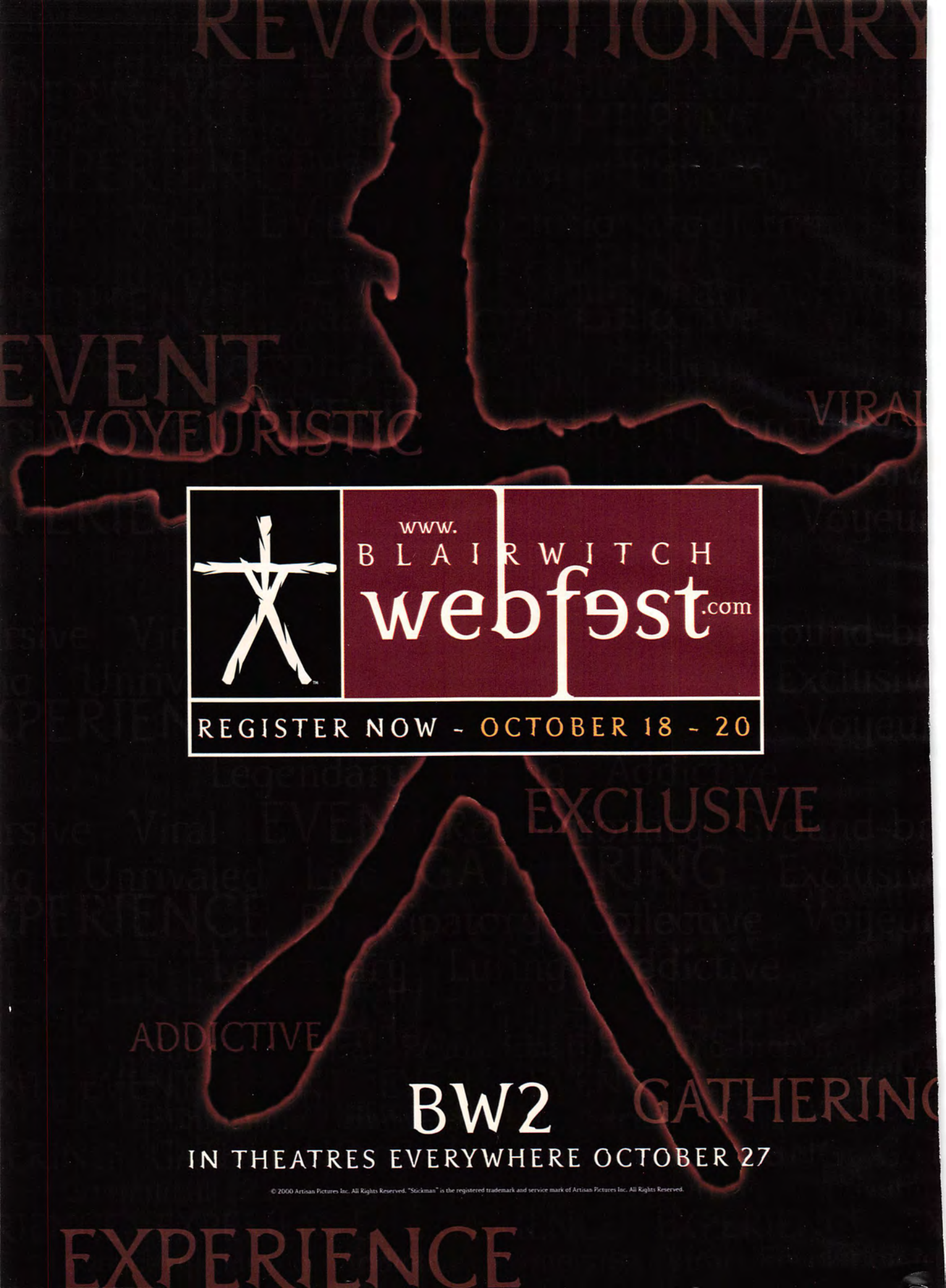
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EXPERIENCE

MODERN HORROR!

THIS MAN STOLE $17 MILLION

But then David Ghantt's accomplices stole it all from him—and spent the fortune on pictures of Elvis and Pabst Blue Ribbon

BY BRETT FORREST • PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

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had put down $437,100 in cash on a 7,000-square-foot home in a gated country club. He told his new neighbors he used to play football for the Dallas Cowboys. Chambers stashed the cash in blue barrels and under a pile of dog food in the basement, but he couldn't keep his hands off it. Decor was his new hobby. In the dining room of his new manse, Chambers hung a painting of a dog in a military uniform, setting it beside a bust of Caesar and another one of a Basset hound. A velvet Elvis hung in the foyer, not far from a print of Robert E. Lee. He bought $23,000 worth of cigars, but ruined them when he failed to put water in his new humidor. He stocked his wine cellar with Pabst Blue Ribbon. And he did it all with Ghantt's cash.

Eventually, Wells Fargo posted a $500,000 reward for information about the robbery. It wasn't long before jealous hillbillies, also trying to get rich quick, flooded the FBI with information regarding one Steve Chambers and how he was spending money all around town. Paying cash, he also bought his wife a BMW Z3 and a $43,000 diamond ring. He purchased a furniture business for

The house Chambers bought

$100,000 in Gastonia, NC, directly across the street from the county courthouse. Chambers paid friends and relatives to hide portions of the Fargo haul in safe-deposit boxes around town. With his payment for cash storage, a friend of Chambers's bought himself a Harley, a Chevy Tahoe and breast implants for his wife and his two sisters, paying the plastic surgeon in $20 bills. "It was almost like a social experiment," says Ghantt. "Let's give guns

'Hands up! I'm stupid!'

You don't need a degree in burglary to commit crime, though some of the morons in the world of thieving might wish to reconsider their careers

◆ On a late night in June 1998, David Palma, 29, stormed a Chicago Chrysler-Plymouth-Jeep dealership to boost some cars. Along with the 15 Sebrings and Cherokees he planned to steal, his priority was a 1998 purple Plymouth Prowler, valued at more than $100,000. He used a new Cherokee to break through the garage, where he matched keys to more than 40 cars and moved them to clear a path for the Prowler. Before leaving, he wasted getaway time vandalizing the dealership with Ku Klux Klan graffiti. Out of time and with no cars off the lot yet, Palma put 18 miles on the Prowler before he was involved in a hit-and-run, ran out of gas and was arrested.

◆ In 1989, two gunmen took aim at the security guards of a Brink's armored car, killing one and seriously wounding the other at the Bank of America's headquarters in San Francisco. The gunmen made off on bicycles, considered the best mode of transportation in that district. The police thought the plan was well orchestrated until it was revealed that the misled robbers only made off with a bag of certified mail.

"I'm sorry, but we're still closed for Yom Kippur"

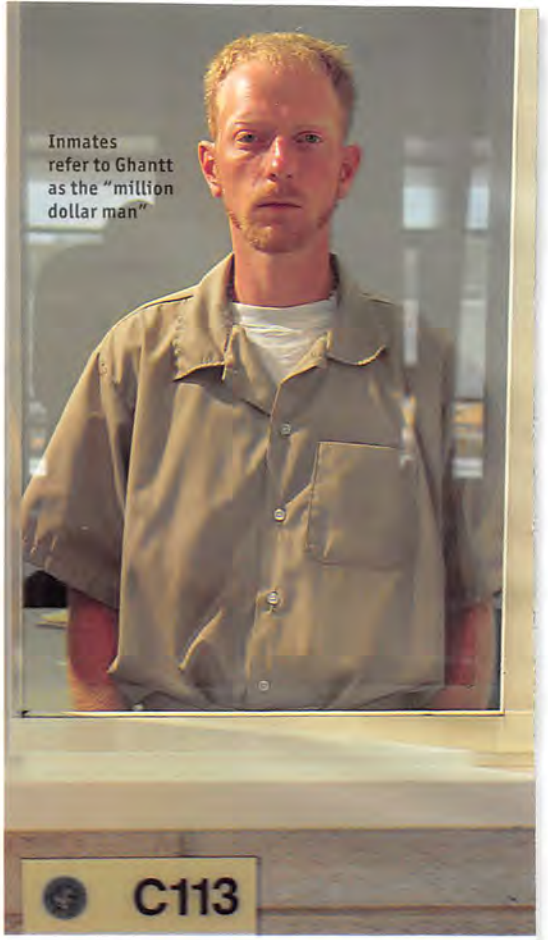
◆ In May 1991, in Buffalo Township, PA, James "Junkyard" Anthony and Wayne P. Walker Jr. began their robbery heist by stealing a fork lift. After driving it to the First Seneca Bank, they rammed the loader into the brick housing around an ATM until they had demolished it, then scooped the machine onto a pick-up truck and fled. Using a laser cutter, they opened the machine to get at the riches inside. The only problem: In using the cutting torch, they burned almost all of the $16,665 inside. The FBI later traced their pickup and arrested the men.

◆ Attempting to cash a check he had apparently stolen, Leroy Jackson, 28, went to the United Mississippi Bank's Natchez branch in June 1999. While the teller was verifying the check's validity, Jackson reached over the counter, grabbed $100 out of her hand and fled. He might have got away with it—had he not left the signed check as well as his Mississippi Department of Corrections parole ID on the counter.

◆ Byron Williams was no stranger to crime when he entered the Gifford Grimes apartment complex in Vero Beach, FL. He had 11 felony convictions and had been released from prison a year prior to this robbery attempt in May 1999. Armed and masked, Williams entered the office and demanded money from manager Gloria Jaster. After finding only money orders and checks, Williams opened the desk drawer, took a $1 bill and fled. He was sentenced to 25 years.

◆ Mid-afternoon on March 15, 1994, a man entered Riverside National Bank in California waving a gun in the air and demanding that everyone hit the floor. When he went for the cash, all the drawers were locked. Outside the bank, someone heard the ruckus and called the police. Moments before they arrived on the scene, the man grabbed some cash off the counter and ran out. Later, it was discovered that he made off with about $14.

Michael Bolton was delighted to appear on the 100



Inmates refer to Ghantt as the "million dollar man"

to some monkeys and see what happens. I spent a week in Mexico laughing and crying. Some of it really hurt, but some of it was just funny as shit. You can either laugh or cry, and I chose to laugh."

Steve Chambers lived as though he were invincible. A bouncer kicked him out of a club one night, and he returned the next day, wanting revenge. He demanded the bar be sold to him, after which he would name it The Big House and dress employees in 1930s striped prison uniforms. He was going to post a billboard along the highway that read, "Come to the Big House: If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." But no one was more hilarious than his wife, who walked into a bank and asked the teller how large a check the bank would write her for a cash deposit before that employee would be compelled to call the IRS. She opened the briefcase at her side, revealing $200,000 in cash—still bundled in Wells Fargo wrappers.

On hearing Ghantt's plea for funds, Steve Chambers dipped into a blue barrel in his basement and handed a pile of cash to Mike McKinney, a blond bruiser Chambers had hired to be his bodyguard. He told McKinney to go down to Mexico and give the cash to Ghantt. McKinney showed up in Cancun and tossed $8,500 on Ghantt's hotel bed. "I asked for $50,000," Ghantt said when he saw the size of the wad. "That's all Chambers gave me," McKinney replied before leaving the room quickly. As Ghantt counted the money, it finally clicked in his head: Chambers and Campbell weren't planning on shipping him his share of the $17 million for which he had risked his freedom. The big money was thousands of miles away and there was nothing Ghantt could do to pressure them to send it.

Although Chambers and Campbell spent money with sultan-like proficiency, they couldn't live with the thought that, disgruntled by their greediness, Ghantt might turn them in. At the

"I'm fixin' to rob the mint!"

The Three Stooges became addicted to plastic surgery

Ready for that big score? *FHM* examines the odds of getting your mitts on America's well-protected treasures

GOLD: Federal Reserve Bank, New York, NY
Eighty feet below street level, a 50-foot-long vault holds more than a quarter of the world's gold reserves—approximately $126 billion.
Security measures
The 90-ton vault door is a cylinder with a passageway cut through it. It locks by rotating 90 degrees in its 140-ton steel frame, blocking the passageway. No one person has all the codes to open it.
Chances of getting away with anything
Less than zero. Nobody's even bothered trying.

CASH: EROC, East Rutherford, NJ
The Federal Reserve Bank's East Rutherford Operations Center processes more than $13 billion in US currency each year.
Security measures
The one-million-cubic-foot vault has 18-foot-thick walls reinforced with five layers of steel rods. All the functions of the vault are done by computers and robots, but when EROC employees handle any cash, their hands must remain in view of surveillance cameras that are powerful enough to zoom in on George Washington's eye on a dollar bill.
Chances of getting away with anything
"There's a lot of easier places to rob," laughs Charles Henderson of the Federal Reserve Bank. "It's not worth the trouble."

COINS: The Philadelphia Mint, Philadelphia, PA
Last year, The Philadelphia Mint produced close to $1 billion worth of coins, bound for banks.
Security measures
Anyone entering the building must give all their coins to security; everything leaving the building is passed through an x-ray machine. When entering the gold room, a machine measures the amount of metal in your body (dental fillings, steel plates). If the level is higher when you leave, security is called in to account for all the money in the room.
Chances of getting away with anything
In 1988, an employee tried (and failed) to escape with 888 quarters in a bag duct-taped in a pair of jeans. You'd have to be Hercules to escape with enough cash to make it worth your while.

BAR SNACKS: Blue Diamond Growers, Sacramento, CA
At the height of harvest, Blue Diamond sits on 225 million pounds of almonds, worth $500 million.
Security measures
"People walk in off the street, but our employees find them," says Ray Linzy, vice president of plant operations at Blue Diamond.
Chances of getting away with anything
You might have a hard time finding a fence, but your next kegger will have plenty of munchies.

SIDEBARS BY TIM KEALEY; EVERETT COLLECTION; BRENNAN CAVANAUGH; BRETT FORREST; PHOTOFEST

same time, Ghantt was also spooked. For all he knew, Chambers and Campbell might try to off him altogether. So Ghantt became a commando, sleeping during the day and watching the shadows all night. His life was a Jean-Claude Van Damme movie gone ever more cliché. "At that point, all I really wanted to do was get out of it alive," he says. "I went down to this flea market, and found this really big knife, like a Bowie knife, 15 inches long. And I sharpened it up." He knew they'd send McKinney, the same guy who had dropped off the money. "I was thinking how I was going to give it to McKinney as a present," he says. Still, just to be safe, Ghantt hopped from one hotel to the next, watching for McKinney around every corner. Ghantt planned a trip to Mexico City, then a flight to another country without a US extradition agreement, such as Uruguay or Paraguay. It was another poorly planned scheme considering he only had a few bucks. Then, on Sunday night, March 1, 1998, three days short of exactly five months after he loaded up the van with $17 million, Ghantt walked out of his room at the Hotel La Tortuga and saw a figure come out of the shadows. "I knew it was over," he says.

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FACTS BY PHIL CRANDALL

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WOMEN IN MUSIC

THE SEVEN WONDERS

FHM PAYS ITS RESPECTS TO THE WOMEN WHO ROCK OUR WORLD!

JENNIFER LOPEZ AALIYAH **BEYONCE KNOWLES** LENE NYSTROM
BRITNEY SPEARS CHRISTINA AGUILERA **TONI BRAXTON**

JENNIFER LOPEZ

Age: 30
Hometown: Bronx, NY
Records sold: 2.35 million
You probably first saw her . . . As a dancing "fly girl" on the sketch comedy show *In Living Color*.
Jennifer fact: Lopez has her body insured for $1 billion and her famous posterior protected with a $300 million policy.

FACTS BY PHIL CRANDALL; STEPHANIE PFRIENDER/CORBIS OUTLINE

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You performed the theme to the cartoon film *Anastasia* at the 1998 Oscars—an event that was watched by more than 100 million people. Were you gnawing on your fingernails before you went on?
As I was walking down the carpet, all these people kept telling me it was going to be the most-watched Oscars ever, which didn't help. Michael Bolton was singing after me and we were both backstage going, "God, are you as nervous as I am?" It was a hell of an experience.

Did you make fun of the aging warbler's laughable poodle haircut?
No, that hairdo was long gone. It was cut short and he looked adorable.

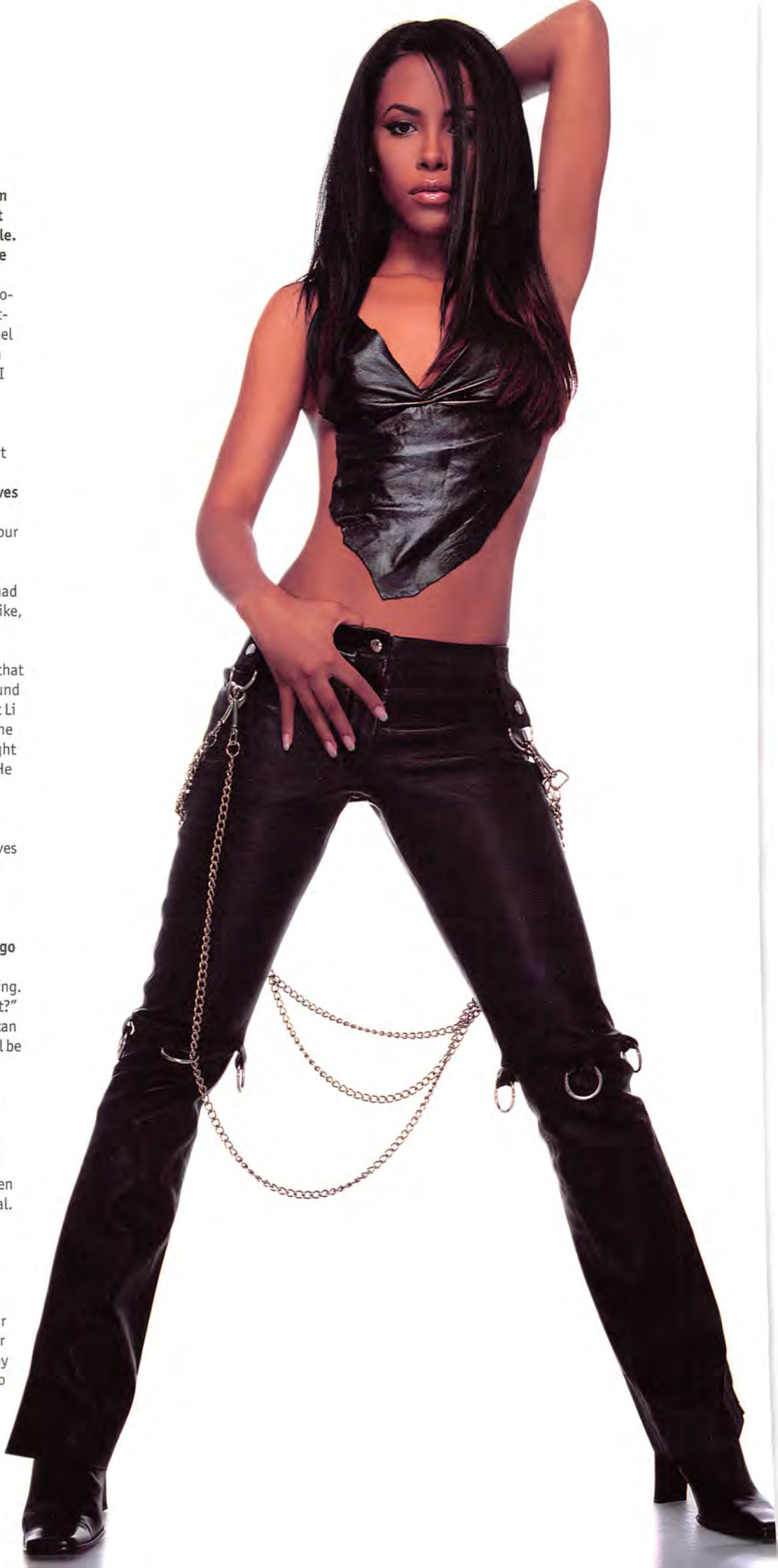
Did Jet Li show you some of his fighting moves on the set of *Romeo Must Die*?
He showed me this one move where you pop your arm out and it's used to break someone else's arm. We took that move and turned it into a dance for my video. Jet's so strong. When he had hold of my arm showing me what to do, I was like, "Hey, you have to be careful with me, Jet!"

Painful. What else did he teach you?
He jokes around a lot. He has so many stories that are hysterical from when he was traveling around the world fighting. I have one scene where Jet Li uses me as a weapon to fight a girl. Basically, he can't hit a girl, so he uses me. To watch him fight is mind-blowing—he's so quick and graceful. He just comes on set and does his stuff with no rehearsal. I worked with him and his fight choreographer because I didn't want a stunt double. I trained for a month learning the moves because I wanted to flip around and do everything myself. I actually took kung fu with my brother Rashad when I was 7, so a lot of that came back to me.

Are you now getting a lot of "Whoops, there go my clothes"-type scripts sent to you?
I've been sent a few scripts with major lovemaking. And I'm like, "Am I ready for something like that?" I think if it's beautiful and something that you can really respect, then it's fine. But I'm not sure I'll be taking my top off just for the sake of it.

What do you look for in a man?
Someone who has his own style and makes me laugh, and he has to be intelligent—there's nothing worse than men with nothing to say. And cute, of course. But I've never really had a boyfriend. There were boys and puppy love when I was at school, but there wasn't anyone special. I'm trying to find a boyfriend now.

You have an enormous tattoo on your back. Was it a professional job, or did one of your friends "take a shot" with a needle and ballpoint pen?
I have three tattoos. I have my initial and a star on my hand; my four friends have the same star on their wrists too. I have a music symbol on my ankle and a dove on my back, which I wanted to get in honor of my grandmother, who passed away two years ago. That one was the most painful. I was straddling a chair, sweating up a storm, but I kept saying through gritted teeth, "This is for my grandmother."



I HAVE THREE TATOOS. I HAVE MY INITIAL AND A STAR ON MY HAND; MY FOUR FRIENDS HAVE THE SAME STAR TOO. I ALSO HAVE A MUSIC SYMBOL ON MY ANKLE AND A DOVE ON MY BACK

SIDEBAR (LEFT) BY JOHN HARRIS; SIDEBAR (RIGHT) BY PHIL CRANDALL; RICHARD MANN/RETNA, LTD.; M. BELTRAN/CORBIS SYGMA; STEPHANE CARDINALE/CORBIS SYGMA

'BACK OFF, CRAZY LADY!'
EVIL WOMEN FORCE ROCK ICONS TO DITCH EVERY SHRED OF SELF-RESPECT

Yoko Ono
The original band-splitter met John Lennon in 1966 at one of her "art" exhibitions, became his girlfriend, then convinced him that atonal screeching was much better than "She Loves You." Consequently—and read this slowly—she broke up The Beatles.

Heather Locklear
When she married Bon Jovi guitarist Richie Sambora in 1994, their union embodied the band's passage into showbiz ludicrousness. Sambora said, "It's an American legend: The kid from New Jersey marries Heather Locklear." Had he added "one-time star of *TJ Hooker*," his claim to mythic importance might have sounded less credible.

Patsy Kensit
The British actress married Dan Donovan, keyboard player of the techno-popsters Big Audio Dynamite. She traded him in for Jim Kerr, front man of Simple Minds. Next, she married the legendarily unhinged Liam Gallagher of Oasis, and repeatedly took him to dinner with her close friends Hugh Grant and Elizabeth Hurley. It couldn't last. And it didn't.

"Out walking the beer again, Liam?"

Nancy Spungen
The ex-stripper began dating Sex Pistol Sid Vicious in '77, introducing him to heroin and making him believe he was a genius, which he wasn't. The pair plummeted to rock bottom, but Spungen was polite enough to introduce Sid to her parents. Picture it: "So," Mr. Spungen says, "you wanna make an honest girl of Nancy?" "No," Sid replies. "I want to do drugs with her and eventually be suspected of her murder." Possibly.

Vicious: dead

Cher
While living with Kiss bassist Gene Simmons, she reportedly convinced him that he should follow her into the movies. The result was 1984's *Runaway*, a "four-carat turkey" involving Tom Selleck, robotic spiders and Simmons hamming it up as the villain. He should have stuck with spitting blood and eating fire.

Patricia Kennealy-Morrison
Married Jim Morrison in a "Wiccan handfasting ceremony" in 1970, whereupon Jimbo assumed the dimensions of a small elephant. She now claims to be a "Dame of the Ordo Supremus Militaris Templi Hierosolymitani, a High Priestess in a Celtic pagan tradition." She's also a member of Mensa. Naturally.

Britt Ekland
The Swedish "actress" met Rod Stewart in 1975, and they were quickly known as "the Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor of the 1970s." She called him Soddy, and he called her Poopy—and he made no secret of the fact that he liked wearing her undies. Soon after their meeting, he recorded the unbearably schmaltzy "Sailing." There must be some connection.

Naomi Campbell
Among others, she's dated Eric Clapton, Lenny Kravitz and U2's Adam Clayton. Such company placed one fatal thought in her head: She should make a record too. The result was the 1994 album *Babywoman*, wisely unreleased in the US. In the UK, it was rumored to have sold 50 copies.

'I almost owned Courtney Love's microwave'

As if rock women don't have it tough enough on stage with all that testosterone around them, delusional fans like 25-year-old Michael Knudsen make it so the great ones can't even step off their rock buses without running for cover

When did you realize that you were obsessed with Courtney Love?
In 1994 when *Live Through This* came out, it touched me with its raw energy. Then when I saw Courtney with her kinder-whore look, I was fascinated by this beautiful creature.

What ridiculous lengths have you gone to just to be near her?
Hole played in New York on May 19, 1999. I said to myself, "I must have that bitch in my face." I arrived at the concert at noon and waited in the rain for nearly seven hours so I could be up front. On her second or third song, she was paraded in front of the crowd on a bodyguard's shoulders. She was beautiful. We saw each other and made total eye contact. I was dying. She grabbed my hand out of all the hands clawing for her. I gave her a kiss on her hand, ran my hand up her arm, brushed her chest. It was such a powerful experience.

"Oh, Courtney, you are my destiny . . ."

Did you dedicate your life to her after that powerful experience?
I decided I needed Courtney to be somehow permanently on me; I needed a tattoo. I decided on the flaming heart symbol she used on *Celebrity Skin*. It was magical and painless as Courtney and I became entwined together in a tattoo.

If you had a chance to sit and talk to her, would she be afraid of you?
I'd love to chat with her and be her friend, I suppose. But also lurking is this sort of sexual desire. There is something so sexually appealing and rough about her. I would love to have her tie me up and slap me around a bit. Of course, with some dirty talk.

Do you own anything that was hers?
Someone outbid me for her broken microwave on eBay. I was shattered. To even pretend to make microwave popcorn where Courtney had. . . .

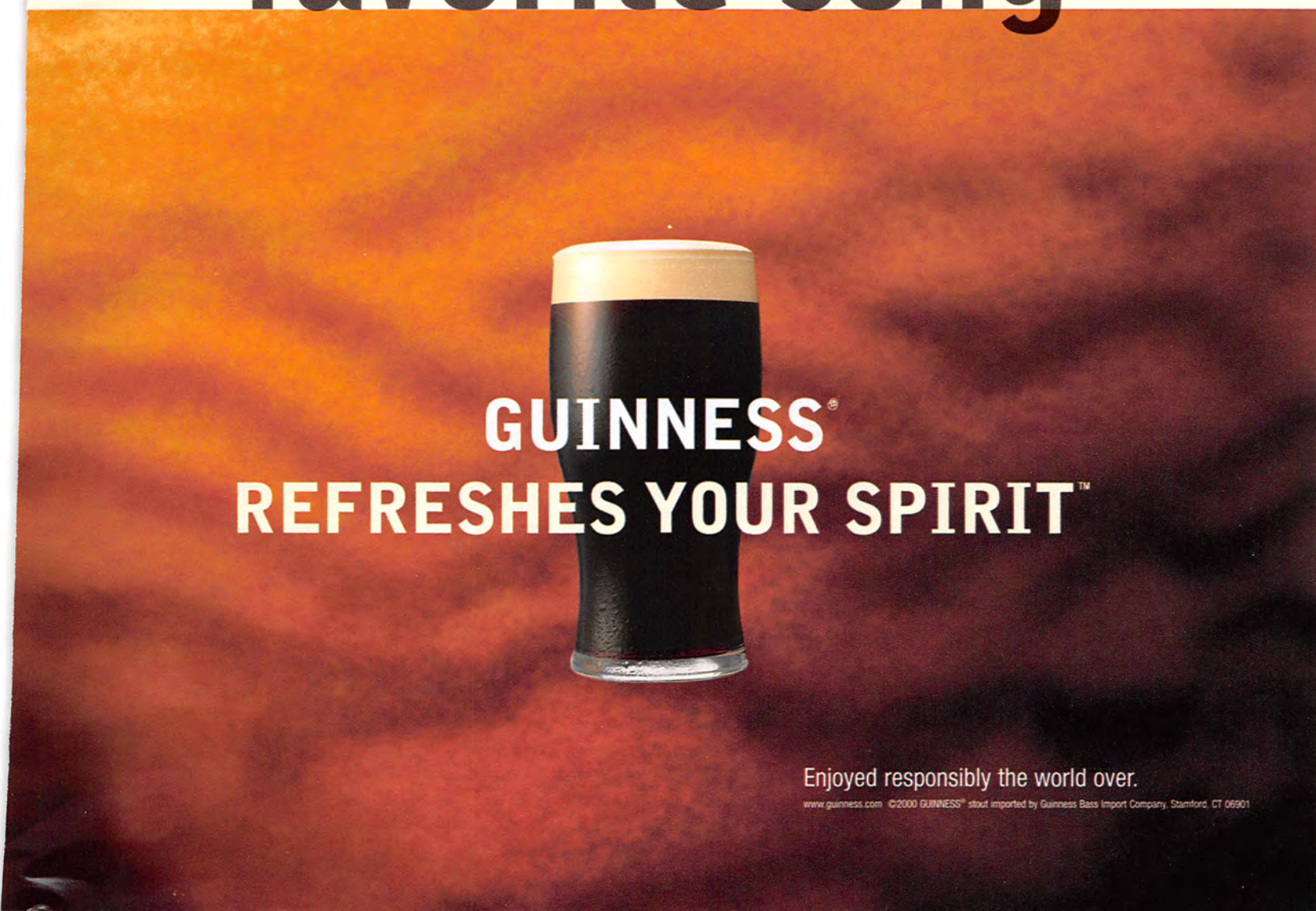
Do you dream of Courtney Love?
In my wildest dream, she takes me to her house and keeps me there as her slave. She's very nice, but she also slaps me around when I need it. She lets me help her get dressed and put on her makeup. And every once in a while, she'll let me screw her.

Can you read her thoughts?
We made eye contact that one time at a concert, and her look pierced me to the very depths of my soul. We connected for just one second, yet it seemed like an eternity. I must talk to her someday. We would be best of friends, I know it. I've seen her in pain when Kurt died. I think there's an underlying pain that she bears every day. I think she's sad sometimes and feels alone.

Have you seen Courtney's image in a slice of pizza or on a dirty napkin?
Nope. Yet I hear her voice a lot. Sometimes on the street, I'll spin around, swearing it's her. I think she's my guardian angel, watching out for me from wherever she is. Courtney if you read this, I am telling you, we've got to hang out. Let's make out.

". . . Go away, nutjob"

like drinking your favorite song



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BEYONCE KNOWLES

from DESTINY'S CHILD
Age: 29
Hometown: Houston, TX
Records sold: 4.6 million
You probably first saw her . . . As an 8-year-old singing on *Star Search* with the other original members of Destiny's Child.
Beyonce fact: Knowles is an anti-Napster crusader, fearful of those who "can steal my music."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ISABEL SNYDER

LENE

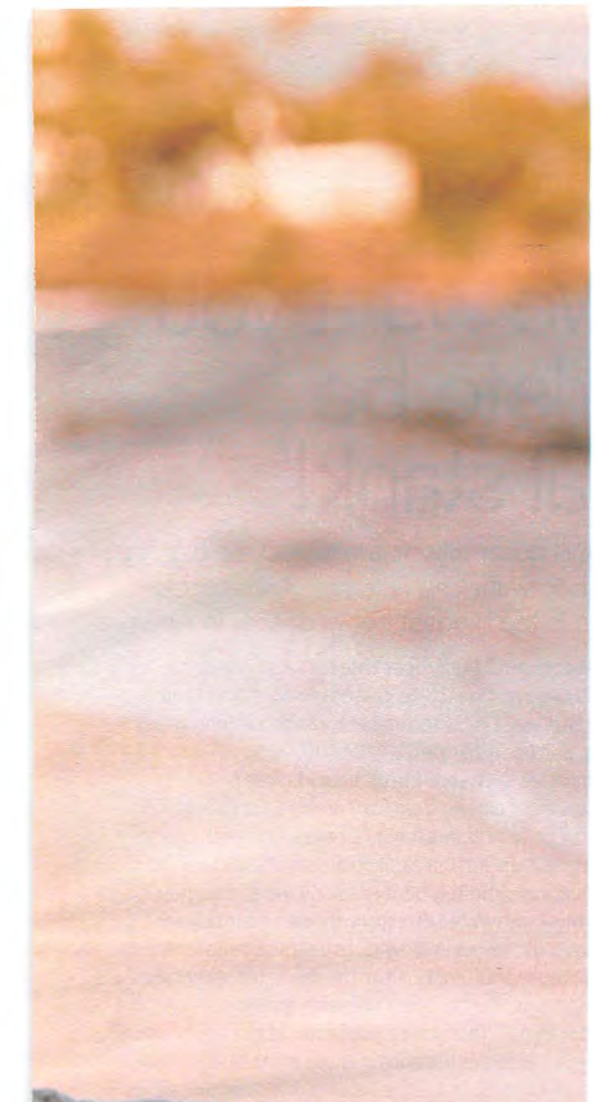
from AQUA

Name: Lene Grawford Nystrom
Age: 27
Hometown: Tonsberg, Norway
Records sold: 23 million
You probably first saw her . . . Hosting a Norwegian game show called *Casino*, the 'Weige equivalent to *Wheel of Fortune*.
Lene fact: Thanks to her father, a colonel, she has fully mastered the use of the bazooka and the machine gun.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN McMENOMY

BRITNEY SPEARS

Name: Britney Jean Spears
Age: 18
Hometown: Kentwood, LA
Records sold: 21 million
You probably first saw her . . . Taking a second-round departure in *Star Search* when she was 10. That year, she also took the lead in the off-Broadway show *Ruthless!*, describing her character, Tina, as "a little girl who looks sweet and innocent but is really the devil in disguise."
Britney fact: Britney spends as much as $15,000 a week on coffee, often sending a private jet to pick up her brand of choice.



CHRISTINA AGUILERA

Name: Christina Maria Aguilera
Age: 19
Hometown: Wexford, PA
Records sold: 8 million
You probably first saw her . . . Tying a 12-year-old for first place on *Star Search* when she was just 8.
Christina fact: When she was 10, she began singing the national anthem for many local sports teams, including the Stanley Cup champion Pittsburgh Penguins.

FACTS BY PHIL CRANDALL; GEORGE HOLZ/CORBIS OUTLINE; BERNARD KUMSTEDT/CORBIS OUTLINE

'I PISSED ON HIS ROLODEX!'

FULL OF RAMBUNCTIOUSNESS, WOMEN ROCKERS GIVE EVERYONE FROM FANS TO PEERS A DOSE OF THEIR LUNACY

The Go-Gos

They looked like extras from *Pretty In Pink*, with bad hairdos and perma-grins. But this all-female California quintet, whose lead singer was air-brushed late-'80s icon Belinda Carlisle, enjoyed a reputation as all-drinking, all-snorting maniacs. In the early '80s, they paid a backstage visit to heavy-metal deity Ozzy Osbourne, who was fresh from urinating on the Alamo and eating live birds. Within minutes, he insisted they leave because of their "unruly behavior."

Yothers played to an empty house

Grace Slick

In the late '60s, the front woman of Jefferson Airplane was invited to an afternoon reception at the White House and craftily decided to raise the Nam-blitzed spirits of Lyndon B. Johnson and company with the aid of 600mg of acid, which she aimed to sneak into the punch. Once she arrived, she became so "distracted" that the scheme was forgotten. The Johnson administration was duly saved.

Donita Sparks

Having shown a million people her genitals on British TV, the lead singer of the LA-based punk-metal band L7 went on to invent a novel response to heckling. At a 1999 UK festival, she attacked hostile elements of the crowd by removing her tampon and hurling it in their direction. It has yet to appear on eBay.

Wendy O. Williams

The recently deceased lead singer of The Plasmatics pioneered the mohawk, was fond of baring her breasts and was once arrested for simulating sex with a sledgehammer.

Trapped, the beaver fought back

Her coup de grace, however, took place at a 1979 show in New York, when she drove a Cadillac loaded with explosives onto the stage. She leapt into the crowd just as the automobile—and the stage—were blown to pieces.

Janis Joplin

In late 1968, the bisexual blues howler invited a couple, Terry Hallinan and Peggy Caserta, back to her hotel room for a smack-assisted romp. Hallinan passed out, and Joplin and Caserta indulged in an hour of muff-diving. They thoughtfully stopped when they noticed Hallinan had turned green.

Inger Lorre

In March 1999, the one-time lead singer of the Nymphs insisted on a meeting with her A&R man, who she felt had been giving her a raw deal. "I got totally inebriated," she recalls. She then went to his office, climbed onto his desk and let rip. "I pissed on his Rolodex, his phone, the photo of his wife, everything," she says. "But instead of screaming at me, he started to cry."

Lisa "Lefteye" Lopes

TLC's debut album, *On the TLC Tip*, contained plenty of advice about how to deal with misbehaving boyfriends. Lopes, it seems, favored extreme measures: In the midst of a tiff with Andre Rison, her Atlanta Falcons football star beau, she trashed his cars and burned his mansion. Luckily, the resulting jail sentence was lessened to probation, though she still owed $527,000 in damages. For some reason, he is now with a different woman.

Lydia Lunch

As well as creating a series of risqué albums (e.g., *Oral Fixation*), Lunch starred in a series of explicit "art" movies and carved out a reputation for sexual behavior best described as "predatory." She once cornered British rocker Julian Cope, told him that watching him perform was "like masturbation" and then, in Cope's words, "guided me into the small guitar-tuning room and shagged the ass off me."

Marianne Faithfull

After she split with Mick Jagger, the UK's leading femme fatale drank, drugged and slid toward heroin addiction. By the mid-'70s, she was living on a wall on London's Great Windmill Street. "I found it fascinating," she said. "All my life, I'd been looked at and now people didn't recognize me." It's a shame, but the phrase, "Look, there's Mick Jagger's ex-girlfriend, living on a wall" has a certain ring to it.

SIDEBAR (LEFT) BY JOHN HARRIS; SIDEBAR (RIGHT) BY PHIL CRANDALL; SERGIO DORANTES/LIAISON AGENCY; AMANDA CLEMENT/IMAGE BANK; PAUL HOWELL/LIAISON AGENCY

'We want you girls to be real stank!'

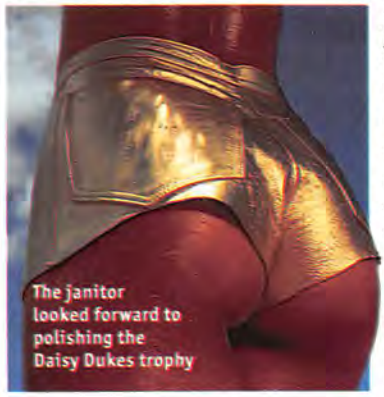
Windmill guitar moves are to rock as big, fat, bikini booty-shaking is to rap. And Angela Randle is the biggest booty dancer in America

Is "big-booty girl" the proper title for what you do?
Yeah. Booty girl is fine. I give it—and giving it is all about shaking that ass. I know technique through learning ballet and jazz, and booty dancing is what I do.

Where have we seen your big ol' booty before?
I've done a lot of videos, from Foxy Brown to Ja Rule to Kid Rock to Q-Tip. In "Vibrant Thing," I have a flowered, booty-short swimsuit on and I'm dancing on top of a car in stiletto heels. That was definitely booty dancing. No choreography.

How do big-booty video directors draw on your talent?
They'll say, "OK, we want you girls to be these real stank girls dancing around this rapper." And the dance moves get stank, and you get this vibe that your whole body feels.

Is director Hype Williams the godfather of the booty video?
Once, Hype wanted us to dance in these white tank shirts with no bras as he wet us. It was the hardest thing because we were bouncing and jumping. Sometimes it seems he's having more fun watching us than doing the video.



The janitor looked forward to polishing the Daisy Dukes trophy

Are there booty-on-booty altercations on the set?
Yeah. A lot of models with no dance experience don't know how to dance except for a wiggle here and a wiggle there. You need a bit of dancing proficiency to be a booty girl because you have to know how to work it. When I shake my thing, I know I'm moving well and working my space.

Is there an elite upper crust of rump-shakers?
There are about 20 girls. You kinda get to know everybody. I'll be watching MTV and it's like, "Oh, that's Kashaya." I was watching the "Big Pimpin'" video though, and there's not real dancing in that. Those girls are models or something, because I didn't recognize anyone from the dancer community. With someone who can't give it, it looks silly.

How would you describe the magic of your big booty?
It's really cute, round, tight, high and it shakes just enough. You know how some people have nasty booties with lots of cellulite? And then some people have nothing at all and it's just a little ass moving around like la-la-la? Mine is just enough to make you go, "Ooh, ooh! Now that is something that I like!"

What's the best booty compliment you've ever had?
On a Lil' Kim video, the director got this really close-up shot of my ass and put it all over the screen. I'm looking at it saying, "That's my ass. There it is. Pow!" I was proud of it.

Any words of wisdom for future big-booty dancers?
Hit it with your hips and ass, and just whack! whack!

ARE YOU SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE?

THE TRUTH IN B&W

Whether at a bar, party, wedding or luau, one must be prepared for the big game. This quiz, developed by behavioral scientists, will ensure a memorable evening.

YOU'VE FINALLY COAXED HER INTO YOUR LAIR FOR DINNER. WHAT MUSIC DO YOU PLAY?

A. "LET'S GET IT ON"
B. "WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE"
C. "IS THIS LOVE?"

ANSWER: C. Skip the obvious (A) and the frightening (B) and stick with the most laid-back, easygoing stuff available (C).

WHAT IS THE BEST METHOD TO APPROACH A WOMAN?

A. Send over a drink via the bartender
B. Walk up and say, "Today's secret word is legs, so let's go to my house and spread the word"
C. Walk up and introduce yourself

ANSWER: C. In this case, honesty (and class) is the best policy.

HOW DO YOU MAKE SURE YOU GET AND KEEP THE BARTENDER'S ATTENTION THROUGHOUT THE EVENING?

A. Call him a clever name such as "Chief", "Buddy" or "Barkeep"
B. Order a Guinness
C. Tip large on the first round
D. B and C

ANSWER: D. A will probably get you punched in the face and/or thrown out of most establishments, but B & C will get you attention, respect and good service all night long.

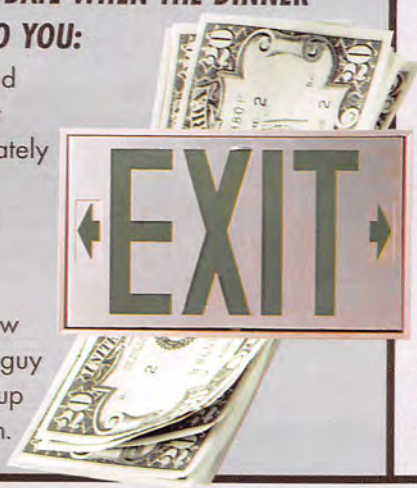
YOU ARRIVE AT A PARTY WITH AN EIGHT-PACK OF GUINNESS. DO YOU:

A. Put them in the refrigerator for everyone to enjoy
B. Stash them throughout the house in closets, dishwashing machines and cupboards
C. Invite the hottest woman at the party to join you for a private tasting

ANSWER: C. Though A will make you popular, C has the best potential to make your night. Of course, B will ensure that at least half of them will end up warm (a huge no-no).

YOU'RE OUT ON A DOUBLE DATE WHEN THE DINNER CHECK FINALLY ARRIVES. DO YOU:

A. Pull out your tax/tip chart and haggle over who owes what
B. Grab the check and immediately whip out your gold card
C. Excuse yourself, leaving the others to figure it out



ANSWER: B. It's only money. Show some class and make the other guy you're with look bad by picking up the tab. It'll pay off in the long run.

AFTER ENGAGING A YOUNG LADY IN CONVERSATION, YOU RETIRE TO THE RESTROOM. UPON RETURNING, YOUR FRIEND HAS MOVED IN ON YOUR TURF. DO YOU:

A. Accidentally spill your Guinness on his shirt
B. Sit on the other side of her and see who she talks to
C. Ask your friend if that terrible rash ever healed properly
D. Tell your friend that you just put a new eight pack of Guinness in the refrigerator

ANSWER: D. Though B is the easiest way out and A & C are definitely the most appealing, D works every time and also proves that although women come and go, Guinness is forever.

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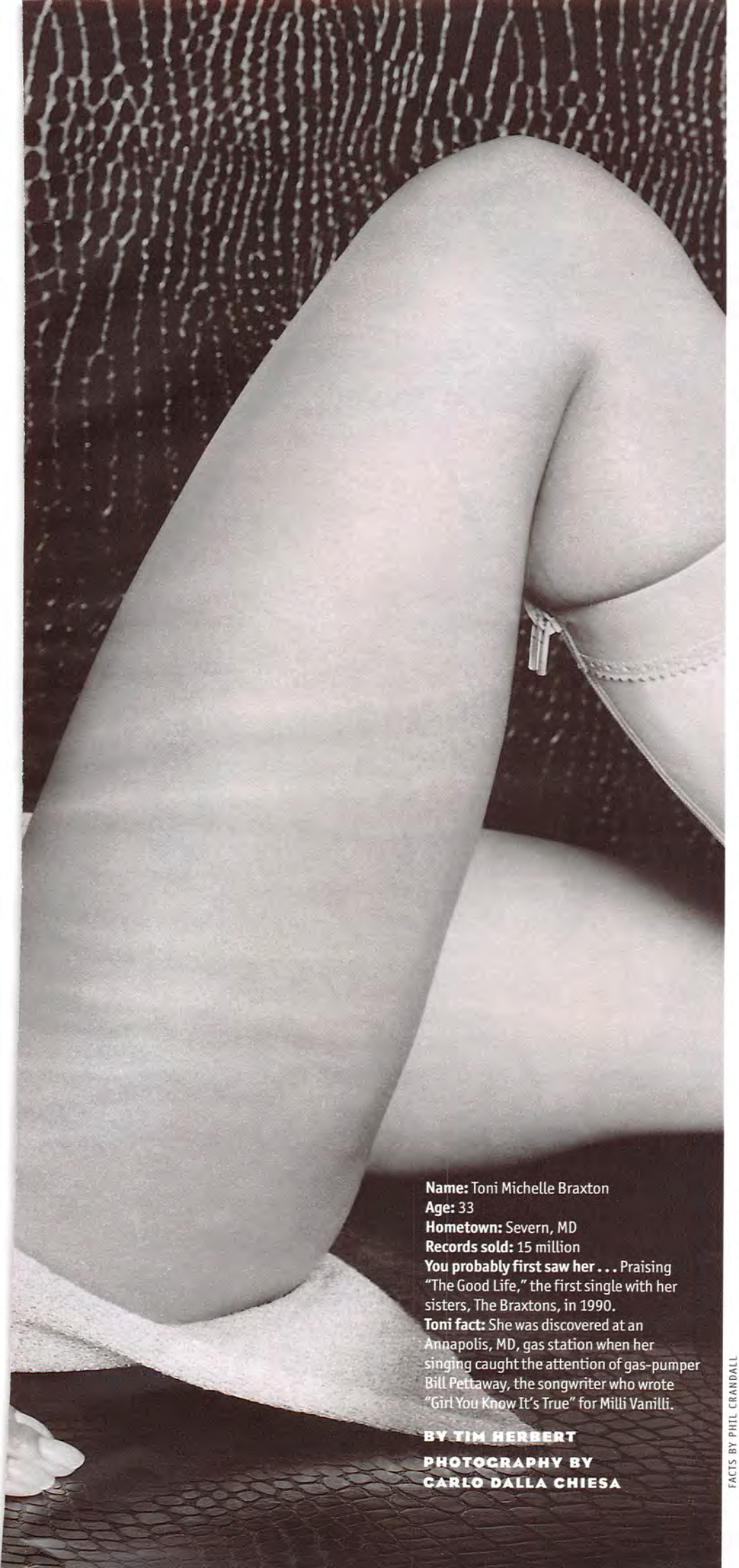
Toni Braxton



Name: Toni Michelle Braxton
Age: 33
Hometown: Severn, MD
Records sold: 15 million
You probably first saw her . . . Praising "The Good Life," the first single with her sisters, The Braxtons, in 1990.
Toni fact: She was discovered at an Annapolis, MD, gas station when her singing caught the attention of gas-pumper Bill Pettaway, the songwriter who wrote "Girl You Know It's True" for Milli Vanilli.

BY TIM HERBERT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARLO DALLA CHIESA

WHEN MINUSCULE GARY COLEMAN FOUND himself facing bankruptcy and a million dollar lawsuit post-*Diff'rent Strokes*, he joined a long line of fallen stars who'd hit the floor with an almighty thud. The slippery slope has been far more forgiving for sexy soul sensation Toni Braxton, who was declared bankrupt in 1998, but has bounced back to release a new album, *The Heat*, and star alongside Whoopi Goldberg and LL Cool J in the movie *Kingdom Come*, due out in 2001.

The sultry 33-year-old was brought up in Severn, MD, the daughter of an opera-singing mom and a strict Apostolic church minister dad. Prohibited from listening to "profane" music and wearing makeup and sandals, Toni wiled away the hours singing at her father's church with her four younger sisters. Then in 1992, while studying at college, she was "discovered" at a gas station.

After forming The Braxtons with her sisters, Toni was soon snapped up by producers LA Reid and Babyface and signed as a solo artist. Two multi-million-selling albums, five Grammys and an 18-week stint at the top for "Unbreak My Heart" has stood her in good stead for the future.

What can you tell us about your new movie?
It is set at a funeral and it's all about the feeling of loss and how the family comes together. I think people will be pleasantly surprised. There's a lot of humor in it, so they'll be laughing and crying.
Sounds like a tearjerker. Any action sequences?
No, it's more of a dark comedy. I'm working on the action though. I've had a few auditions and a few offers, but I haven't committed to anything yet. They all seem to be action-packed, so I'll have to work out a lot, drink lots of milk and take Tae-Bo!
Did you make any embarrassing mistakes?
I had a few. Like I'd always have my rear end to the camera, so they'd be like, "Toni, turn around."
You look incredibly sexy in these pictures. Is there any part of your body you don't like?
I don't like my legs—they're a little thick. I feel like gladiator woman, with these really thick thighs.
It's been four years since your last album. What on earth have you been up to?
I've had bankruptcy, so I was away from my work a lot longer than anticipated and I had to fight to get back into the business. Things weren't going well, and then I got an opportunity to appear in *Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway. Disney was patient with me. On my days off, I'd fly to LA from New York to do court stuff, so that was on my mind the whole time I was working.
What happened to all the money?
I don't know! It's a mystery when I look back on it.
Did you spend it on nice houses and fast cars?
No! I had a nice house and a truck, but nothing

FACTS BY PHIL CRANDALL

crazy. I sold a lot of records, but I didn't get the dollars based on my sales. By the time my second album came around, selling another 10 million copies, I felt that my dollars should have been reflected in that. But I'm doing a lot better now.

Is there anyone special in your life?

Yeah, I'm dating. Although every time I talk about this sort of thing, I get dumped. His name's Keri, and he's the bald guy in my "Man Enough" video. He's in a group called Mint Condition and we toured together in Europe. We'd been friends for a long time and one night I had too many martinis and he just looked cute. Ha, ha!

Have you ever been hit on by famous men?

Not really. Guys don't come up to me. I wish they would—sorry, *would have*. I just don't think guys like women who have money. I think some men find it threatening.

What about when you were bankrupt?

Men weren't checking me out at all. I was in the middle of a relationship and I got dumped during the bankruptcy, so when it rains it pours.

The TV program *Big Brother* pulled in millions of voyeuristic viewers this summer. Which camera would you find the scariest?

The one over the bed, because when I wake up, I'm wearing my flannel little kitty pajamas and things like that, so the images people would see, it would be like, "Is that her? Yuck!"

But that just shows you're normal. When you were younger, lots of everyday things were forbidden. How did you watch *Soul Train* without your parents knowing?

My parents went grocery shopping every Saturday, and we'd sit there and wait until they'd gone down the driveway. *Soul Train* came on about 15 minutes after they'd leave. We weren't even allowed to listen to the music on shows like *The Jeffersons*. If it was too pop, we had to wait until after the theme music, and then we could watch the show.

Didn't that make you crazy?

That's all I knew back then. When I was at church, I felt like everyone else, but I always felt different at school. People didn't have the same thoughts and beliefs as I had and it was definitely challenging.

Did they tease you?

All the time. "Homie little girl" and religious jokes. My classmates celebrated Christmas, but I didn't, so I stood out. I felt odd and lonely.

Did you sneak out your bedroom window every night to see boys?

Oh, no. My parents would have killed me. I never even thought about it.

Your single "You're Makin' Me High" had a raunchy video, and it was all about masturbation. How did that go down with your folks?

Well, thank God no one can understand what I'm singing! My dad didn't understand the lyrics; he just thought it had a nice beat.

On your new album, you've recorded some "baby-making songs." Have people come up to you to show you their babies?

Yeah, it happened to me on tour. "We love your music. See our daughter here? We listened to you, and this is how she was conceived!" I was like, "Oh, OK. I'm flattered, I think." **FHM**

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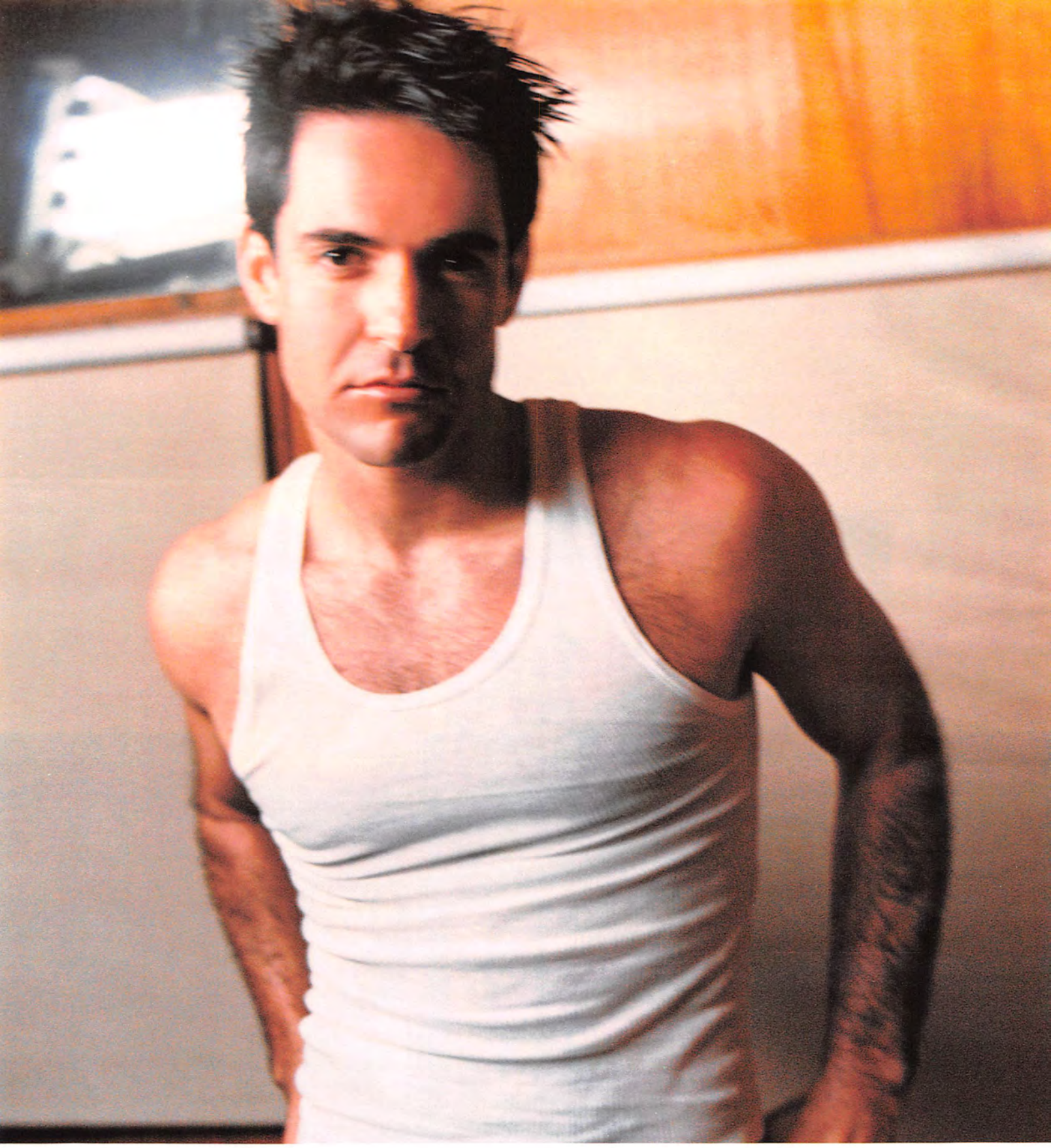

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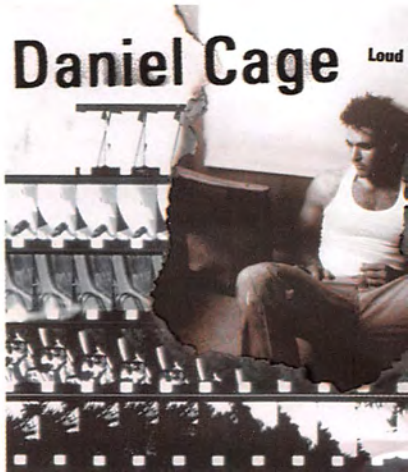

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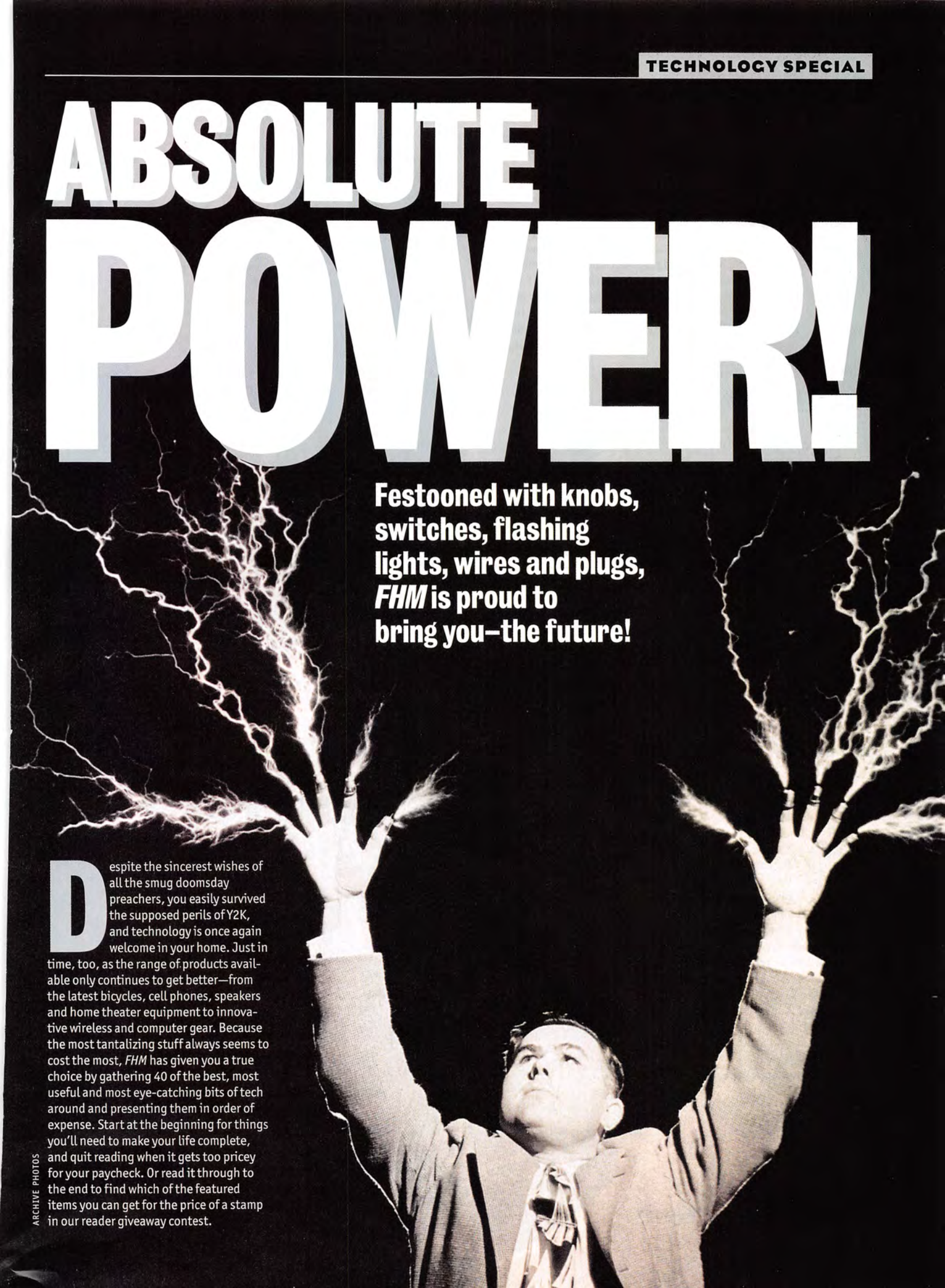
Festooned with knobs, switches, flashing lights, wires and plugs, *FHM* is proud to bring you–the future!



Despite the sincerest wishes of all the smug doomsday preachers, you easily survived the supposed perils of Y2K, and technology is once again welcome in your home. Just in time, too, as the range of products available only continues to get better—from the latest bicycles, cell phones, speakers and home theater equipment to innovative wireless and computer gear. Because the most tantalizing stuff always seems to cost the most, *FHM* has given you a true choice by gathering 40 of the best, most useful and most eye-catching bits of tech around and presenting them in order of expense. Start at the beginning for things you'll need to make your life complete, and quit reading when it gets too pricey for your paycheck. Or read it through to the end to find which of the featured items you can get for the price of a stamp in our reader giveaway contest.

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2 SONY EMARKER

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Contact: www.emarker.com

3 MOTOROLA TALKABOUT T6300

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Catch the 411 on any of your pals within a two-mile radius with a two-way radio. A far cry from the rickety walkie-talkies you played with as a kid, this has 14 channels and 38 sub channels, an alarm clock, a stopwatch, a page feature and even an eavesdrop eliminator to see when someone's listening in.

Contact: www.motorola.com

BY JON CHASE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK WEISS

4 NORELCO HIP HUE ELECTRIC RAZOR

Price: $50

While the actual hipness of any electric razor is questionable, Norelco's Hip Hues come in four colors of clear plastic and have the cutting power to keep your face as smooth as a schoolboy's and your sideburns from looking like a dirty hippy's—without shelling out a ton of dough.

Contact: www.target.com

WIN!

WIN!

5 CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS TVWORKS 250

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As loathe as you are to admit it, your pasty audiophile pal's top-shelf home theater system makes you cringe with envy whenever he invites you over for a raucous night of microbrew beer and *Episode III* outtakes. The alternative is the TVWorks 250, a small yet full-sounding two-channel speaker system that plugs right into your crappy TV and mimics high-end surround sound, but with only one box instead of six—and for a lot less cash.

Contact: www.cambridgesoundworks.com

6 FRANKLIN EBOOKMAN

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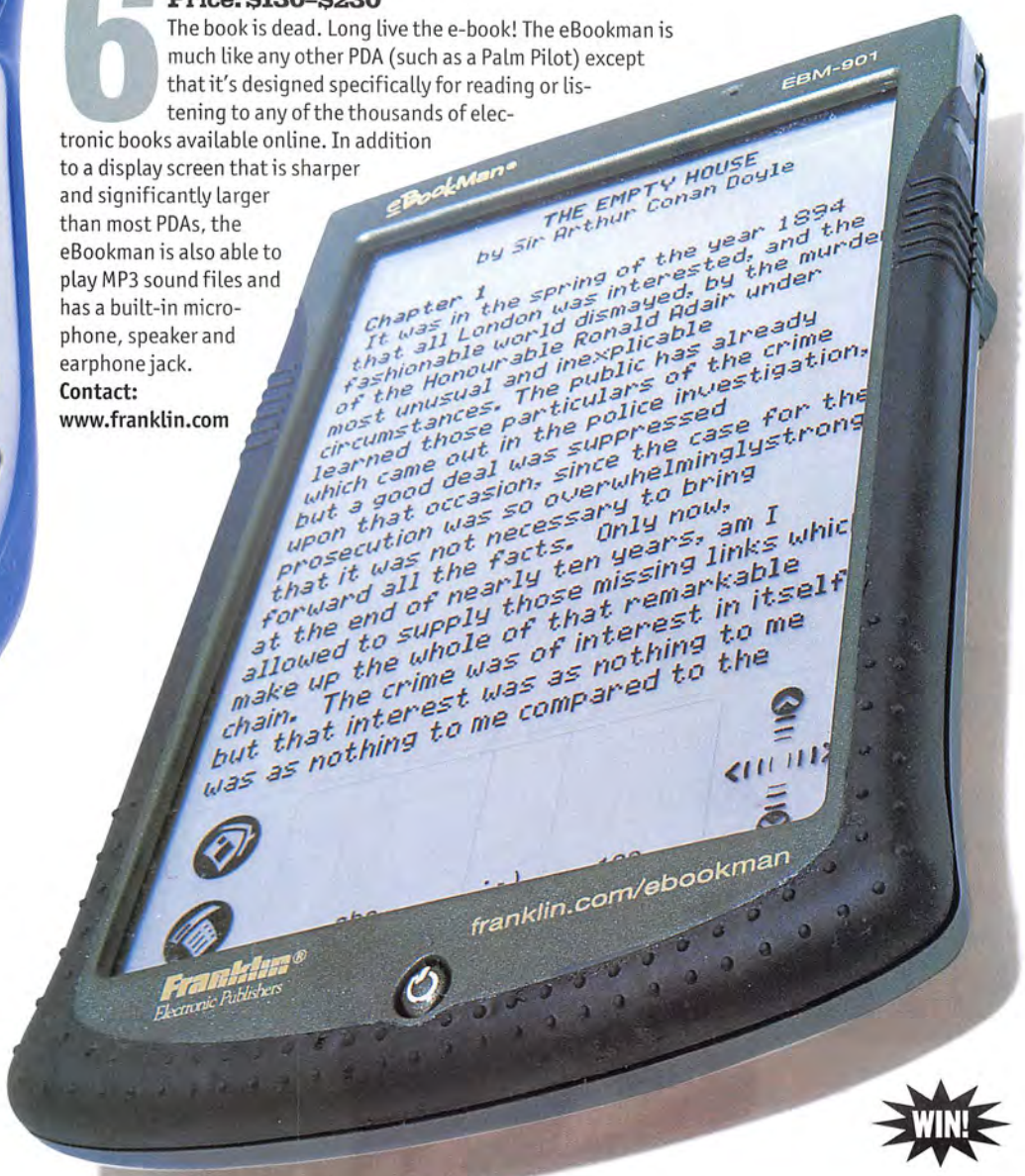

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7 MOTOROLA V2282 CELLPHONE

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One of the first phones to let you do the WAP—that is, access new cell-phone-specific online services using Web Application Protocols—the V2282 also has a built-in FM stereo radio. And if you don't like the color, the faces are interchangeable to boot.

Contact: www.motorola.com

WIN!
8
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330

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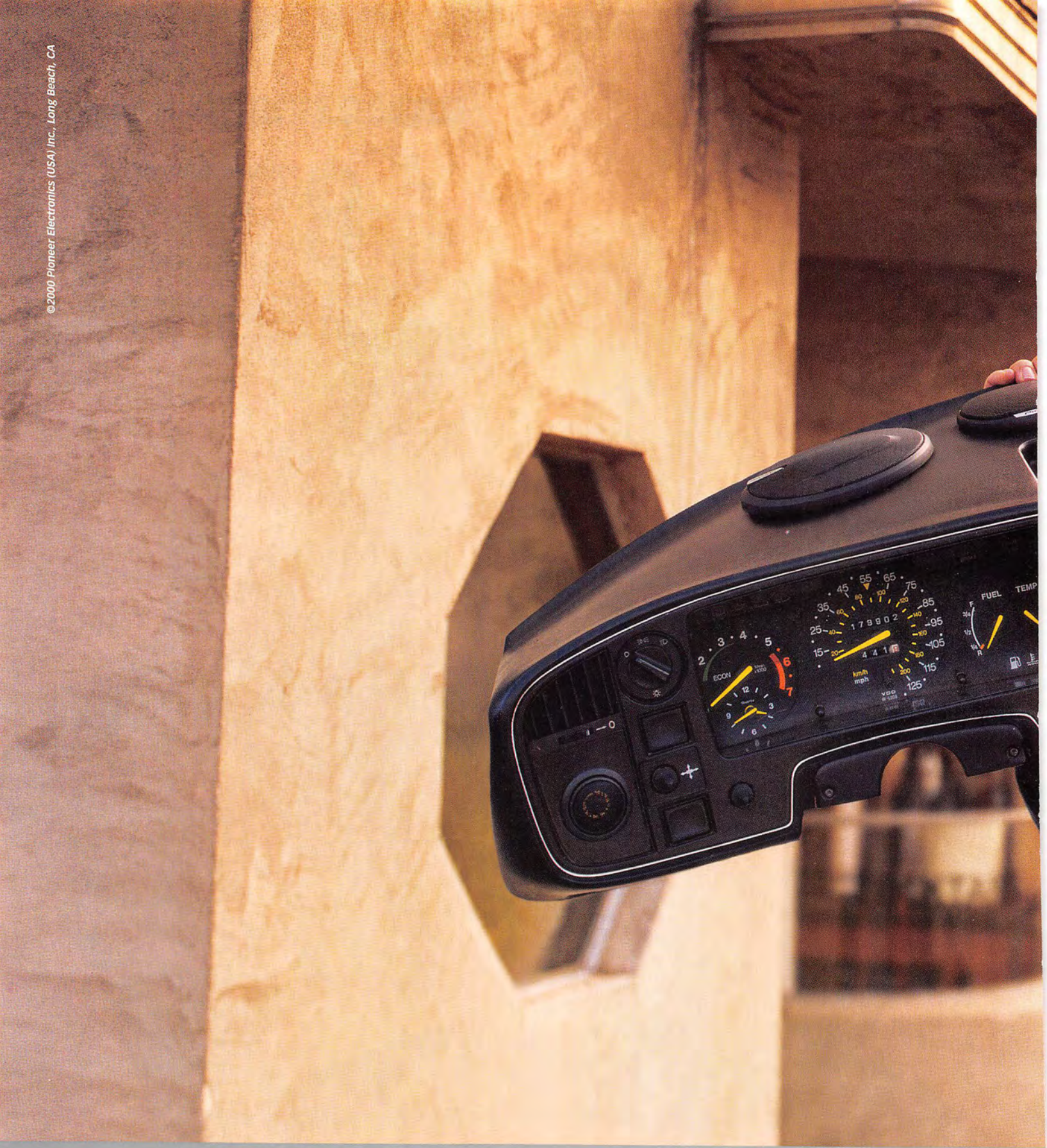


Pioneer

EVERYTHING ELSE COMES SECOND.

Some people will do anything to listen to the best car audio. They're the reason we developed headunits that excite your ears with one-touch Easy EQ equalization and potent MOSFET power. They're also the inspiration behind our eye-popping Organic EL display technology. The bright, full-motion graphics stay vivid, even in sunlight. Just what you'd expect from a company that's as obsessed as you are.

pioneerelectronics.com

9 MAGELLAN MAP 330

Price: $250

Whether you fancy yourself a modern-day pirate or a type-A personality with an obsessive need to know your preciselocation at any given moment, a GPS device has become a must-have item for land and sea navigation. The MAP 330 is the most powerful handheld receiver of its kind, with the most detailed built-in database of street maps available, including worldwide political boundaries and US cities, highways, major roads and waterways.

Contact: www.magellangps.com

10 CEIVA DIGITAL PICTURE FRAME

Price: $250, plus $8 per month

A cool concept even if it does require a nagging monthly service fee, the Ceiva is a five-by-seven-inch LCD screen that displays digital images downloaded from the Ceiva Web site. Members can store up to 1,000 images, as well as have automatic daily image updates from select Web sites or receive pictures sent from family and friends.

Contact: www.ceiva.com

11 SONY D-EJ915 CD WALKMAN

Price: $250

Most portable CD players skip at the slightest touch unless you are as light on your feet as a ballerina—in which case, skipping CDs are the least of your worries. Sony's smallest CD Walkman has an unflappable electronic buffer that keeps the music playing no matter how you jostle or bump it, plus the remote controls are on the headphones so you can keep practicing your pirouettes.

Contact: www.sony.com

before victory comes humility

TEKKEN TAG TOURNAMENT

RIDGE RACER V

MOTOGP

Look within. Find that part of you which knows no surrender. Because Namco has issued the greatest challenges for the PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system. Whether it's the furious Tekken Tag Tournament, the flat-out Ridge Racer V, or the heart-pounding MotoGP, victory won't come easily — if at all. But when you finally seize it, you will discover your inner champion.

namco®
WWW.NAMCO.COM

PlayStation®2

PRODUCTS RANGE FROM EVERYONE TO TEEN
E-T
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Ridge Racer® V & ©1999 Namco Ltd. All rights reserved. Tekken Tag Tournament™ & ©1994, 1995, 1996, 1999 Namco Ltd. All Rights Reserved. MotoGP ©1998, 2000 Namco Ltd. All Rights Reserved.
PlayStation and the PlayStation logos are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. The ratings icon is a registered trademark of the Interactive Digital Software Corporation.

12 BANG & OLUFSEN BEOTALK 1200
Price: $250

Few are the pleasures in life that equal the successfully screened phone call. The BeoTalk stores up to 50 numbers in memory, and then announces who's calling before the message kicks in. It also lets you designate three different outgoing messages and which callers are to receive which message, including a busy signal for certain unsolicited calls, making it the uncontested champion for privacy-seeking hermits.

Contact: www.bang-olufsen.com

WIN!

13 MINOLTA VECTIS 300L
Price: $285

Although currently the world's lightest 3x Advanced Photo System (APS) camera, the 300L still has all of the features you'd want and more: the usual three print formats (from standard to panoramic), a generous zoom of 24mm to 70mm, as well as six flash modes and a super-sensitive focus mechanism for sharp pictures.

Contact: www.minoltausa.com

'No fun for you!'

Like a cruel older sibling, *FHM* taunts you with cool toys you can't play with

Hawking dug his new wheels

Covert Ball Point Pen Transmitter
It's a fully functional pen with three channels for highly sensitive audio transmission. But unless you have $699 and an authorized letter from a law enforcement agency, you'll have to use a tape recorder for your surveillance work.

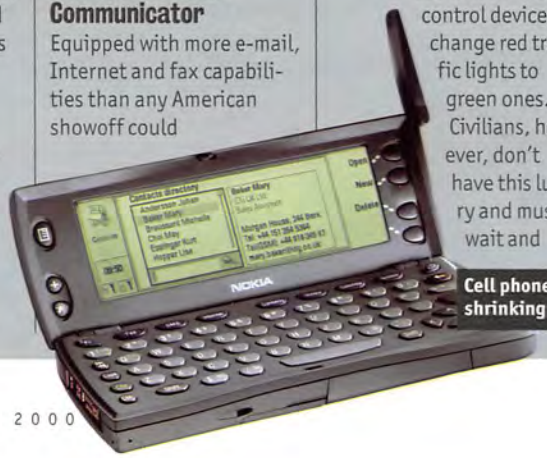
Callaway ERC Forged Titanium Driver
This thin, forged-face golf club has a breakthrough design that adds more speed and distance to each ball you hit. Manufactured and sold in Europe for $750, the club has been declared illegal by the United States Golf Association.

Carnivore
Capable of examining millions of e-mails before you can delete your daily dose of forwards, the FBI uses this program to tap the Web and read the bad stuff people write to one another. The FBI says the program does nothing more than a phone tap; conspiracy theorists continue to shit themselves.

Kohler San Raphael
Since the EPA persuaded Congress to peek over stall walls, toilets that use more than 1.6 gallons per flush have been illegal. Kohler's three-and-a-half-gallon San Raphael, with its elongated front and array of levers and seat-cover options, is only available in the Great White North.

Nokia 9110 Series Communicator
Equipped with more e-mail, Internet and fax capabilities than any American showoff could wield, this cell phone is a reminder of how far behind we are. In Finland, users can purchase the Card Phone 2.0 accessory, then buy goods and services—including Cokes at vending machines—by dialing a number and having their account billed.

Go Box
Many emergency vehicles use these remote-control devices to change red traffic lights to green ones. Civilians, however, don't have this luxury and must wait and honk and bitch. Before being arrested for fraud, one Internet company sold pseudo boxes, which were actually just useless flashing lights, for $69.



Cell phones: shrinking

Canadian camouflage
The newest line in Canadian military uniforms, these exclusive "disruptive patterns" are not only the most stylish fall threads, but also make the wearer 40 percent less detectable than the current duds. Soldiers will love the day or night patterns, with a special coating to hide them from night-vision equipment.

The Skycar
SUV-sized, with seating for four and the ability to literally fly, the Skycar M400 gets 20 miles to the gallon and reaches speeds of 350 mph. But after 30 years in the making, its producer, Moller, continues to delay its release.

The Blaster
To combat carjackers in South Africa, car owners can install this flame-throwing device beneath the driver's-side door. Connected to a trunk-mounted gas tank, this $700 deterrent will never, ever be legal in the US. **(PC)**

AFP/CORBIS; COURTESY OF CALLOWAY GOLF

"The most impressive racing engine we've ever seen." –dailyradar.com

"A killer racing experience." –GamePro

"Fantastic graphics, fast speeds, slick cars. Any questions?" –ign.com

DRIVIN' TO THE BRINK OF INSANITY.

*Online Worldwide Ranking System!

It's not just racing. It's an all-out assault of arcade-style, stunt-based and realistic driving madness. Comprehensive state-of-the-art vehicle dynamics. Authentically licensed cars: Lotus,™ Aston-Martin,™ BMW,™ Alfa Romeo™ and more. One of the most advanced 3-D driving engines ever. It all gets inside of your head and spins you around. And when you're finished, it's time for another ride.

viva la speed!

VP

VANISHING POINT™

PlayStation®

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Sega Dreamcast.™

Clockwork Games

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Acclaim®

www.acclaim.com

14

AVALUNG PRO AVALANCHE VEST

Price: $285

As if tumbling down a frozen mountainside at 100 mph isn't terrifying enough, it turns out that most avalanche fatalities are caused by asphyxiation, as buried victims re-inhale their own carbon dioxide. Grim. The stylish and lightweight Avalung Pro has an air filter that redistributes your breath so that you at least have a fighting chance—about an hour or so anyway—as well as a removable backpack that can hold a shovel and a pick, and a dedicated pocket for a homing beacon or radio.

Contact: www.avalung.com

WIN!

15

HARMAN/KARDON TAKE CONTROL REMOTE

Price: $360

There are lots of universal remotes, but none are as intelligent as this. In lieu of having a thousand indecipherable little buttons, the TC-1000 automatically creates task-based shortcuts to control all of your audio/video equipment. So instead of turning on your tuner, selecting CD, turning on the CD player and hitting play, you simply touch "Play a CD." It can't get easier than that unless you have a houseboy.

Contact: www.harmankardon.com

16

SENSORY SCIENCE RAVE MP3 PLAYER

Price: $300, with two 40MB disks

There's already a ton of MP3 players out there, but what makes the Rave different is its jazzy but commonsensical interface and that it uses inexpensive but fast iOmega clik! disks for memory instead of those Communion-wafer-flimsy flash cards ($10 for 40MGs, vs. $100 for 32 MGs). It comes with Sennheiser earphones and connects to PCs via a USB connector at an ultra-speedy 1MG per second read/write.

Contact: www.sensoryscience.com

17

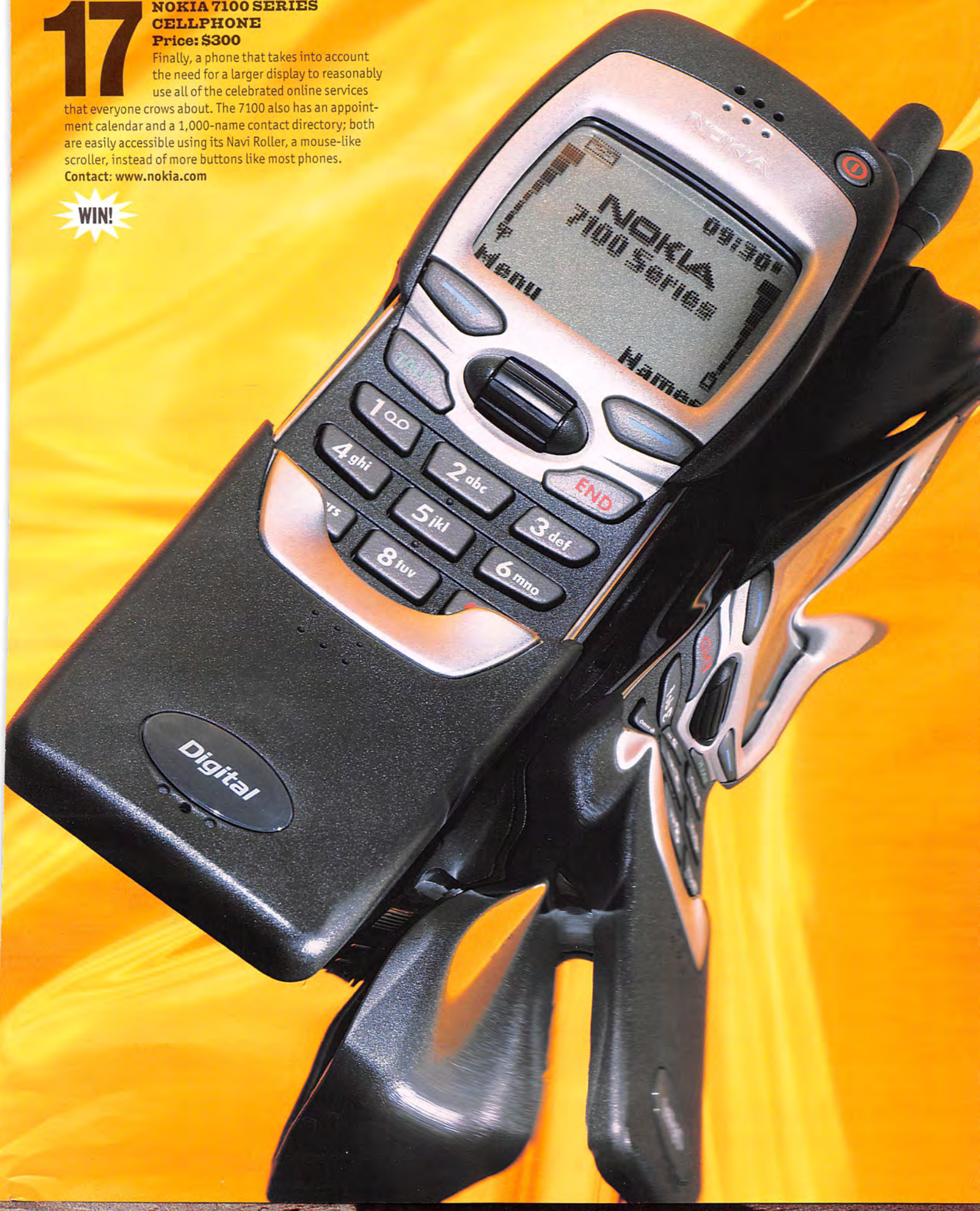
NOKIA 7100 SERIES CELLPHONE

Price: $300

Finally, a phone that takes into account the need for a larger display to reasonably use all of the celebrated online services that everyone crows about. The 7100 also has an appointment calendar and a 1,000-name contact directory; both are easily accessible using its Navi Roller, a mouse-like scroller, instead of more buttons like most phones.

Contact: www.nokia.com

WIN!



'I used to be Amish'

William Bontrager, 47, spent his first 17 years as a technology-stripped Amish person. Then he got himself a television

What was it like being Amish?
We didn't use electricity. If we wanted to go somewhere, we used a horse and carriage, and just about everything we ate or used we made ourselves. And because there was no power, my day was short. After working all day, there's not much incentive for staying up late and doing things by candlelight.

Did you know things like TVs or Waterpics even existed?
Oh, sure. Technology was frowned upon, but we knew about the major things. My dad would take us into town once every other week and we'd see TVs around or in windows. I remember I wanted to watch, but that would've been bad. So instead, we all just looked sideways at it out of the corners of our eyes.

"Evil" Esau's figure-four destroyed Cow Man

It sounds more like a punishment than a way of life.
It was rough. I'm a sponge for information. I love to read and learn just about anything I can, but in the Amish community, education only goes up to the eighth grade. The teachers aren't even educated beyond that, so that's really as far as you can go. I knew there was more for me out here.

What was the first thing you did when you quit the Amish?
My first night out, I went to eat dinner at this very kind woman's house. While she was preparing the meal, she told me to see what's on TV. I looked at her all wide-eyed, then ran over to it. I was so excited. I couldn't figure out how to turn it on. I mean, even switches and knobs were foreign to me. After a few minutes, she came over and gave me a hand. I can't remember what I watched, but I remember thinking it was hard to follow. I didn't understand that commercials weren't part of the show.

What's the one thing you can't believe you ever lived without?
I enjoy the way I get to communicate now. Between e-mail, the telephone, voicemail and faxing, it's all so fast. Back then, if I wanted to talk to a friend, I'd hitch up the horses and go to his house. If he wasn't there I'd probably write him a note, turn around and go home. Everything is labor intensive.

How did you go from being Amish to developing software and creating Web pages?
Well, my brother—he left also—bought me a computer, one of the real old ones where everything was in one box. To use it, I had to go out, get a book on code and learn how to program the thing. From there, one thing led to another. These days, I make a new program every few weeks. My latest is called Master Syndicator. It's for writers who want to syndicate their writing. I think I've got an advantage over a lot of other people because I didn't get a formal computer education. It lets me think in a slightly different way.

Does your still-Amish family understand what you do?
They don't even know what computers do, so how would they understand software?

Could you ever go back?
Since I was never baptized, I'd be allowed to if I wanted. I think I could survive if someone forced me to do it, but it wouldn't be easy. I'm pretty happy with my life these days. **(JB)**

Check out the fallen Amish man's latest work at www.MasterSyndicator.com.

PHOTOFEST

WIN!

18 DYNO MOONEYES KUSTOM KRUISER

Price: $460

As close to an asphalt-chewing Harley as a bicycle can get, Dyno's MoonEyes Kruiser is modeled after the salt-flats cruising speedsters of the '60s. The edgy chrome wraparound bars with motorcycle grips and "double down" chopper-style front forks are so tough they border on kitschy. Cojones not included.

Contact: www.gtbicycles.com

19 PHILIPS TIVO

Price: $400, plus $10 per month

TiVo is more than just a clever VCR; it's like a Web browser for your TV. Almost one-touch programming lets you search for any TV shows you like, then records them automatically whenever they play—on any channel at any time for up to 30 hours of stored programming. It also follows your viewing patterns so it can make programming suggestions and gives you the option of fiddling with live TV, making it possible to watch football or women's exercise shows in slo-mo, then later fast-forwarding through the commercials.

Contact: www.tivo.com

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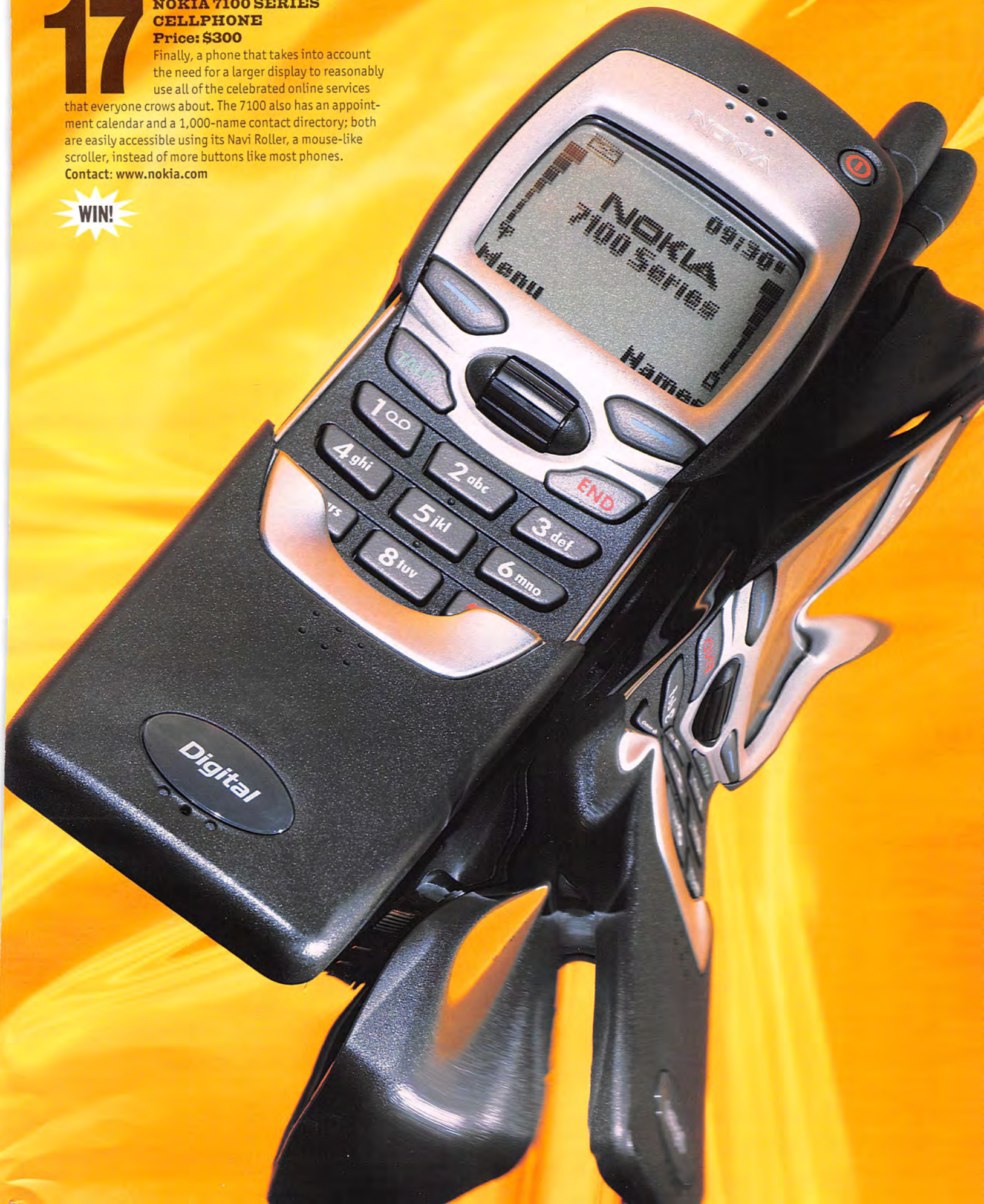

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Chris in mobile zip-off.

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OMNIPOD
SILVERTAB®
A LEVI'S® BRAND

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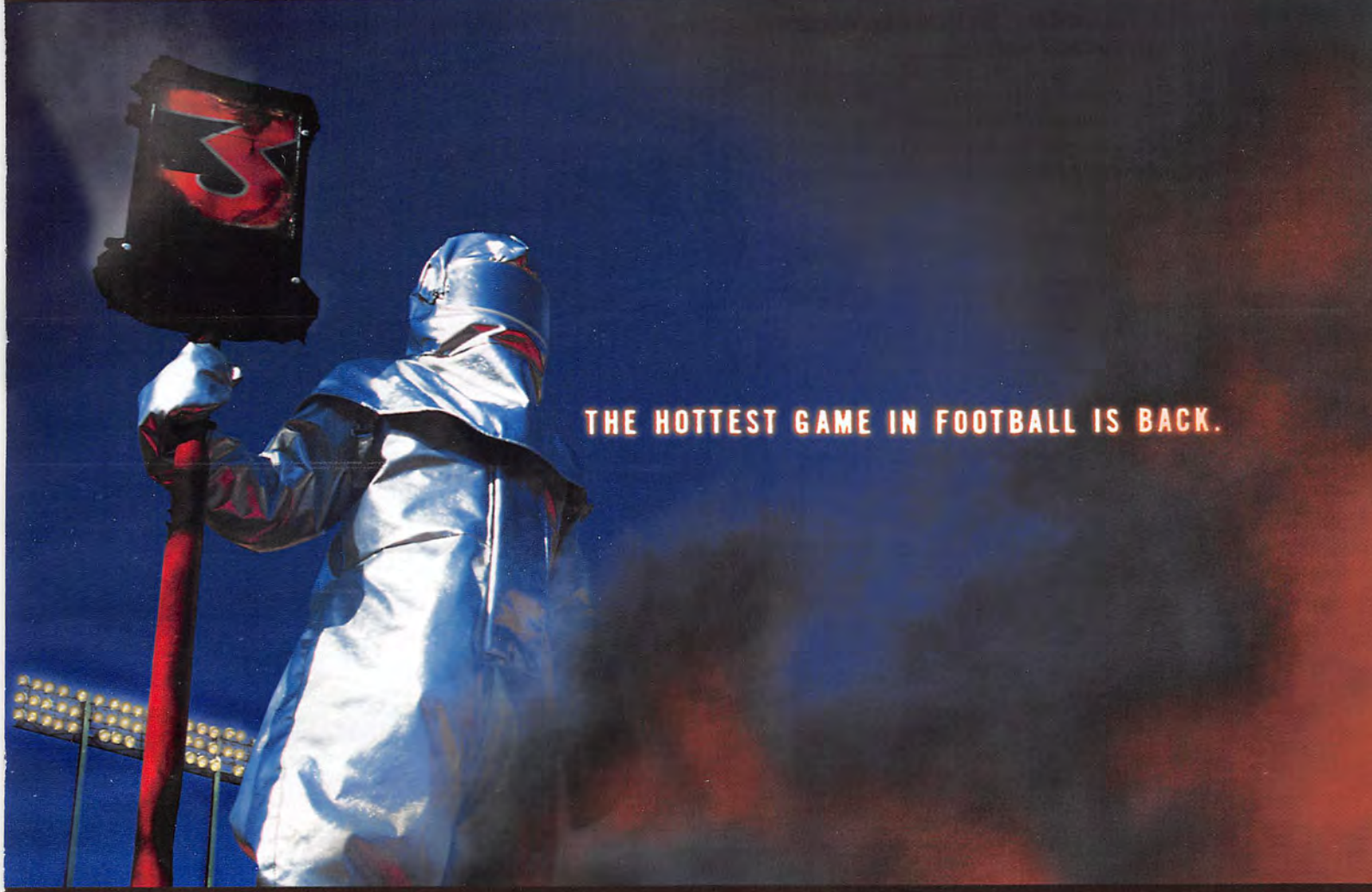
Contact: www.tivo.com

MIDWAY
www.midway.com



It's NFL Blitz 2001. Delivering all the fast and furious action Blitz fans have come to know and love, and then some. And, with blistering features like "On Fire" mode, new mini games, in-depth customization options and an "En Fuego" Replay Mode, NFL Blitz 2001 lets you play with an intensity the pros can only dream about. NFL Blitz 2001's earth-shattering hits, insane passes and over-the-top gridiron action is hot enough to make Green Bay in December feel like Miami in July.

NFL BLITZ 2001

PLAYERS INC

NO REFS. NO RULES. NO MERCY.™

EVERYONE E Animated Violence

PlayStation

NINTENDO 64

GAME BOY COLOR

Sega Dreamcast

*Screens shown from Sega Dreamcast™ version

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20 NAKAMICHI SOUNDSPACE 3

Price: $500

Sure, the practicality of having two synchronized alarm clocks at either side of your bedside is debatable, but when the CD player alarm kicks in at level 45 with the sub woofer unit pumping heartily through your abdomen, you will recognize the presence of a higher being.

Contact: www.nakamichi.com

WIN!

WIN!

21 SAMSUNG UPROAR

Price: $500

Despite its plain-Jane boxy look, the boldly named Uproar is one of the most advanced cell phones around. Bridging the gap between PDA, MP3 player, wireless modem and phone, the Uproar really does it all, with a straightforward interface and the unique ability to download songs off the Internet or from a computer as well as make purchases online.

Contact: www.samsung.com

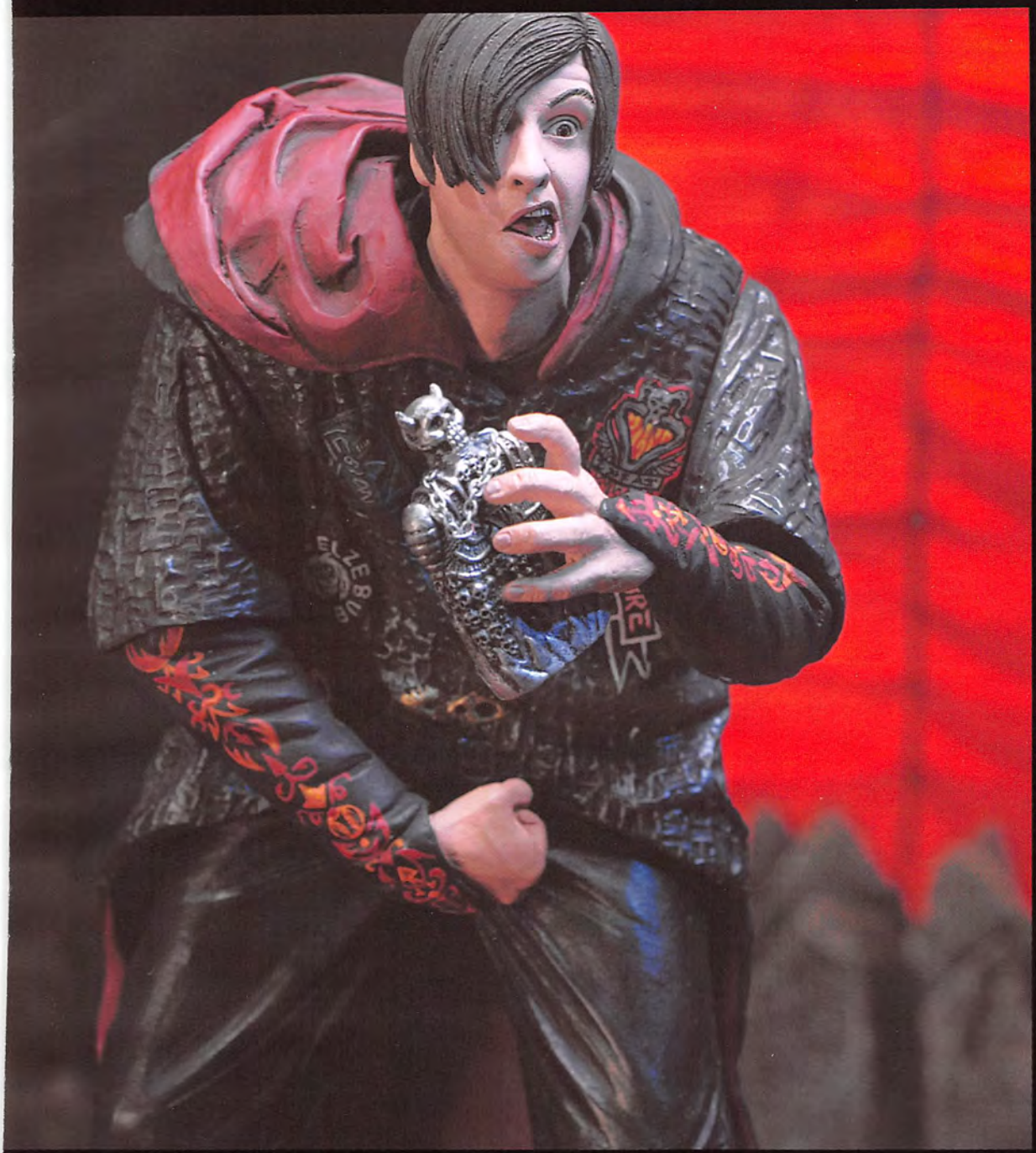
22 CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS MODEL TWELVE

Price: $500

Allegedly the portable speaker system of choice for the likes of Aerosmith, the whole assembly—two speakers, cables and a selector—fits neatly inside the nearly bombproof case, which also happens to be a chest-thumping sub woofer. Although the four-inch-tall speakers appear dainty, at a volume level of only four, you will proceed to rock.

Contact: www.cambridgesoundworks.com

SPAWN.COMEDY



LITTLE NICKY TOYS. NOT TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY.

It's hot, hot, hotter than Hell at McFarlane Toys. Our latest action figures re-create several scenes from the new Adam Sandler/special-effects comedy *Little Nicky*, complete with sound chips and other, er, bodily functions. Go to Spawn.com to see these and the other 120-plus figures McFarlane Toys is producing in 2000.

SPAWN.COM: THE DIGITAL HOME OF HELL ON THE WORLD WIDE WEB.

SPAWN.COM

toys | movies | tv | video games | comic books | sports

McFARLANE TOYS
IT'S AN ATTITUDE

LITTLE NICKY is TM and © 2000 New Line Productions, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

23 PIONEER PDR-W839 CD RECORDER

Price: $600

Now that we're 15 years into the CD standard, we can all finally make our own mixes on CD without having to buy a computer. The W839 lets you burn single discs—at two times the normal play speed—or conveniently program up to three discs to make a single mix CD, and has analog inputs for tapes or vinyl.

Contact: www.pioneerelectronics.com

24 SONY MDX-C800REC MINI-DISC CAR STEREO

Price: $700

Couples have been known to split after the guy decides he'd rather drive around the block to hear the rest of the game than go to a soul-sapping dinner with his in-laws. But no longer. The C800REC can record up to 80 minutes of radio time onto Mini-Disc at the touch of a button, then shut itself off, as well as record from car-stereo tape decks or CD players. More amazingly, if you miss the first few seconds of a song or news report, the C800REC can retrieve it for you.

Contact: www.sony.com

'Thomas Edison was a corrupt fraud!'

Frustrated inventor Timothy Nicely refuses to give up. In an attempt to create a product that'll make him rich, he's spent his life failing miserably

How long have you been at this?
Twenty years. My first invention was for my son. He couldn't reach the light switch, so I built an extension. It was a cartoon character, and pulling its leg made the light work.

Did you make any money off of it?
Not at all. Because of my insecurities and ignorance, I made a lot of mistakes. I hid behind a facade of good looks, thinking everybody would love me. I was an egomaniac and I have a really high IQ, so I thought that was all I needed.

Were you sure you'd land the big one like, say, the Foreman cooker?
In the beginning, it was the thrill of doing it and I didn't care about making a million dollars. Although if you have money, you can attract women a lot better. And I always fell for the wrong women, the ones who wanted a mansion and limousines. So the desire got real. And I wanted credibility. If you aren't successful, nobody will listen to you; they'll just try to rip you off.

Did you get ripped off a lot?
I had this comic called *Gutter Ducks*. It was about a mutated duck family that moves into the gutter and kicks bullies' butts. I presented it to a company, but they didn't want to do it because they were too cheap to buy the idea. Then they stole it and made something called *Gutter-Spooks*. They had a huge marketing campaign and everything.

"Wanna torture some ants?"

CAROL SMITH

But it failed miserably. It was just these stupid, flat characters that hung from rain gutters. I was delighted when it failed. And the icing on the cake was that the company went out of business.

What's your dumbest invention?
The worst was Organic Monster. It was a powder you'd mix with water and rub on your skin, and it bubbled up and formed ugly monster skin. I tested it on school children, and it worked great. A company was ready to buy it, but when I demonstrated it in the boardroom, it didn't dry fast enough. So all these executives had nasty fluid running down their arms. I was so embarrassed.

Why does no one want your stuff?
The people who make the decision to go forward with an invention are unable to think about anything but immediate profits. They're just not creative. They're business people and they'd rather build something that's made to break than something that actually works.

Does that bother you?
Of course, but I'm not angry. I don't have any anger left in me. I just realize now that they are chained to the loyalty of the corporate state.

Have you ever been so discouraged by failing that you tried to burn down your laboratory?
My discouragement came as a severe depression. I'd go out and destroy my body; I was a party animal.

Have you ever blown up your laboratory by mistake?
No, but I have fake teeth that I used to take out when I was in my lab because they hurt. One day I had a great idea, and in a state of excitement, I threw my teeth into the fire.

How would Thomas Edison react to your lunacy?
What did he say, "ninety-nine percent perspiration, one percent inspiration"? Yeah, right! He was a corrupt fraud who stole other folks' ideas. So I don't care what he'd say.

What do you think of the guy who invented Velcro?
Now there's somebody I admire. He got the idea from something he saw in nature. What a genius. **(JJ)**

STEP INTO THE RED TRIANGLE

Please drink responsibly. ©2000 BASS® ale is imported by Guinness Bass Import Company, Stamford, CT 06901

25

Fujifilm FinePix 40i Camera/MP3 player
Price: $700

Proving that MP3 players can be attached to anything now, Fujifilm has added one to a handy, credit-card-sized digital camera. Using removable flashmedia cards, the 40i can hold up to 47 stills and 80 seconds of video and play or record up to 64 minutes of MP3 audio. A color LCD screen on the back can be used as a viewfinder or for looking at your photos before loading them up to a PC.

Contact: www.fujifilm.com

WIN!

26 AUDIOREQUEST DIGITAL MUSIC SYSTEM

Price: $800

The first major step in making MP3 a legitimate recording and playback standard, the AudioReQuest lets you play an audio CD once, then "memorizes" it in MP3 format. You can easily load up all of your music—it holds more than 6,000 songs—then use the AudioReQuest as a jukebox or to download songs to a personal MP3 player, or even transfer them to and from your computer and the Internet. And because all of the software is updateable, there's no worry that it will be worthless by next month.

Contact: www.request.com

WIN!

27 BURTON SPLT 66 SNOWBOARD

Price: $900

Beyond a chronic case of the zumes from overpriced lodge food, the most annoying thing snowboarders deal with is clunking around on one foot when mounting a chair lift or lugging their board up treacherous backcountry trails. The SPLT is made to split lengthwise to become telemark skis for easy ascent up the mountain or crossing over deep powder without changing the way the board rides.

Contact: www.burton.com

Modern mayhem

A disturbing look at the hell tech-nerds have created

- By 2004, there will be nearly 315 million obsolete or unwanted computers, or in other words, 1,101,200 tons of toxic lead, cadmium, mercury and plastic.
- **Hackers have stolen more than 400,000 credit-card numbers and enough information to use more than $1 billion in card limits since 1998.**
- Auction site eBay collects more than 16 bids per second for four million pieces of useless junk daily, with more than $6 billion changing hands every year.
- **There is a minimum of 450 well-funded, militant hate Web sites on the Internet.**
- About 8,000 car accidents per day are attributed to dicking around on cell phones while behind the wheel.
- **In the US alone, 100,000 people are victims of Internet stalking each year.**
- Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from using computers accounts for losses in excess of $2 billion per year.
- **About 6,000 dot-coms will go out of business before 2001.**
- Of the 5,000 day traders rolling the dice at 80 firms nationwide, 70 percent will lose everything.
- **Seventy-three percent of companies listen in on telephone conversations, monitor Internet use, read e-mail or store computer files for use in performance reviews.**
- Since 1997, virtual reality video games and high-tech animation have caused 610 people to have seizures.
- **This year, computer viruses and Internet vandalism will cost businesses around the world $1.5 trillion.**
- At least 44,000 people die in US hospitals every year from medical mistakes, including doctors' attempts to use high-tech equipment they are unfamiliar with.
- **Within 10 weeks of the launch of the British Web site www.desktoplawyer.com, 1,800 people filed for their divorce online.**
- Improperly scrambled porn channels can be seen and heard in 39 million American homes.
- **Despite efforts to become a paperless society, Americans collectively use 96.3 million tons of paper every year.**
- NASA's futile attempts to reach Mars have cost $320 million.
- **Six million Americans are addicted to the Internet. (TK)**

Cash was tight in the Dutch space program

KOBAL COLLECTION

'Thank you, Gordo'

When man makes a scientific breakthrough, it's usually thanks in part to an animal pioneer. We salute these brave beasts

"What are you worried about? I have to fly home solo"

Gordo the chimp

A member of the US Army, Gordo stunned NASA scientists by returning alive from a journey into outer space on the Jupiter Rocket. Having proved that humans could survive the g-forces involved in takeoff, Gordo chattered excitedly as he awaited his rescue. But, alas, the scientists had designed his capsule to sink.

The cocaine mice

Scientists at Columbia University have been pushing drugs on young mice in a bid to understand drug addiction. The men in white coats give the little fellas a forced dose of cocaine, then the mice learn to get their fix by pressing a lever. To date, the results have shown little more than a whole lot of nose-twitching and a strong yearning for cheese.

Monkey F1

A macaque monkey affectionately called F1 was blasted into space in 1992, on the Russian satellite Bion 10, with 11 of his monkey pals. Covered with sensor pads, the little guy was jammed into a tiny capsule. The mission lasted 11 days, and the only way F1 could get food or water was to perform basic behavioral tasks. Miraculously, he made it back alive, but he had lost 13 percent of his body weight through constant vomiting.

Noah's Ark

The Neurolab was launched in 1998 to try to discover whether life could reproduce in space. Inside the capsule were 1,512 crickets, 18 mice, 152 rats, 135 snails and a tank containing 225 fish. All the animals were given permission to do the nasty. At the end of the 14-day mission, only 25 of the fish were alive and the rats lost 57 of their 96 unborn babies. **(RB)**

FOTO FANTASIES

28 PANASONIC DVD-LV75 DVD PLAYER

Price: $1,000

Get all the sound and action of the big screen on a wee seven-inch LCD screen that's no bigger than a DVD box. The battery lasts a solid five hours of constant play, and though there are respectable sounding stereo speakers, the headphone jacks let you turn it up as loud as you can take it. When you're not on the road, plug it into your TV or home theater system and it works like a regular DVD player.
Contact: www.panasonic.com

29 SHARP LC-10A2U LCD TV

Price: $1,200

If it seems pricey for a relatively small 10.4-inch screen, consider that the LC-10A2U has a built-in TV tuner, accepts video and S-video signals and is only two inches thick. And that flat-screen TVs four times the size of the LC-10A2U usually cost more than 10 times as much.
Contact: www.sharp-usa.com

30 MARANTZ VC8100 300+1

Price: $1,500

Now that DVDs are quickly becoming the standard for home-theater entertainment, the VC8100 lets you take your whole collection of DVDs (or CDs, if you prefer) and make them immediately accessible—up to 300 can be cataloged in memory in up to 20 different categories, or 600 if you connect two players together. It's the first DVD player to receive THX Ultra certification, the type of surround sound favored by George Lucas.
Contact: www.marantzamerica.com

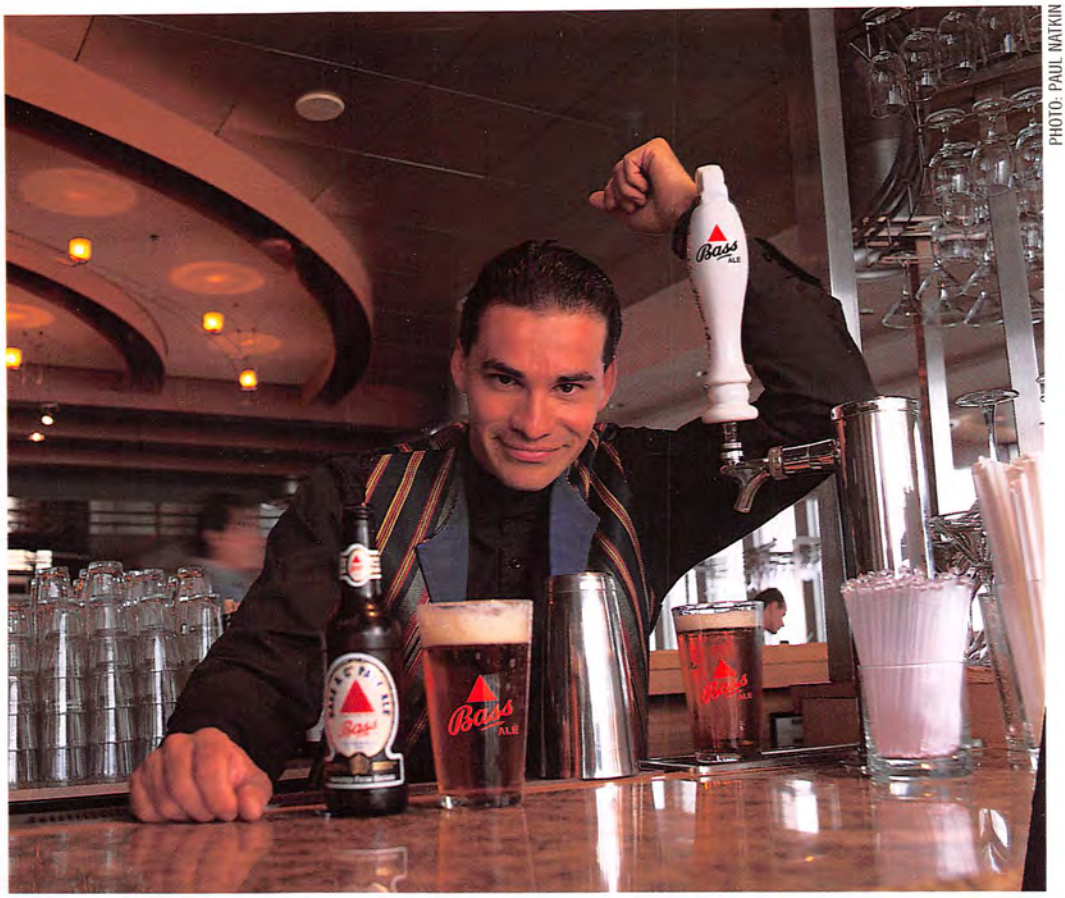


PHOTO: PAUL NATKIN

STEP INTO NY Happy Hour

Working at The Greatest Bar on Earth atop the World Trade Center, George Delgado has seen and heard more deals and stock tips than most Wall Street insiders. Here's his advice on successfully mixing business with pleasure while enjoying your Bass Ale.

Q Obviously, you are privy to many business meetings. Ever receive any advice?	A I get stock tips all of the time. Normally I don't listen because I've been around here long enough to realize that most brokers operate only in their best interest, not mine. When they start with the tips, I'll pour them a **Bass Ale** so they can focus on that instead.
Q What is your advice for young men hitting the bar with co-workers?	A There's always the guy who wants to play high roller and abuse the expense account and more often than not they get busted by the boss. Also, stay away from the sexy female co-worker. That one is dangerous.
Q What's the worst professional situation you've ever witnessed?	A This one happens often. The boss comes in with the staff and he gets so drunk on cocktails that everyone is afraid to cut him off. When I step in, they say "No! He's the boss." Well, he's not my boss. You'd think he'd be smart enough to order a **Bass Ale**.
Q Should one follow the boss' lead when at the bar?	A I wouldn't. I've seen too many young guys try to go round-for-round only to end up as the topic of every water-cooler conversation the next morning. Guys have to realize that this isn't Friday night at the frat house. Nine times out of ten the boss is a more experienced drinker.
Q So what would you recommend ordering in this case? Why?	A My advice is to simply go with quality. First off, by ordering **Bass Ale** you'll be able to drink it, which is always good, plus it shows that you appreciate the good stuff while keeping you out of the ritual Martini drinking contest.

Bass ALE

STEP INTO THE RED TRIANGLE

www.bassale.com

31 SONY P5 DV

Price: $1,500

It's almost ridiculous how small yet still powerful the newest generation of DV cameras are. The P5 takes crystal-clear video, has a 120x zoom, a color viewfinder and fold-out LCD view screen, and also accepts memory sticks for taking digital still images—and it's all crammed into a sturdy casing that's smaller than a PB & J sandwich.

Contact: www.sony.com

32 IMAC DV SPECIAL EDITION

Price: $1,600

Still the best-looking computer on the market, and easily one of the most reliable, this new breed of Special Edition iMac comes standard with a 500 MHz G3 processor, 128 MBs of RAM, runs on Mac OS 9 and has the added bonus of a DVD/CD player and internal 56k modem. The DV in the name is because it also comes with two FireWire ports and iMovie 2 video-editing software.

Contact: www.apple.com

33 TRINARC BLACKBEARD 733MHZ PC WITH SLIMWIN LCD MONITOR AND ALTEC LANSING POWERCUBE SPEAKER SYSTEM

Price: $1,295; monitor $800; speaker system $50

Trinarc's first entry into the computing market is a powerhouse Pentium-backed PC tower, with 128 MBs of RAM and 20 gigs of hard-drive space. In addition to a suite of free software and subtle, intelligent agents (which makes ordinarily spastic Windows 98 act more like a sturdy Mac), Blackbeard has a standard PCI network card, an audio card, a modem and a video-out port. The 15-inch flat-screen monitor and crisp speakers make this a total package, especially for the price. Keep an eye out for Blackbeard's big brother, a 1-gigahertz model due soon.

Contact: www.trinarc.com

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WIN!

34 EBIKE

Price: $1,500

From the genius of ex-Chrysler CEO Lee Iacocca comes the lazy man's ultimate ride. Essentially a futuristic and comfy electric moped, the ebike has seven gears and can be pedaled like a regular bicycle. But when the sweat kicks in minutes later, click on the throttle—or activate the cruise control—and the ebike will take over the ride for more than an hour at a peppy 20 mph before you'll need to stop for a brief recharge.

Contact: www.ebike.com

35 ALPINE POWERNAV GPS SYSTEM

Price: $2,000, plus $2,000 for CD player with monitor

World-weary traveling businessmen and urban adventurers take heart—Alpine's PowerNAV system makes navigation in any city a cinch. Beyond the standard CD stereo system, a GPS receiver connected to a DVD ROM player and a retractable six-and-a-half-inch monitor lets passengers view real-time directions around city streets or highways all over the continent. Drivers can also choose to hear driving instructions, in case the passenger riding shotgun is a map-illiterate retard.

Contact: www.alpine1.com

36 PIONEER DVR-2000

Price: $3,000

Like CD recorders, the DVD recorder is a rare bird, even now. Although most commercial DVDs are copy-protected, the DVR-2000 acts like a home editing system for those with Digital Video cameras, and works with DVD writeable and re-writeable discs. Simply plug your camera in and save or delete whatever shots you choose, before saving them to a DVD.

Contact: www.pioneerelectronics.com

37 INFINITY INTERMEZZO 4.1T SPEAKER SYSTEM

Price: $2,500 per speaker

Likely to become objects of near-religious devotion, Infinity's Intermezzo speakers are without peer. The chassis contains three ceramic metal matrix design (CMMD) speakers and a powerful 850-watt woofer that would end any FBI standoff. To ensure optimal sound, an internal parametric equalizer automatically adjusts the bass.

Contact: www.infinitysystems.com

WIN!

38 GT IDRIVE MOUNTAIN BIKE

Price: $4,200

This tough-as-nails trail bike is strictly for serious riders, or perhaps obnoxious urban yuppies who have to have the best of everything, even if all they do is ride around trying to be seen. Weighing a slim 20.3 pounds, the iDrive has tubeless tires, 27-speed Shimano gears, and front and rear shocks.

Contact: www.gtbicycles.com

39 TAG MCLAREN APHRODITE II

Price: $5,500

First they made world-champion Formula 1 race cars, and now they also make world-class stereo systems that sound as good as they look. The tantalizingly named Aphrodite II is more on par weight-wise with an anvil, but that's because all the goods are packed into its compact frame: a 50-watt per channel pre-amplifier with CD player, AM/FM radio and room for inputs.

Contact: www.tagmclarenaudio.com

40 FUJITSU PDS4222 PLASMAVISION W MONITOR

Price: $16,000

Although it is the dream of every red-blooded man on earth to own a flat-screen, this 42-inch monitor is the top of the line of plasma flat screens and is strictly for the big boys. Only three inches thick, the PDS4222 can be mounted on the wall or on a stand, and is capable of providing crystal-clear images from anything plugged into it, including HDTV signals, component video and computers.

Contact: www.fujitsu.com

Seen anything of interest among this array of spectacular toys? If so, turn the page to find out how to win one of your very own.

Sidebar text by Jake Bronstein, Ross Brown, Phil Crandall, Jimmy Jellinek and Tim Kealey

MIDWAY
www.midway.com

AFRO

Sometimes being the best means having to spend a whole lot on Afro Sheen.

Uh huh. That's right. The King of the Ring, Afro Thunder, returns with more style, moves, taunts and punishing soul. Plus a spectrum of new features await like 13 outrageous new boxers including 5 special characters and 10 returning contenders. It's intense, over-the-top boxing action. Come on. I know you feel it now. Let's Get Ready To Rumble®.

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*Screen shots taken from PlayStation 2

WIN! 'Mine! All mine!'

Your geeky side is finally about to pay off big

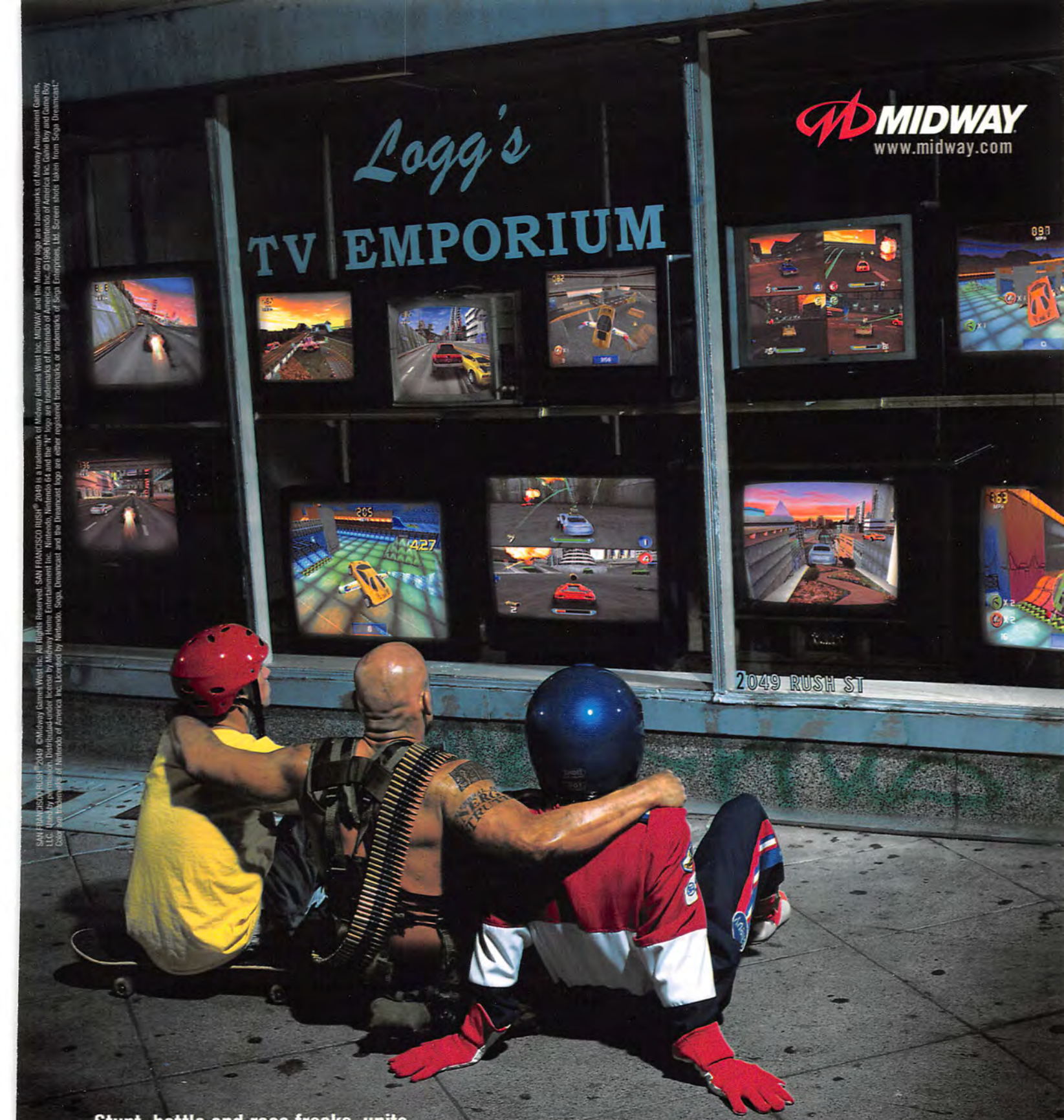
Like what you see? Then bring it home! In the spirit of rewarding innovation, *FHM* is giving away one of each of the precious pieces of sculpted metal, plastic and glass seen on this page to a few discerning readers who have made the effort to honor technology. If you believe you're deserving, send proof of your dedication in the form of a photograph of yourself in the company of a legend of technology. You may have your arm draped around their neck in a friendly pose, or perhaps you are groveling at their feet to illustrate your appreciation of their brainpower. Or maybe you are on all fours. Just make sure that you include with the photo an explanation of who they are, why they are worthy and a list of your top three prizes (although there's no guarantee that you'll win one of those). Winners will be selected randomly from all qualifying submissions by December 13, 2000. See page 224 for a full explanation of rules. And go to the *FHM* Web site at www.FHMus.com to see our gallery of legends, once they start rolling in. . . .

Phil's blow-up Borg was the envy of the convention

To help you in your quest, listed below are some notable "tech heroes"—although you may have your own ideas. **FHM**

FHM'S LEGENDS OF TECHNOLOGY

- Richard Dean Anderson (TV's MacGyver)
- Mr. T
- Ron Popeil
- Lee Majors
- Sy Sperling
- Lindsay Wagner
- Darth Vader
- Bill Gates
- Steve Jobs
- Brent Spiner (TV's Data)
- Evel Knievel
- Super Dave Osborne
- Jeri Ryan
- Desmond Llewelyn
- Any NASA astronaut
- Any drag race driver
- Any well-known but dead inventor



MIDWAY
www.midway.com

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Stunt, battle and race freaks, unite.

It's San Francisco Rush® 2049. The only high-octane title that brings together three games in one. Including Race Mode, where you scream through 6 futuristic San Francisco tracks; Stunt Mode, with insane air and gravity-defying tricks, and finally; Battle Mode, with four-player capacity that lets you lock and load your way through 8 killer arenas. The pedal-to-the-metal arcade favorite is back with all new features and something for just about every octane junkie, including online ghost races for Sega Dreamcast™. Gentlemen, start your adrenal glands.

San Francisco RUSH 2049

ADRENALINE³

E Animated Violence

NINTENDO64

GAME BOY COLOR

Sega Dreamcast

Available September 2000

JACKIE CHAN

Kung fu's silly man on Bruce Lee, American stuntmen and getting his eyes widened

GREG GIRARD/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

What is your real name?

My family calls me A Pao, which means cannonball, but I was christened Chan Kong-San. I found out a few years ago that my father used to be some kind of spy and had to change the family's real name from Lung. So, in fact, my real name is Fong Si Lung.

So how did you end up with the name Jackie?

In 1976, when my career was not going so well, I had to go and live with my parents in Australia to earn some money. I washed dishes in restaurants and worked in construction. People there called me Paw Paw, and then Paul. And because I couldn't speak English, I thought they were just saying A Pao, so I'd always smile and wave when they said it. Then when my father's foreman friend, Jack, took me to work on a construction site, he knew that nobody would be able to say my name, so he told everyone my name was Jack too. To avoid confusion, people started calling me Jackie and it stuck.

When you were a baby, your parents were going to sell you. Do you wonder how your life would be had they succeeded?

I think I would speak no Chinese and I would have a British accent. I think I would be living in Britain right now, probably working as a doctor. But I'd rather be Jackie Chan.

Q Where are the sexiest nurses in the world? A I'm not sure about sexy, but the ones I liked the best were in Yugoslavia.

Is it true you had an operation in 1976 to widen your eyes?

Yes, but as with everything in my life, it was all very coincidental. When I was filming *Drunken Master II*, I crashed off a table onto the floor and my eye was ripped open and blood poured out everywhere. But I'm scared of needles, so in the hospital, I wouldn't let them stitch me up. I just got them to tape it up so I could go back to the set and continue filming. But as soon as I started filming the fight scene again, blood came down and I had to rush back to the hospital. I said, "No needles," so they sealed it up with electricity. Then when my eye healed, it was wider than the other one. My doctor told me I would have to have an operation on the other eye to make them look the same.

Growing up, your nickname was Big Nose. Didn't you think to have them shave a piece off your schnoz while they were fixing your eyes?

No, no, I hate operations; I'm scared of them. I got called Big Nose because when I was in school, my teacher hit me in the face and broke my nose. It was very squashed. I've broken it three times now.

Are you a crybaby when you visit the dentist?

Yes, definitely. Whenever I think about going to the dentist, I remember being a little boy and crying on my father's shoulder, pressing my face up against the wall because of the needles. I am still very scared of going to the doctor and the dentist.

You've spent so much of your life in traction. Can you actually remember which of your bones you've broken?

Well, I've broken my skull, my eyes, my nose three times, my jaw, my shoulder, my chest, two fingers, a knee, everything from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. Everything is broken, broken, cracked and broken.

Where are the sexiest nurses in the world?

Well, I'm not sure about sexy, but the ones I liked the best were in Yugoslavia. I never concentrate on them because I'm so scared. All I want to know is what happened, how bad it is and what the next stage of my treatment is. In Yugoslavia, they were not that pretty actually, I'll be honest, but they were very friendly. After I woke up from a brain operation, I grabbed the nurse's hand and just started crying.

What's the worst film that you've been in?

I can't remember the names of all my films, but I filmed one called *The Killer Meteors* that was just terrible. I'd rather forget that one. And I actually feel sorry for anyone who has sat through *To Kill with Intrigue*.

Indeed. How many people have you fought at once in real life?

When we were young, Sammo Hung [star of TV's *Martial Law*] and I used to get in fights a lot. I remember two friends and I having a street fight with six guys and we beat them up really badly, but I had been stabbed in the thigh. And my hand had started to swell up really big—but I was scared to go to the hospital in case they realized I was the guy from the fight and arrested me. A piece of bone was sticking out from the back of my hand, so I tried to push it back in and wrapped a bandage around it. A few days later, I took it off because my hand smelled so bad. I found the white piece of bone and decided to pull it out. And you know what? It was a tooth. I calmed down a bit after that.

Is it true that you have the world record for the most number of takes on a film set?

Yes, in *Dragon Lord*. I had to kick a ping-pong-sized ball at a target two inches across, from 20 feet away. It is still in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. It took more than 1,600 takes and two days to get a three-second shot. Whatever I do, I want everything to be real.

In your new movie, *The Accidental Spy*, don't you have your first nude scene?

Yes, I filmed that in Turkey. I'm really excited about that one. I'm in a Turkish bath and the bad guys come to get me. The whole scene is me being chased naked, but you can't see my important parts. I use all different objects to cover myself up, everything from a towel to a ladle to a dish. It was a very hard scene. And it's not sexy.

Are you going to do *Rush Hour II*?

Yes. The director trusts me more now, so he will give me greater control, especially over some of the stunts and fight scenes.

In 1985, after you mentioned in an interview that you were getting married, didn't a woman actually kill herself?

Yes, a Japanese girl committed suicide by throwing herself under a train. Then someone came to my office, told everyone she was going to have my baby and drank a bottle of poison.

Which Bruce Lee movies did you appear in?

I was a stuntman in *Fist of Fury* and *Enter the Dragon*. In *Fist of Fury*, Bruce Lee kicks me through a wall. I had to take a drop of 20 feet onto concrete. It was like being hit by a car, but I couldn't make any noise because then we would have to do the scene again. I went unconscious. When I woke up, Bruce Lee was standing over me smiling. He said, "Good work—that's a print!" Later on in 1972, in *Enter the Dragon*, I was one of the guys Bruce had to fight with his nunchakus in the tunnels in Han's castle. In the rehearsals they told me that Bruce would hit me lightly with the nunchakus and that I should fall down while he posed for the camera. Unfortunately, as I ran toward him, he spun around and hit me straight in the face! Bruce spent the rest of the day apologizing to me and then made sure I stayed on set into the evening so I could earn overtime. I got $200. That was a lot at the time.

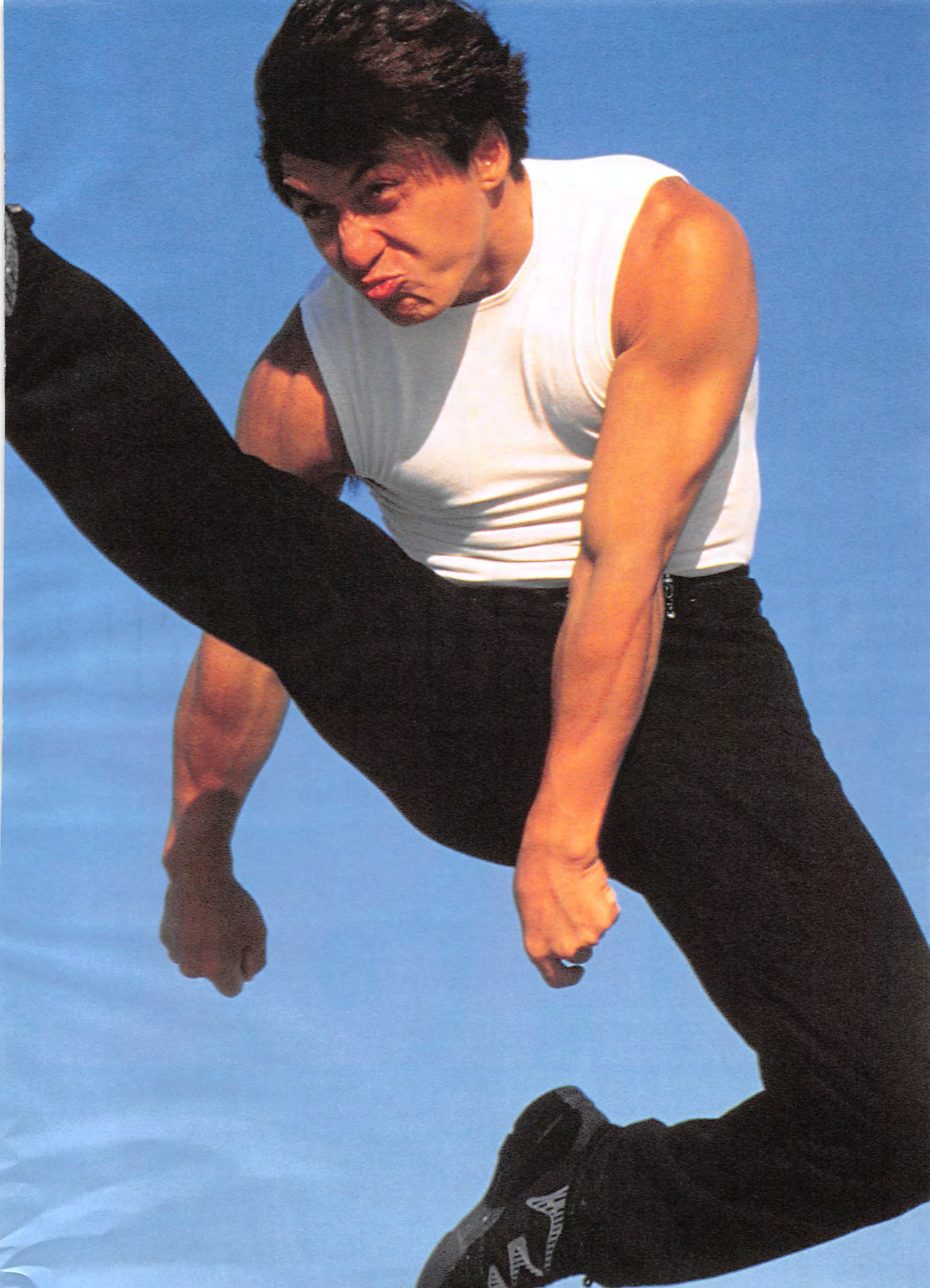
Are American stuntmen wimps?

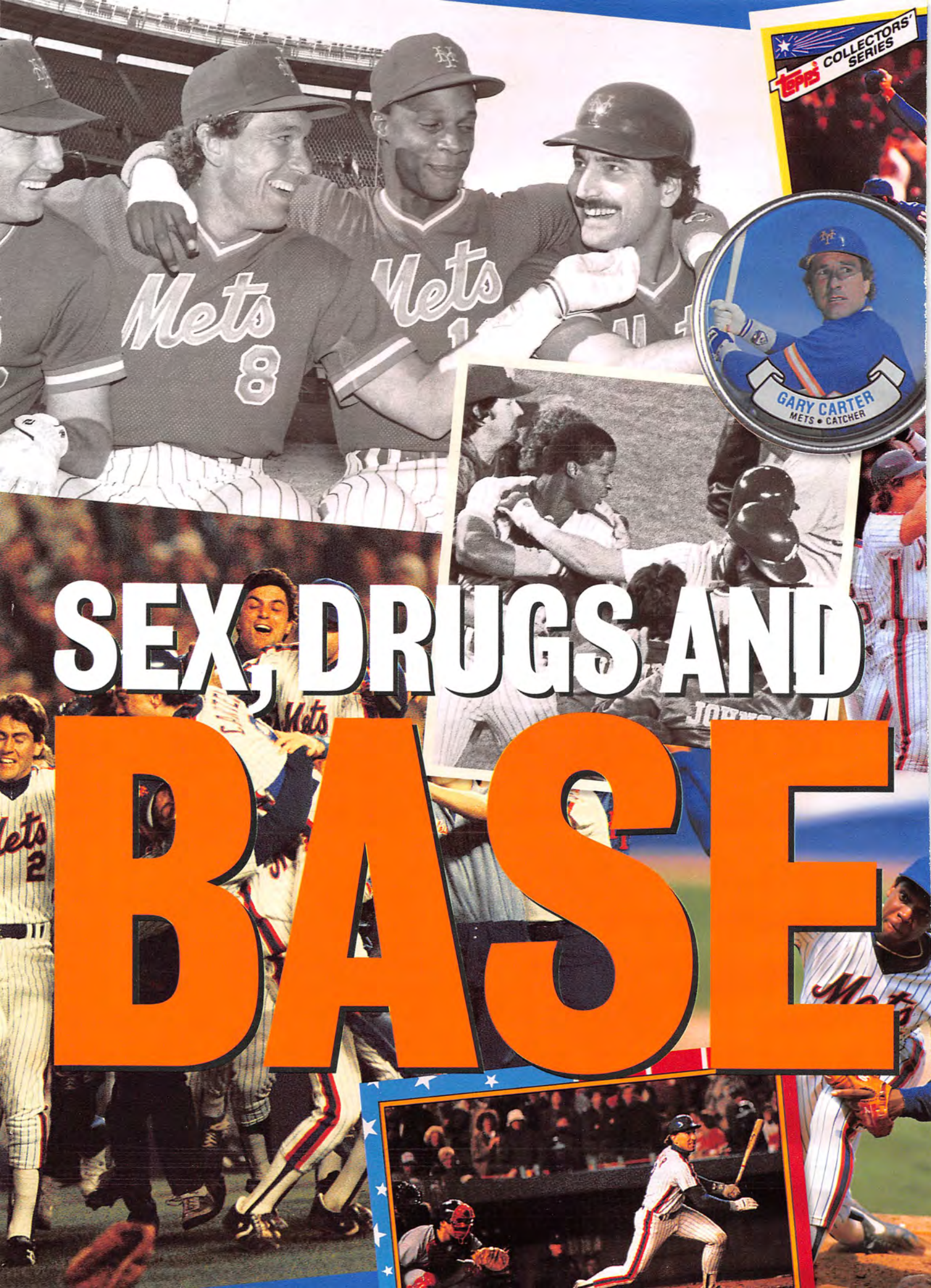
No, the American stuntmen are smart, because they always think about safety. When they do a jump in a car, they calculate everything—the speed, the distance. It's very good. But in Hong Kong, we don't seem to know how to count. Everything we do is a guess. There is no math. All of my stuntmen have gotten hurt at some point. I say, "Do it! Rolling camera, action, jump!" Boom! Ambulance! Hospital! Next stuntman!

You're 46 now. How much longer can your body take a beating?

People say, "Wow, Jackie Chan, new action star," but I'm not new. I'm old. I'm an antique now in my country. I worry about it a lot. I ask myself, "How long can you keep doing these kinds of crazy things?" And the answer is, "Not very long." I don't want to kill myself. And it only takes one miss for me to die.

Interview by Anthony Noguera

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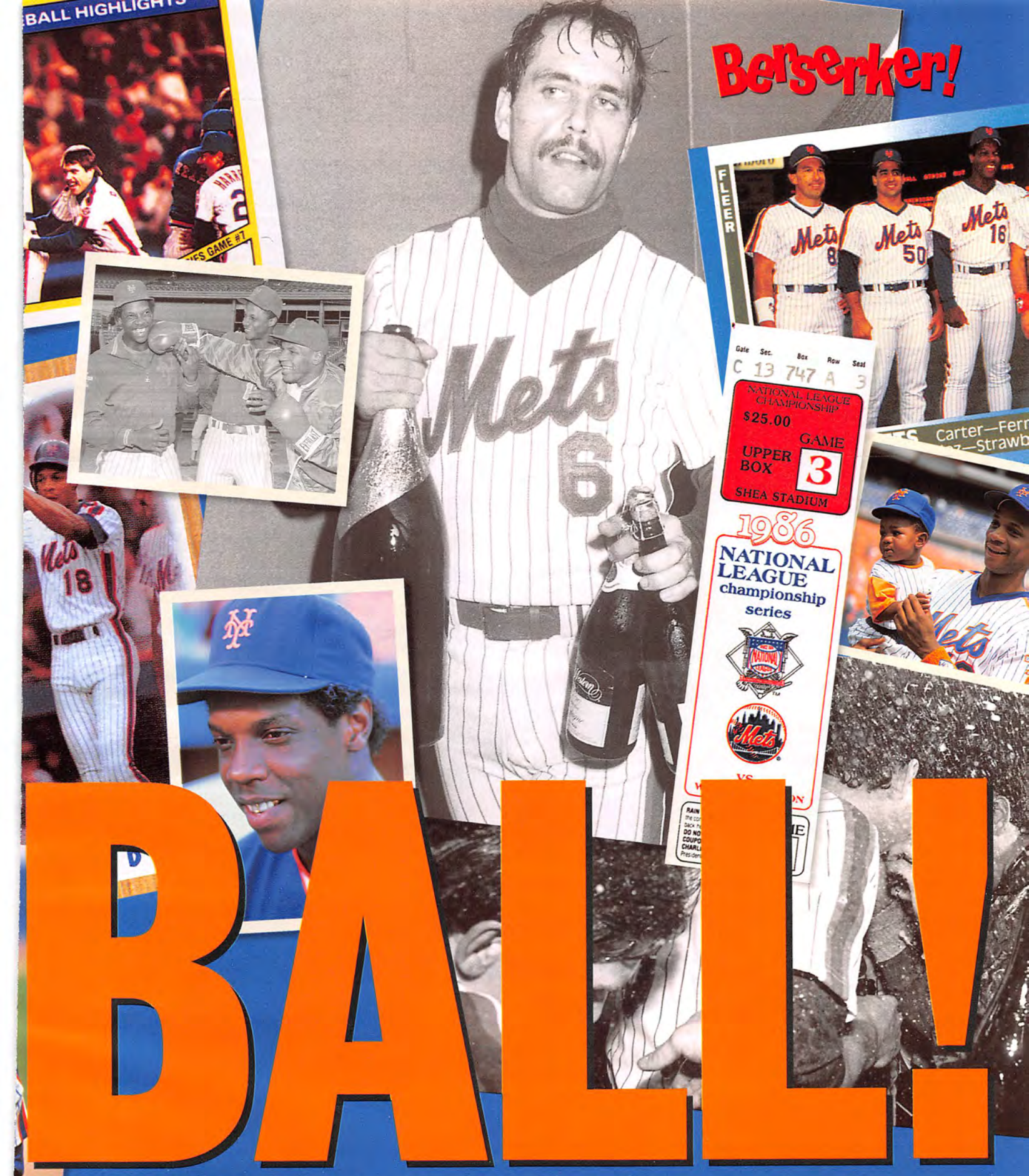


BALL!

The New York Mets stumbled across a new recipe for success in the '80s: destroy planes, live like Mötley Crüe and show no mercy to defenseless animals

BY BOB KLAPISCH

Berserker!

The Boeing 727 carrying the 1986 National League Champion New York Mets had barely risen above the tarmac at Houston's Hobby Field when the world's wildest mid-air frat party was launched. Center fielder Lenny Dykstra popped open a Moët champagne bottle and ordered the team to begin a touch-football game in the aisles. One by one, with beers in hand, the players left their seats and began hauling up and down the plane, knocking whatever was in their way to the ground. As the game went on unchecked by the coaches, it wasn't long before the first hamburger was thrown. By the time the plane had reached 20,000 feet, a full-scale *Animal House*-like food fight was in progress, and there were still more than three hours left in the flight.

The Mets had just completed a stunning 16-inning win over the Astros in Game Six of the NL Championship Series and they were getting their party on, something for which they had become notorious. The Mets were already baseball's wildest team—unrestrained, even in an age of excess—but the euphoria that followed the come-from-behind victory over Houston created a legend at 35,000 feet.

"The drinking on that flight, it was incredible," says Dwight "Doc" Gooden, looking back 14 years later. According to Gooden, while the beers went down fast and furious, seatbacks were ripped from their holsters to be used as shields from flying pieces of chicken and beef. Players' wives and girlfriends were being swapped in kissing and groping sessions, even "licking the beer right off our chests," says one Met, who now is clearly not proud of what occurred on that flight.

Midway through the flight, the lavatory door accidentally swung open, revealing one of the club's top veterans with his head buried in a mound of cocaine. "That's when it crossed the line," says one Mets elder, also too embarrassed even after all this time to reveal his name. "We all turned away and pretended it didn't happen. It was like, 'Whoa, we didn't see that!'"

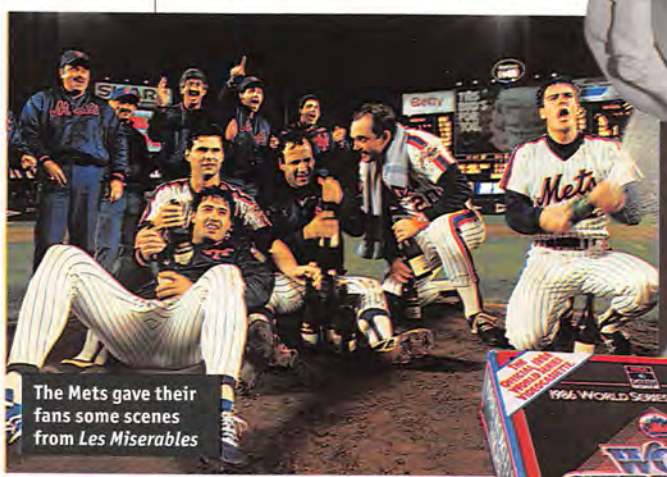
No one reported the incident to club officials, but somehow they found out and it wasn't long before the player was traded. In the meantime, as the Mets readied for their World Series appearance against the Boston Red Sox, the team received a letter from Continental Airlines demanding $10,000 for damages to its aircraft.

General manager Frank Cashen handed the letter to manager Davey Johnson and said, "Do something about this." The implication was, of course, that it was the players' responsibility to pay. Johnson assembled his Mets in the middle of the clubhouse and read the letter word for word, including the request for payment. The manager then looked up and said, "Fuck 'em. Let them pay. If it wasn't for us, there wouldn't be any World Series!" Johnson ceremoniously tore up the letter and let the pieces drop. Too arrogant to fail, the Mets went on to beat the Red Sox in the World Series that year.

"It was so different back then, the way players acted, the way the flights were," says Gooden, who's now in his 15th year in the majors and in his second tour of duty with the New York Yankees. "I mean, today, guys are on their computers and watching DVDs. Back then, all we did was drink and party."

Former Mets third basemen and current San Diego Padre Dave Magadan, who did his share of partying on the '86 team, agrees. "I see guys who think they're wild now," he says, "and I'm thinking, 'You have no idea what it used to be like. There were women everywhere.' This was before players were worried about lawsuits and stuff."

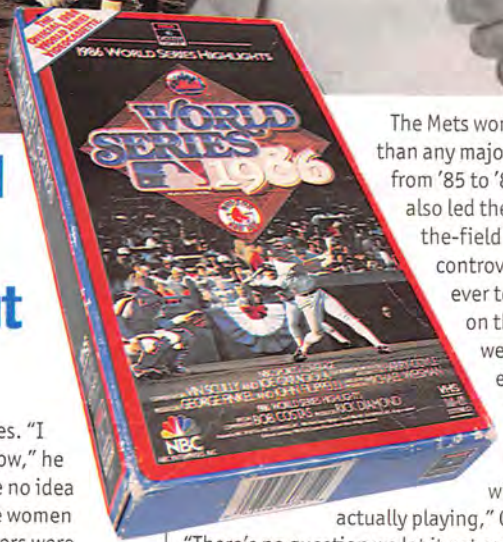
Almost all of them were trouble. Gooden, who the year before was celebrated when at 19 he became the youngest pitcher ever to win the Cy Young Award, was typical of most of the Mets. He missed the World Series victory parade along Manhattan's Canyon of Heroes because he was too hung over from the night before. But even the Mets' most law-abiding citizens had their moments. Rick Aguilera and Tim Teufel were arrested outside a Houston bar during the summer of '86 and charged with assaulting an off-duty police officer.



The Mets gave their fans some scenes from *Les Miserables*

In one motion, Mitchell took the knife to his girlfriend's cat and cut its head clean off

David Cone, Ron Darling and their frightening interpretation of "fashion"



The Mets won more games than any major league team from '85 to '89, and they also led the majors in off-the-field partying and controversy. "Whatever town we went to on the road, we were more interested in where we could go after the game than who we were actually playing," Gooden says. "There's no question we let it get out of hand."

Maybe that's why, for all their talent, the Mets won only that one World Series and never even won a second pennant in those years. "We had the attitude of, 'If we don't get it this year, there's always next year,'" Magadan says. "We never understood how few chances you get in your career. Even now, in team meetings when we talk about underachieving clubs, the '86 Mets are the example everyone brings up. We wasted so much talent."

Two main reasons for this underachieving were alcohol and drugs. It was a pretty simple equation: Cocaine and booze after the game to cele-

PREVIOUS SPREAD: BETTMAN/CORBIS; UPI-BETTMAN/CORBIS; ALETHEA WOJCIK (5); 1987 TOPPS, INC. (2); 1987 FLEER CORP.; VINNIE ZUFFANTE/STAR FILE; DUOMO (2); UPI-BETTMAN/CORBIS; STEVEN B. SUTTON/DUOMO; RICH PILLING/MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PHOTOS; THIS PAGE: KENNETH JARECKE/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES; ALETHEA WOJCIK(2); DOMINICK CONDE/STAR FILE; UPI-BETTMAN/CORBIS

brate; amphetamines before the next game to sharpen the hand-eye coordination.

Gooden estimates that "about 18" of the 25 players were into coke, and of that group, "about six to eight" had serious addiction problems. He was one of them, of course, having served two drug-related suspensions since 1986, as has Darryl Strawberry. Along with booze and "beans"—the most common nickname for amphetamines—the Mets sailed through the '80s on a river of cocaine. And, of course, there was plenty of sex.

Major league baseball players have long been an aphrodisiac for many women around the country, but sleeping with a New York Met in the '80s was like being with a member of Led Zeppelin. Once, when the Mets were playing in San Diego, Kevin Elster, who with his Ivy League looks and ultra-hip persona was the Mets resident woman magnet, was in the dugout when he spied a local beauty in the stands. He promptly sent a batboy up to see what her deal was. It turned out she was a girlfriend of one of the Padres, but she still wanted to meet Elster. During the third inning, she was hurried into the Mets lounge to rendezvous with Elster, where they quickly got down to business. By the seventh-inning stretch, Elster was back on the Mets bench, none the worse for wear.

In New York on another occasion, pitcher David Cone (already under investigation for a previous sex scandal that involved accusations of rape and group sex) was said to have exposed himself to a group of women in the Mets' bullpen and masturbated in front of them. The story made the front page of the *New York Post*, and the Mets' front office was furious and embarrassed.

Beyond even the boozing, sex and drugs, were some pretty bizarre goings on. There's one day in particular that stands out in Gooden's mind, when he decided to pay an unannounced visit to his friend, teammate and neighbor, Kevin Mitchell. Gooden had enormous professional respect for Mitchell, a rookie outfielder, but he also harbored a certain fear of him. Mitchell, who had grown up in the roughest neighborhoods in San Diego, claimed to have been a gang member and even hinted at having killed someone in a brawl. "I wasn't sure if Mitch was telling the truth, but I knew better than to ever get him mad," Gooden says.

Dwight Gooden: Welcome to Florida

Unfortunately for Gooden, however, he picked the wrong day to be a good neighbor. He walked into Mitchell's condo only to find him in the middle of a terrible dispute with his girlfriend. Mitchell was holding a 12-inch knife in his hand and waving it menacingly at the girl. Gooden says he knew there was going to be trouble "when I started backing out toward the door and said, 'Hey, uh, Mitch, I better be going,' and Kevin wheeled around and said, 'Sit the fuck down. You're not going anywhere!'"

Mitchell didn't stop there. Knife still in hand, he ordered Gooden to barricade the front door, convinced there were police sharpshooters positioned nearby. Gooden had no choice but to comply—first a sofa, then two chairs on top of it. Finally, the shades were pulled down. Gooden remembers the conversation that followed as if it were yesterday.

"Mitch, it's OK. There's no one out there."

"You calling me a liar, motherfucker?" Mitchell said, staring so hotly at Gooden that the pitcher was forced to look away.

Not even Mitchell's girlfriend could reason with the angry Met. She said, "Kevin, leave him alone. He's your friend."

With that, Mitchell's rage went to another level. At that very moment, his girlfriend's cat had the misfortune to walk in front of Mitchell, giving him a chance to make his point. With a quick, scooping motion, Mitchell grabbed the cat off the ground and pulled its head back, exposing its neck.

"You think I'm kidding when I say don't ever fuck with me?" Mitchell shouted. Before she could answer, Mitchell took the knife to her cat and cut its head clean off. Gooden remembers that it took a moment for the image to register in his brain. He could see the blood pouring out of the bottom of the head, and a few feet away, the body still twitching. The woman was now screaming uncontrollably. Gooden was unable to open his mouth.

"You just sit right there and don't move," Mitchell said, pointing to the couch. That's where Gooden and the woman remained as Mitchell hunkered down across the room, staring at them. The standoff lasted for two awful hours, not a word uttered by anyone, until the dark cloud finally passed. Then, Mitchell smiled at Gooden and said, "You can go now."

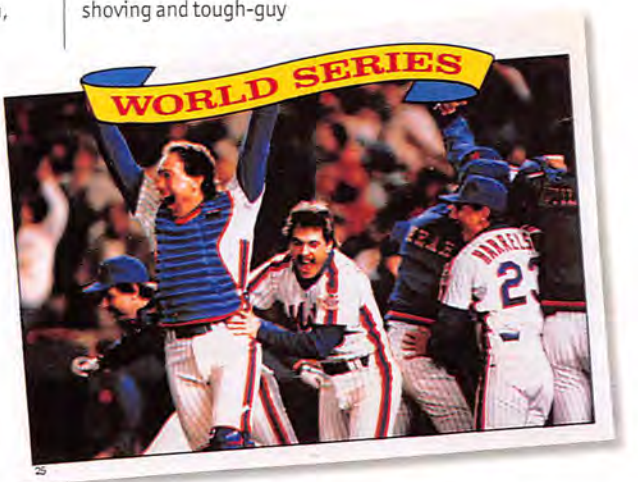
The next day at Shea Stadium, Gooden says he approached Mitchell and asked, "You feeling OK today?"

Looking straight ahead, the outfielder said, "Yesterday never happened."

Doc wasn't the only player to feel and experience Mitchell's wrath. During one spring training basketball game among a bunch of Mets, he and Strawberry had an argument about who should be shooting and who should be passing.

Strawberry fancied himself a street kid from South Central LA, but within minutes, he found he was no match for Mitchell. In fact, it took three players to pull Mitchell off of Strawberry, but not until he'd beaten Straw into the ground.

Later that summer, the Mets and Pirates were involved in an on-field brawl—which, like most baseball fights, was barely more than pushing and shoving and tough-guy



posturing. However, at the fringe of the altercation was Mitchell, who had overpowered Pittsburgh's Sammy Khalifa and put him in a chokehold.

"I realized Khalifa's eyes were rolling back in his head," Gooden says, "and that Kevin wasn't stopping. He was murdering the guy right on the field. A bunch of us had to rush over and pull Mitch off him before he died."

Magadan remembers Mitchell as being almost schizophrenic. "It's not like Mitch was a crazy man all the time," Magadan says. "In fact, I never saw

Berserker!

him lose his temper. If he liked you, he was the sweetest guy and a loyal friend. But if he had a problem with you, you just knew he could back up what he said. A lot of guys talk about kicking other guys' asses. Kevin would just do it."

The Mets' owners wanted to protect Gooden and Strawberry, the organization's crown jewels, from Mitchell's inner demons, so he was traded after the '86 season. Still, within months of Mitchell's trade to the Padres for Kevin McReynolds, Gooden tested positive for cocaine.

"That was a terrible setback to all of us, not just professionally, but personally," third baseman Ray Knight says. "If you'd told me that Doc had been using drugs [before 1987], I wouldn't have believed it. He was the nicest guy, and never showed any signs of being in trouble."

Gooden spent April of 1987 in the Smithers Institute for Rehabilitation in Manhattan, learning the rules of coping with addiction. Obviously, the first was to give up drinking, but almost immediately upon his reinstatement, Gooden was back to boozing with the Mets.

"I guess I wanted to prove that I could handle it," he says. "Everyone on the team was drinking, and I didn't want to feel different. I thought I was tough enough to be able to still drink, as wrong as that was."

Mets fans: thoughtful

Gooden was right about the culture of alcohol on the Mets. Pitcher Ron Darling said he didn't trust any teammate "who didn't drink beer." Even manager Davey Johnson kept a supply of vodka in his office fridge. But more than anything else, it was the charter flights that functioned as a social measuring stick for the Mets. The manager and coaches sat in first class. The rookies and non-drinkers—Tim Teufel, Mookie Wilson, Gary Carter, for example—sat in the front of coach. The hard partiers, such as Strawberry, Gooden, Darling, Elster, Keith Hernandez and Bobby Ojeda, gathered at the back.

Some of the Mets floated happily through the alcohol haze. McReynolds routinely cleaned out Dykstra in marathon card games, and collected the money owed to him by forcing the little center fielder to turn over a nice chunk of his $80,000 post-season check after the '88 season.

Others had a mean streak that bubbled close to the surface after a few beers. There was nothing Strawberry liked more than to pick on those of his teammates who followed the straight and narrow, just to see how far he could push them.

Gary Carter, a born-again Christian, was a favorite target. The catcher remembers those days well. "I took a tremendous amount of abuse from Darryl," Carter says, "mostly for the way I lived my life. He'd have a few beers, and by the time we reached our destination, he was pretty smashed.

"Then he'd start on me, saying, 'Kid, you don't ever go out. You don't do anything with your life, do you?' I wanted to shut him up because he was so obnoxious, so abusive. But it wasn't really worth it. For one thing, I really felt sorry for Darryl more than anything else. And let's be honest; he was six-six, carved out of stone. If he wanted to, he could've killed a man."

Strawberry even took on Johnson. "I'd hear Darryl getting on me for not hitting him cleanup or for not using Mookie instead of Lenny," the ex-manager recalls. "I pretended not to hear him. "The truth is, if I'd gone to the back of the plane, I'm sure I would've fought him and I might've killed him. That's how angry I was at times. But I let it go because I had no doubt there would've been an incident and it would've ended up on the back page of the *Daily News* or the *Post*. Darryl was a sensitive guy, and I'm not sure he would've benefited from the negative publicity."

Finally, one Met did rebel—and it shocked everyone. Tim Teufel, the second baseman who'd been acquired from Minnesota after the '85 season, was a well-liked guy; but, like Carter, he was married and a Christian, which, to Strawberry, was like wearing a bull's-eye.

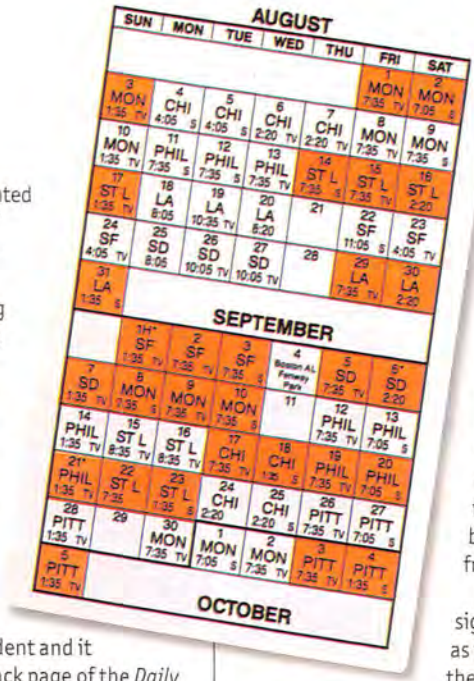
It fact, it was Strawberry who gave Teufel the nickname Richard, as in Richard Head, which, after enough beer in Darryl's system, became Dick Head. The players remember the taunting on the charter flights going something like this: "Hey, Richard. . . . Hey, Richard Head. . . . Come on, I know you can hear me. . . . Hey, Dick. . . . Hey, Dick Head!"

This went on for months, and not once did Teufel respond. He'd just stare straight ahead, several rows in front with the more civilized Mets, waiting for the storm to pass.

Finally, after a one-run loss in which a pop fly landed between Teufel and Strawberry—angering both men, since each one thought the other should've caught it—tempers finally exploded.

Strawberry once again called Teufel a dickhead, but for the ever-forgiving second baseman, this time it was too much. Teufel stood up, turned around and challenged Strawberry.

"I'm sick of your crap!" Teufel shouted. "I don't care how big you are. I'll fight you right here. Let's go." To everyone's amazement, Teufel walked down the plane's aisle toward Strawberry, although he must've known his chances of surviving a fight with the bigger and stronger Strawberry were minimal.



Luckily it never came to that, as several Mets intercepted Teufel. But everyone saw a change from that day on, as Strawberry not only stopped taunting the infielder but actually became friendly with him.

Still, it was another sign that things were not as they should be, and as the years passed, the Mets' unity continued to unravel. The final act occurred in spring training in 1989, when Strawberry went after Hernandez in full view of the press as the Mets were having their team picture taken.

It happened because Strawberry, arguably the best player on the Mets and in the National League, learned that Hernandez, the Mets' captain, had been campaigning against him. The previous September, Hernandez was telling the baseball beat writers who vote for the league's Most Valuable Player Award that McReynolds deserved to win it instead of Strawberry. Even with all of Hernandez's malicious campaigning, the writers wound up giving the award to Kirk Gibson of the Los Angeles Dodgers, but that didn't ease the anger Darryl felt when he was told of Hernandez's scheme by one of the writers that spring morning in '89. As the team gathered for the picture—the photographer placing Hernandez and Strawberry next to each other in the back row—the session was interrupted by shouting in the back that ended with Strawberry throwing a punch that glanced off Hernandez's face. The players were separated, but it became clear that management had decided this Mets team was more trouble than it was worth, and the party was soon over for good. In mid-'89, Dykstra was traded to the Philadelphia Phillies. The next year, Carter went to the San Francisco Giants and Hernandez to the Cleveland Indians. In '91, Strawberry joined the Dodgers.

Lenny Dykstra: "very thirsty"

Today, the clubhouse is a corporate conference room and players are businessmen first, then entertainers, and athletes last. Players who want to go out and party quickly find that they're unable to keep up on the field with their more serious teammates. In addition, teams are much more savvy about the effects that negative publicity concerning their players can have on the bottom line. That's not to say that the Mets of the '80s wouldn't have enjoyed the same kind of success today, it's just that they wouldn't have had as much fun doing it.

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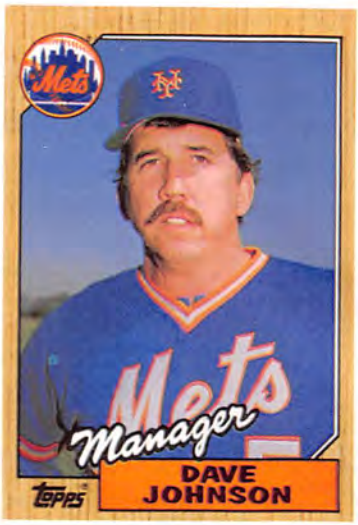
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

For all of their talent, the '80s Mets won just one World Series. That was in 1986, when Bill Buckner of the Boston Red Sox did his infamous impression of a croquet wicket, rescuing the Mets from certain defeat. Fourteen years later, here's what the members of that championship team are doing. . . .



Davey Johnson, Manager
Fired early in the 1990 season, he managed the Cincinnati Reds and the Baltimore Orioles before being hired by the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1999.

Rick Aguilera, P
Traded to the Twins in 1989 as part of the deal that brought Frank Viola to the Mets. Traded to Chicago in 1999 and is still pitching in relief for the Cubs.

Ron Darling, P
Traded to the Expos and the A's in the same 1991 season. Retired after the 1995 season. Currently is an analyst for Fox Sports Net.

Sid Fernandez, P
Returned home to his native Hawaii after his retirement and tossed his gloves and spikes into the Pacific Ocean. Hosts a radio show in Honolulu.

Dwight Gooden, P
Currently on his second time around pitching for the New York Yankees after being signed in June 2000, as a free agent.

Roger McDowell, P
Traded to the Philadelphia Phillies in 1989 along with Lenny Dykstra. He now hosts a radio show in Palm Springs, CA.

Bob Ojeda, P
In virtual seclusion after surviving a 1993 boating accident that killed two Indians teammates. Now fishes and plays golf near his home in New Jersey.

Jesse Orosco, P
Is a pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals. Was traded back to the Mets from the Baltimore Orioles last winter, but was dealt to the Cards in spring training.

Gary Carter, C
Works as a part-time broadcaster for the Expos and the Marlins while he tries to land a spot on the professional golfing tour.

ALETHEA WOJCIK; 1987 TOPPS, INC.

Keith Hernandez, 1B
Made a few cameo appearances on *Seinfeld*. Works as a part-time Mets broadcaster on Fox and has authored two books.

Lee Mazzilli, 1B
Is the first-base coach for the New York Yankees and possible successor to Joe Torre as Yankees manager.

Wally Backman, 2B
After mysteriously disappearing from the Mets family after his 1995 retirement, he has resurfaced to manage a team in the minor leagues.

Tim Teufel, 2B
Traded to the Padres in 1991, where he played two-and-a-half seasons before retiring in 1993. Now a professional scout for the Mets.

Ray Knight, 3B
Works frequently as an in-studio contributor for ESPN's *Baseball Tonight*. Married to professional golfer Nancy Lopez.

Dave Magadan, 3B
Still a respected hitter at age 37, he is currently the third baseman for the San Diego Padres.

Howard Johnson, 3B-SS
Works as a full-time scout for the Mets, covering the Southern California region.

Rafael Santana, SS
Played with the Mets through 1989, then retired in 1990. Currently works as a Latin American scout for the St. Louis Cardinals.

Lenny Dykstra, OF
Traded to the Phillies in 1989, now owns and operates a chain of car washes in Southern California.

Kevin Mitchell, OF
Suspended from the Western League in August for punching an opposing pitcher during a brawl and subsequently assaulting that team's owner.

Darryl Strawberry, OF
Is under a drug-related one-year suspension from baseball—the second of his career—and continues to battle colon cancer.

Mookie Wilson, OF
Is the first-base coach for the Mets. Remains one of the most popular figures in club history. **FHM**

"Your motivation? Think De Niro as the robot from *Lost in Space*"

STYLING BY PROPPED UP; MAKEUP BY DEBBIE CRONIN AT MICHAEL JOHN

AND THE OSCAR GOES TO...

Start writing your acceptance speech, because with *FHM*'s guide to filmmaking, you can turn your dumb idea into the next blockbuster. Just don't forget to thank us

BY JIMMY JELLINEK • PHOTOGRAPHY BY SYRIOL JONES

The days of sucking up to some egomaniacal producer while you squeeze fresh prune juice and hand-wash his underwear are gone. You no longer have to sell your soul to make movies. It still works, but if you have a shred of self-respect and don't want to spend your days brushing Kim Basinger's dog's teeth, listen up, because there are ways around the Hollywood machine. New technology has opened up a window of opportunity for would-be Scorseses, bringing the cost of making a feature film into the realm of the weekend hobbyist. Consider the following success stories:

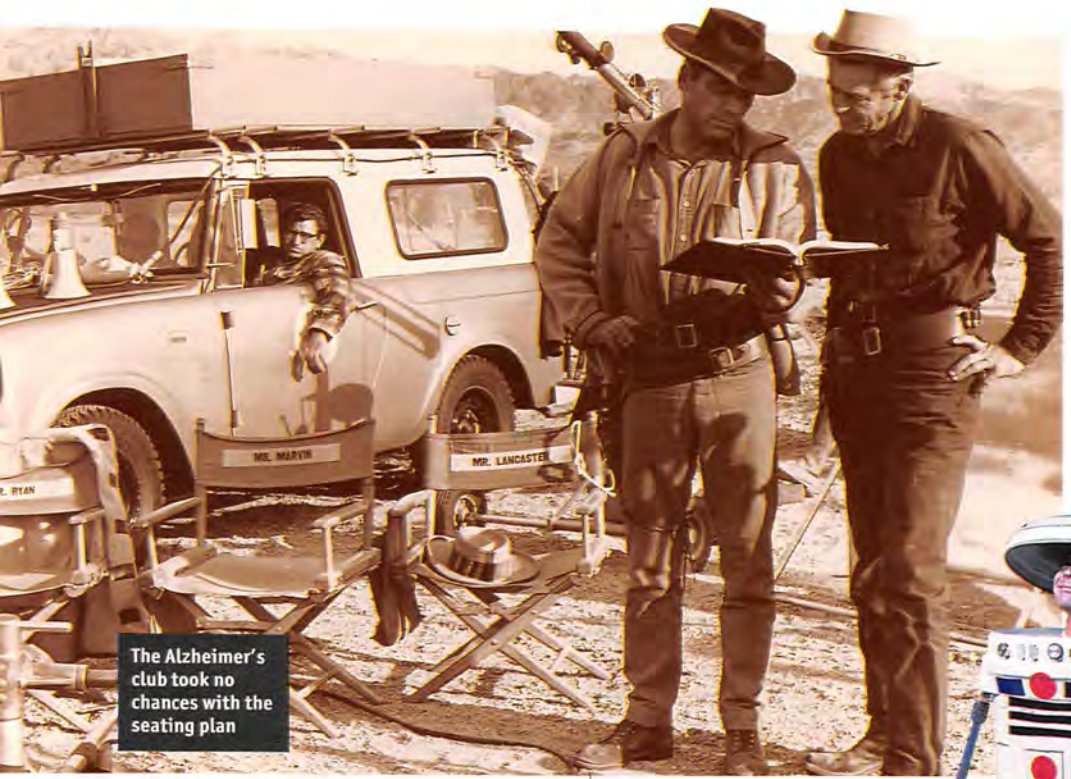
- ***The Blair Witch Project*** (1999) Cost: $50,000; Gross: $250 million
- ***Clerks*** (1994) Cost: $27,000; Gross: $4 million
- ***The Last Broadcast*** (1998) Cost: $900; Gross: $2 million
- ***El Mariachi*** (1992) Cost: $7,000; Gross: $1.6 million
- ***Slacker*** (1991) Cost: $30,000; Gross: $1.2 million

With the right idea, a bit of technical know-how, and clever marketing, you could be swapping groupies with Matt Damon at next year's Oscars.

THE IDEA

It may sound obvious, but write about what you know. If you've never been a tunnel rat in Vietnam, don't try to write an *Apocalypse Now* knock-off. Originality is key, and your thoughts and experiences should form the basis of your film. Then again, be practical. Make sure the movie you want to make is something people actually want to see. Nobody wants to sit through a 90-minute tearjerker about your brother with Down Syndrome. Adam Mutterperl, who recently finished the $40,000 *Donald's Last Dance*, took his inspiration from a summer he spent with his old high-school rock band, trying to relive the magic one last time. "I haven't had a particularly hard life, never been on the street, never been in a drug deal gone bad, so this was my movie."

Essential advice: Unless you have rich parents, your first film is going to have a budget of about



The Alzheimer's club took no chances with the seating plan

$85. So don't get too ambitious with things like special effects or location.

THE VISION

Now that you've got a winning idea, decide what kind of movie you want to make. Say it's the story of a handicapped horse overcoming adversity; you must decide how you are going to treat it. Will it be a comedy, a drama, a tragedy, a "dramedy," boy against world or a gang story? This will be the fundamental "hook" of your story. Where will you set the film and in what era? All of these considerations will affect how you write your dialogue and the form your script will take.

Essential advice: You must be 100 percent clear in your vision in order to communicate it to dozens of people, from actors to crew to financiers. If *you* don't fully understand it, they never will.

THE SCRIPT

"Your story should have a beginning, a middle and an end," says Pat Healy, a former development executive for the Farrelly brothers, who now writes his own scripts. In the first act, you need to introduce your characters and set up the plot. In the second act, which is where the bulk of the action happens, you must establish the conflict. And by the third act, you need to start winding everything up and work toward some kind of resolution. In terms of pages, one page of script is equal to one minute of screen time. So your script should be 90 to 120 pages. And if you get stuck, or if your script absolutely sucks, there are companies out there who can help you. Check out Script Scene at www.scriptscene.com (or call 310-573-9020). Former agent Paul Small will evaluate your script with story notes (two-page synopsis, four to six pages of story notes) for $200.

Essential advice: "It's important to write something that's small, manageable and within the bounds of your skills and resources," says Greg Harrison. Think of stories that can be told in one place. Harrison, writer and director of *Groove*, a movie about the San Francisco rave scene, set his film almost entirely in a warehouse. They spent three out of four weeks shooting in one locale.

"Please set the controls for delicates"

THE PITCH

Once you've written your amazing script, it's time to get out there and pound the pavement to see if somebody wants to make your movie. Unless you plan on financing the whole thing yourself, the pitch is make-or-break time for your film. You'll be going to independent producers, investors and development executives at small production companies. Each of these people will want something different and you'll need to be able to deliver the goods on the spot. Brevity is key, and most times the producer will decide within the first five minutes if he's interested in your project. "If a new writer comes in to pitch me something and has never written anything before, that idea must be as unique and well thought out as any idea I've ever heard in my entire life," says Adam Goodman, a development executive at Dreamworks. And if you are going to financiers, make sure you have a clear, well thought out business plan. It may sound obvious, but dress up, have a package they can look at and show them the completed script. And be ready to do it anywhere. Desperate filmmakers have been known to chase down producers in the parking lot of a grocery store, shove a script in their hands and deliver a 30-second "elevator pitch" that conveys the meaning of their film before Mr. Producer can pack his Mercedes. You must be insistent, bold and confident without sounding like a creepy stalker. And try to master their lingo. If you can think of existing movies to compare your project to, even better: "It's *Citizen Kane* meets *Die Hard*; it's *Big Momma's House* meets *Fried Green Tomatoes*."

Essential advice: When writing down your pitch, make sure it can be done in two lines, with a memorable catch phrase.

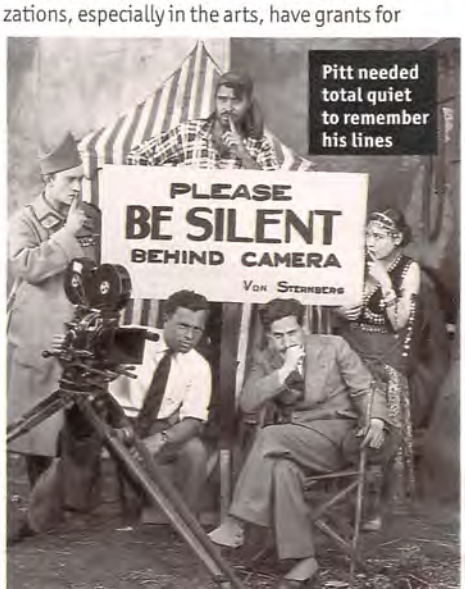
FINANCE

The actual development and production of your movie will be gravy compared to the groveling and boot-licking you'll have to endure just to get meager financing for your film. Have a business plan: It will be the most important document you write, after your script. Inside, detail exactly how much everything is going to cost, broken down shot by shot. Also, you need to estimate your expenses. How much will all the film stock cost? How much will editing cost? The more detailed you can be, the more confident investors will be in your film.

Dot-com money: Even though the dot-com sector isn't as robust as it once was, there's still a lot of money floating around out there for the taking. Dot-commers are willing to do anything to prove they're still alterna-artists, and that includes writing big, fat checks. Danielle Renfrew, the producer on *Groove*, mined the rave/dot-com scene for cash to help finance the film. "We tried to think of those ravers that had money," says Renfrew. "There were tremendous parallels between the nerd Internet world in San Francisco and the rave scene, so we were able to tap into this tremendous pool of new money."

Have a name attached to your project: Attracting money from investors is often easier when there is a recognizable name attached to a project. Arty Nelson's $100,000 *Down with the Joneses*, a digital film about a couple who holds their best friends hostage, started to attract funding after Joshua Leonard (*The Blair Witch Project*) signed on to play the male lead. "He was cast before *Blair Witch* got huge, so when the movie hit, suddenly everybody wanted to be in business with us," says Nelson.

Nonprofit organizations: Many nonprofit organizations, especially in the arts, have grants for



Pitt needed total quiet to remember his lines

SIDEBAR BY TIM HERBERT; KOBAL COLLECTION (3)

filmmakers, and even equipment to lend at cut-rate prices. Try www.ipdg.org/academy/funding.html. It has numerous links to grants for filmmakers and video-makers. Another source is www.itvs.org, run by Independent Television Service.

Free stuff: Most large companies have product placement departments, and for the price of a few well-placed logos, you could outfit your entire cast in a free wardrobe. Harrison contacted Adidas for *Groove* and they provided him with free sweat suits. And Mutterperl fed the entire cast and crew of *Donald's* from the good graces of his local bagel shop.

Completion funds: Some companies specialize in giving "completion" money to help financially strapped directors bring their films to the big

The production of your movie is gravy compared to the boot-licking you'll do to get financing

screen. Often the company assumes partial ownership, but you will now have the backing of a real company. Try Next Wave Films, the Independent Film Channel's feature greenhouse. They offer up to $100,000 in finishing funds for English language films that are up to 70 minutes in length. Generally, the money is used to complete editing, do sound design, produce a score or secure music rights, cut a negative and create a print (which may include a blow-up or transfer from video to film). Go to www.nextwavefilms.com for a submission form.

Essential advice: Lloyd Kaufman, director of *The Toxic Avenger* (a mutant superhero story) recommends raising money from dentists. "They spend all day inside someone's smelly mouth, so they're just looking for excitement. Be nice to your dentist and you could make a lot of money."

"I still won't do *Papillon II*"

ASSEMBLING YOUR CAST AND CREW

Use your friends as much as possible; they will make up the bulk of your crew. Mutterperl relied solely on the help of a rotating group of friends and colleagues. "It was all about people doing favors for each other. I'd meet somebody on another crew, help him with his shoot and he'd bring people he knew to help with my shoot. We got sound people that way and lighting guys who had their own equipment." There are drawbacks, however, as you don't know if anybody will actually show up for the crew call, or if they'll even be sober. "We'd have different crew members every day. Sometimes I'd have a guy who knew nothing about camera and sound doing camera and sound. Plus, my regular cameraman was an alcoholic. He'd get so drunk the night before a shoot that he couldn't look through the lens the next day." But if you have some money to spend, check out www.crew-net.com to build a professional crew. Oftentimes, even professionals will work for a reduced rate or even for free. Use film schools to your advantage. By posting flyers on walls and sending bulk e-mails, you can attract

Short films that made it big

While movie makers are busy extolling the virtues of the Internet as an ingenious marketing device, the Web itself has become a new kind of cinema—a four-inch-square theater where you can catch a movie during your lunch break. Web sites such as iFilm (www.ifilm.net), AtomFilms (www.atomfilms.com) and Short Fest.com (www.shortfest.com) are being eyed by Hollywood execs looking to launch new careers. A new site, Pop.com (www.pop.com, launching soon), showcases the work of unknown filmmakers alongside comic contributions from its co-owners, Steven Spielberg, Ron Howard, Brian Grazer (*Bowfinger*) and Dreamworks's Jeffrey Katzenberg. Who knows? It may make even better viewing than those films on the Web. You know, the ones with the naked ladies in them.

George Lucas in Love
(www.mediatrip.com)
Young George Lucas has writer's block and is struggling to graduate from film school until he falls for a Princess Leia look-alike. Clever *Star Wars* references include a neighbor with Darth Vader-like asthma, and a drugged-up guy who talks about the Force.

Black People Hate Me and They Hate My Glasses
(www.ifilm.net)
This 14-minute comedy centers on the life of a neurotic New Yorker with big hair who tells friends about his encounters with black people on the street and how he's convinced they hate him because he wears glasses.

Herd
(www.reelshort.com)
This 18-minute short tells the story of a burger chef who discovers a super-intelligent alien living in his house. The extraterrestrial (a silver stuffed animal) befriends his host, disassembles all the gadgets around the house and escapes from the FBI.

Troops
(www.theforce.net/troops/)
Stormtroopers are on patrol in Tattooine—shot in the style of a fly-on-the-wall *Cops* documentary. The troops have to deal with light-fingered Jawas and an ugly "domestic" between the Skywalkers. George Lucas is a big fan.

'Other people's movies just suck!'

No-budget films can turn ordinary people into stars, such as Mike Schank, the simple-minded sidekick in *American Movie*

What's the worst part about movie making for you?
There is no bad part. I love it. It's all good.
But doesn't the editing suck?
No, because we all go into the editing room together and it's like a party. We hang out and stay up all night.
What have you learned about filmmaking?
I know the difference between a motivated filmmaker and some stupid kid who goes to film school, doesn't know what he's doing and spends a lot of money. That's why they made a movie about Mark Borchardt [director of the homemade horror flick *Coven*, the subject of *American Movie*]. They saw him bringing in canisters of film and that he was serious about making a movie. Other people, their movies just sucked.
Did you meet a lot of those people at Sundance?
They all think everyone's going to like their movies and that they'll win first place. When we won for *American Movie*, it just rocked 'cause nobody thought we had a chance.
Was it cool becoming an overnight celebrity?
Yeah! I'm financially secure. And I got a phone in my room now so I always have somebody to talk to. The other day, Angus Young from AC/DC called to say my guitar playing rocks. Some dude called to say he watched *American Movie* on five hits of acid and I'm his god now.
What about chicks?
I got a call from two chicks who wanted to have a threesome, but it never came to anything. Mostly I've been hooking up with chicks I knew in high school.

Gallagher turned bitter after the watermelon mishap

You can buy Mike's album at www.americanmovie.com. His phone number's listed in Milwaukee; if he's home, he might pick up and play a song for you.

Security was tight at the mental hospital Christmas card shoot

a crew with access to university property, or in other words, free lighting and sound equipment. If you're looking for talent, try www.casting.com, which has links to thousands of actors nationwide.
Essential advice: Don't cast anyone who needs any pampering. You don't have time or money for numerous takes, so get people who will work hard and get the shot right the first or second time.

EQUIPMENT

Film purists will talk endlessly about the benefits of celluloid film. But they are snobs. Celluloid film is ridiculously expensive. To make a 20-minute short on 16mm film, you'll need a dozen 400-foot reels at $150 each. Toss in processing fees at about $20 per reel, a week in an editing office at $200 per hour, plus another day in a sound lab and the cost of a final print, and you're going to have to shell out $40,000 before you even pay the cast and crew. Simon Assaad produced his first film, *Close-up*, a political thriller about a wrongly accused man put on trial by the media, for $200,000. Unfortunately, because the cost of developing his film reached beyond what he had budgeted, it got held for six months at the lab until he could pay off the difference. This mistake is quite common. If you blow your entire wad on film and have nothing for processing, it will sit, like your car in a repo center, until you can pay it off.
It's not uncommon for film to sit for two years or more. There are ways around this though. Mutterperl used what is known in the industry as re-canned film. On big budget movies, film might be loaded into a camera but never used. It's then put back in a canister and sold in scraps. "I would literally buy my film in chunks. I had a few hundred feet of film left over from a Spike Lee movie," he says. (Contact SHORTenz at www.shortenz.com.)

But you can avoid all the film expense if you just let go of the idea that your movie has to be on film. Instead, consider digital video (*The Blair Witch Project*). For $10, you can buy a single two-hour cassette that can be used over and over again. A top-of-the-line camera, say a Sony VX-1000 or the popular Canon XL-1, can be procured for $4,000. There are no processing fees, and you can edit at home on a $700 software package such as Adobe Premiere or Final Cut Pro.
Essential advice: Equipment rental is much cheaper on the weekends than on weekdays.

The Bubble Boy hated his "outdoors suit"

SHOOTING THE MOVIE

You'll need meticulous pre-planning, also known as pre-production. If you spend every minute wisely, you can save a lot of time and money during the actual shoot. That means having all your locations properly scouted (if there's more than one), and the script should be broken down shot by shot so you know exactly what you need. To save film and editing costs, Chip Van Mayhugh, director of the $8,000 *Sticky Fingerz*, about gangsters who get into a fight with a Freddy Krueger-type character, recommends shooting everything in "master scene," meaning everything is shot in one take. "Otherwise you waste a lot of film doing close-ups, cut-aways and over-the-shoulder shots. If you just have one three-minute take, you only need two edits, one in the beginning of the shot and one at the end."

To wade through the chaos, Harrison urges that an AD (assistant director) is indispensable for your shoot. "You need somebody you can entrust to manage the war that is independent filmmaking." They're the ones who get to play bad cop, making sure everything happens on time, moving around extras, making the schedule. And it will allow you the time to concentrate solely on the film. When using the camera, Mutterperl recommends slight improvisation to achieve fancy Hollywood shots. "If you want a crane shot, find a landscaper and slip him $50 to $100 to use his tree-trimmer. You'll

SIDEBARS BY JIMMY JELLINEK; KOBAL COLLECTION; ALL ACTION/RETINA, LTD.; MOVIESTORE (2); HENNY GARFUNKEL

have a crane shot basically for free." When it comes time to edit, Van Mayhugh recommends using editing suites at off-hours. "We go in from midnight to 8 a.m., and the owner of the production house gives us a substantial discount." If you try to rent one at peak hours, you might spend upward of $800 a day. **Essential advice:** Don't even think about skimping on the catering. A well-fed crew will work harder and longer than one that's hungry and pissed off.

CREATING INTEREST

"It's all about trying to create an awareness for your work and how it fits into the marketplace," says Lance Weiler, director of the $900 *The Last Broadcast* (about a film crew that gets murdered in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey). Meaning, you want that much-coveted buzz. Start by putting together a press kit that you mail out to magazines and newspapers with stills from the movie, cast and crew biographies, and some type of interesting, Kevin Smith-esque "I financed my movie by donating bone marrow" sob story. Use the Internet as much as you can as well. *The Blair Witch Project* (www.blairwitch.com) wouldn't have been nearly as huge, or possibly seen at all, if it hadn't created fake police reports on its Web site in conjunction with missing-person posters hung all over college campuses. The ploy worked, and the Web site logged 65 million hits. **Essential advice:** Kaufman suggests using local TV networks. "They'll bend over backward for you, considering Hollywood usually won't give them the time of day." Rent out your local theater for a premiere. Have the cast show up and call the local Fox affiliate. You'll be surprised by the outcome.

Jack Nicholson "enjoyed" the Batman groupies

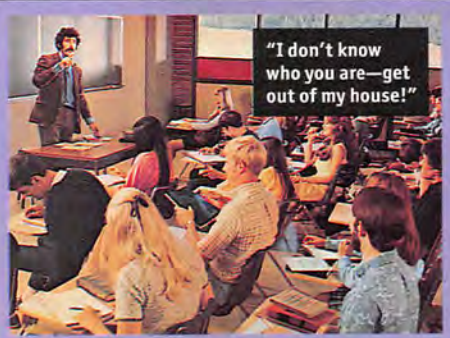
SELLING YOUR MOVIE

Hopefully, the tremendous buzz you've created for your film will translate into a festival invitation. (Check out www.filmjunkie.com for a full list of every film festival imaginable.) It better: You've probably taken out a second mortgage on your house, sold your car and all your relationships have gone to shit. But you're confident you'll break wide open at Sundance. This is where all the players with the big money are. And you want to get as many of these people as possible watching your movie at the same time. If they like what they see, a bidding war will erupt, and suddenly, Miramax has acquired your little movie for $3.5 million. That's the dream scenario. Unfortunately, your chances of being selected for one of these festivals is about as good as you getting into indie-queen Parker Posey's pants. The truth is, "very few of those entries are unsolicited," says Weiler. They have advisers who recommend movies, and unless you were able to generate a lot of buzz around your film, forget about it. Consider instead what Weiler did. He self-distributed his film through his Web site at www.lastbroadcast.com and to date has sold more than 35,000 VHS tapes and 20,000 DVDs. He also arranged his own deal with HBO to air the film and signed an exclusive video-rental deal with Hollywood Video. Weiler believes this DIY approach is the future of independent distribution. "It all started from the fact that we did it on DV, which totally opened up our options. We released it as a broadband feature on the Independent Film Channel's Web site. What we didn't have to do was waste $30,000 making a final print." **Essential advice:** Festival judges and studio folks have to sit around watching movies all day long, so unless your film is positively gripping from the beginning to the very end, they'll just get up and leave. **FHM**

"You idiot. I said Cheeto's, not Fritos"

The fast lane to fame

Hone your movie-making skills with these crash courses, then let the schmoozing at Spago begin!



"I don't know who you are—get out of my house!"

BOOKS

Feature Filmmaking at Used Car Prices: How to Write, Produce, Direct, Shoot, Edit and Promote a Feature Length Film for Less than $15,000
By Rick Schmidt, $16.95
Probably the best book ever written for aspiring filmmakers, it teaches you how to make a movie from the inception of an idea to the distribution of your film.

The Ultimate Film Festival Survival Guide
By Chris Gore, $14.95
The editor-in-chief of *Film Threat Magazine* shows exactly what it takes to get your film accepted at a festival and what to do once you get there. Everything from dealing with the press to the top 10 lines to use when crashing a party are included.

Opening the Doors to Hollywood: How to Sell Your Idea, Story, Screenplay and Manuscript
By Carlos de Abreu and Howard Jay Smith, $15
In painstaking detail, this book tells you how to develop an idea, structure a story and sell it to a producer. It includes a reference section with guilds and unions, libraries, sample contracts and workshops.

COURSES

The New York Film Academy
The New York Film Academy promises "total immersion" in one of its four-, six- or eight-week programs. Geared toward the complete novice, it guarantees students will produce three short films and work on four others, rotating between director, assistant camera and sound. Award-winning filmmakers teach everything from budgeting to editing and camera operation. Plus, you'll have a portfolio of work when you leave.
Contact: *www.nyfa.com; 212-674-4300 (East Coast) or 818-733-2600 (West Coast)*
Tuition: *$4,000*

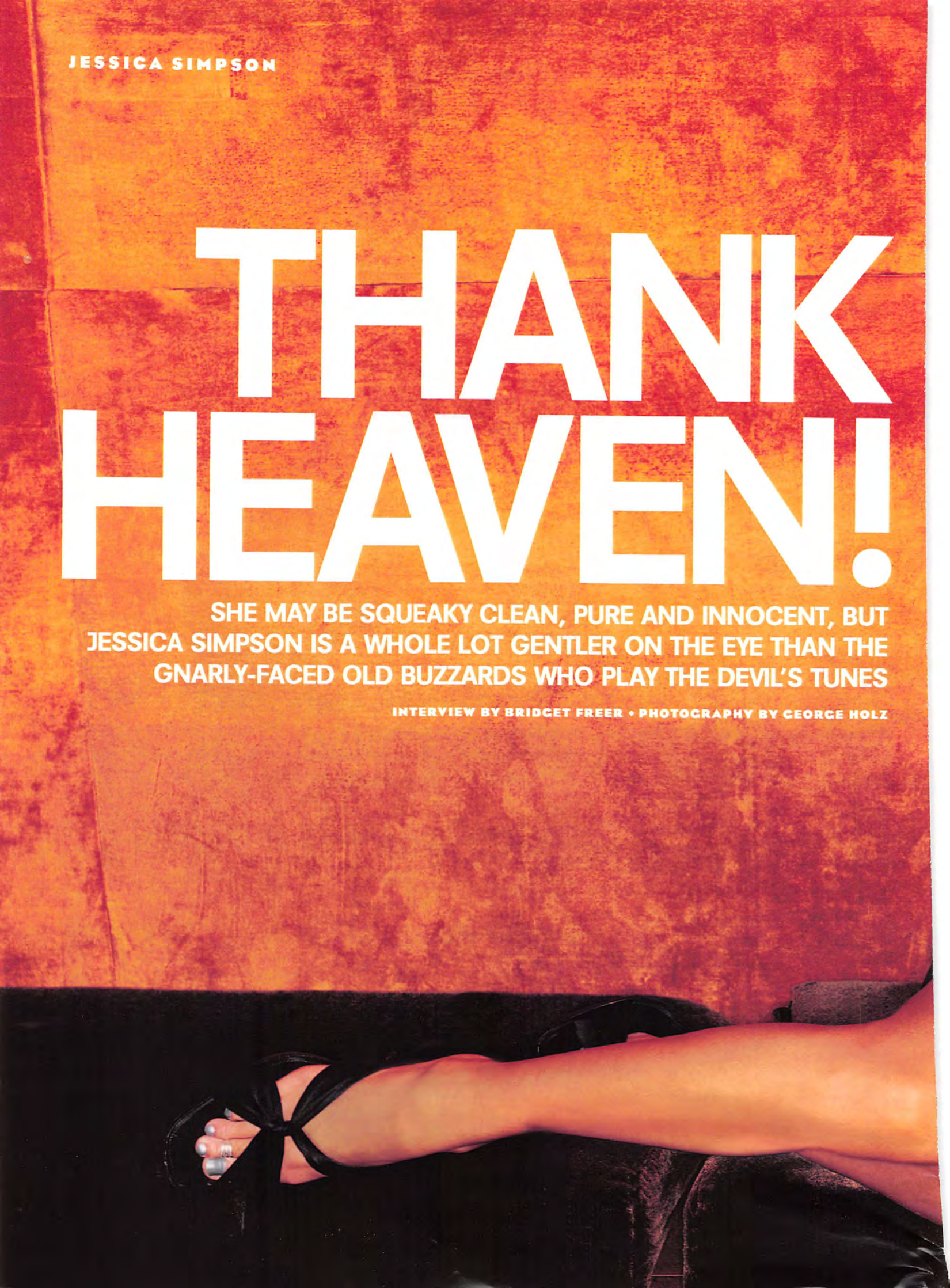
The Vancouver Film School
The alma mater of *Clerks* director Kevin Smith offers an array of part-time and full-time courses at a decent rate. Part-time courses include a 12-week introduction to filmmaking that teaches everything from principles of camera operation, photography and lighting to pre- and post-production planning. Each student writes a treatment for a short film, one of which is chosen for class production and shot on 16mm film.
Contact: *www.vfs.com; 604-685-5808*
Tuition: *$625 for the 12-week introductory course*

Cyber Film School
If you can't afford film school tuition, this is the place for you. Established in 1994 by Toronto filmmaker Maurizio Belli, it offers aspiring filmmakers the chance to get a first-rate film education without paying huge fees. Instruction is offered online and a reading list is for sale through the site.
Contact: *www.cyberfilmschool.com*
Tuition: *Free except for course materials*

THANK HEAVEN!

SHE MAY BE SQUEAKY CLEAN, PURE AND INNOCENT, BUT JESSICA SIMPSON IS A WHOLE LOT GENTLER ON THE EYE THAN THE GNARLY-FACED OLD BUZZARDS WHO PLAY THE DEVIL'S TUNES

INTERVIEW BY BRIDGET FREER • PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HOLZ



The road to musical success is a steep and tricky one, paved with danger and lined with skeletons. A lucky few prance along it with the nimbleness of the great god Pan. The rest, however, pay their dues at some school of hard knocks to toughen them up for the climb. In the past, this education has been picked up at ferociously bitchy art colleges, from the grim slog of "the road," through the harsh regime of "the street" and via the misery of poverty. From these diverse institutions have graduated much of the planet's finest musical talent, but to that list we must now add another academy: *The Mickey Mouse Club*.

Two of its most famous alumni—Spears, B. and Aguilera, C.—are currently vacuuming up a good part of the nation's spare cash between them. But such is the power of the Mouse that it can even make stars out of those it turned its back on. And the day Mickey rejected the then 13-year-old Jessica Simpson was the day her education began.

"If I had got in, I'd never have signed with a record label at 13," claims Jessica, now 20. "What not making *The Mickey Mouse Club* did for me was put me in voice lessons, put me in acting lessons and give me the determination to become a singer." It was also an early lesson in ego management. "*The Mickey Mouse Club* people told me the whole time, 'You are our number one choice,' and I walked around thinking, 'Yeah, I've got it.' I had this huge ego and then it was slammed in front of my face."

A year after the *Mickey* debacle, Jessica sang "Amazing Grace" at the religious camp run by her preacher daddy. Listening in the audience was a man about to launch a new gospel music label, and hallelujah, she had her first recording contract. When the label folded, Jessica jumped to Columbia Records and launched her first album, *Sweet Kisses*, which put her back up against her old rivals. "When Britney and Christina came out, it was like *The Mickey Mouse Club* all over again," she says. "I had this huge fear. And, no, I am not as successful as them. I haven't sold eight million albums like Christina and I haven't sold 21 million albums like Britney. I cannot put that pressure on myself even though the industry tries to put it on me. Magazines say stuff like, 'Jessica is coming in third.' I'm not as successful as them. I have to accept that, not be intimidated and say people are going to like me for me."

So was this photo shoot a deliberate bid to knock out your nicey-nicey, "butter wouldn't melt" image?

It's not an image. That's me—it's just who I am. But I will wear sexy clothes. I'm not ashamed of my body, and I am not afraid of showing it. I just do it in a tasteful way. I just turned 20 and I want to show my body, and that's OK because God gave me my body and I am proud of it and I work hard for it, dang it!

How would you feel if the next time you took your car in for repairs the mechanic had these *FHM* pictures pinned on the wall?

I'd be flattered. All women want guys to think they're sexy, or else they are just weird. If you spend $200 on a dress, you want to look hot in it. And I definitely want heads to turn. But I don't look at it like guys are going to hang it up on their wall and look at me every night. That to me is a little weird. I mean, I am not Pamela Anderson.

You're on record saying you love fried food. Do you work out like a demon?

Being on the go so much helps. The studio is a workout for me—my stomach gets sore every time I'm in there—but I do go to the gym every now and again. There is that pressure: People actually tell me, "You need to lose a bit of weight." Or I'll go on the computer, like an idiot, and look at some sites and people will be saying, "I went to Jessica's concert and her stomach was hanging over her pants." That's just to make them feel better about themselves. I know that, but still you can read it and think, "God, I have to go to the gym." I am a lot thicker than a lot of skinny runway models, but I don't want to look anorexic. I want to have something to grab on to. Guys would rather have somebody with more body; girls who like to eat. I think that's sexy.

ALL WOMEN WANT GUYS TO THINK THEY ARE SEXY, OR ELSE THEY ARE JUST WEIRD. I DEFINITELY WANT HEADS TO TURN

You have said, "Don't look at girls in magazines. They are all airbrushed and everyone has cellulite." But would you ban any magazine from airbrushing pictures of you?

Oh, gosh, no. I want to look as good as they possibly can make me. I know it sounds contradictory, but you don't want to see yourself on the cover of a magazine if your stomach is hanging over. I was talking about self-esteem: Girls wish they could look like the girl on the cover of the magazine. And I'm saying I've seen some of these models in person and they don't really look like that. Computers can do great things.

There has been a great deal of speculation regarding Britney and breast enlargement. Would you ever have anything done?

If she did have a boob job, she was way too young. And anyway, all of a sudden her boobs aren't as big as they used to be. I think people gave her such a hard time about it she might have gone back to undo it or something. That's sad. Personally, I don't believe in it. I don't think you should get your nose or your boobs done—or your stomach tucked or cellulite taken out—just to walk down the street and make guys go, "Wow!" That is wrong. God made your body the way it is supposed to be.

You grew up in Dallas. Were you ever recruited to be a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader?

No, I was a cheerleader at school, but I hated it because of all the girls. I have so many more guy friends than I do girl friends. I have 12 guy friends that are my best friends. It's always been guys more than girls. I felt intimidated around other girls, especially in high school. I couldn't deal with all the petty girl stuff, all the jealousy and all the "he likes her and he doesn't like me, so I am going to spread this rumor about her" stuff. They just attack each other. It's crazy.

You're portrayed as being sweet and innocent. What's the baddest thing you've ever done?

I didn't do anything bad, and I never really got in trouble. I know that sounds like "wow!" But I never got arrested and I never smashed up my dad's car. I got grounded for stupid stuff, I can't even remember what. Maybe getting in 15 minutes late or something.

Is it true you were so nervous at the *Mickey Mouse* audition that you peed your pants?

I say that all the time, "I'm so scared, I'm gonna pee my pants," but I didn't literally pee in my pants. I was very nervous because everybody else had won *Star Search*, done commercials and been off-Broadway. And I sang in church. I mean, I didn't even have a head shot, I had a Polaroid. It was like I'd just walked into a room full of advanced people and I was intermediate.

Are you chummy with Britney and Christina?

Britney is a great friend of mine. We are very, very cool with each other. Christina and I talk, and I think she's a great person underneath the facade. She is very big right now; she definitely knows she has sold eight million records and I don't really like that in people. I don't think you should act like that. I don't think you should block the halls off when you want to walk down the hall. It's important to stay normal, but people lose their heads in this business. They lose who they are as people. I knew Christina before her stuff came out

STYLING BY BASIA ZAMORSKA FOR MAREK AND ASSOCIATES; HAIR BY ENZO LAERA FOR JUDY CASEY; MAKEUP BY KIM CARRILLO FOR JUDY CASEY; OPENING SPREAD: DRESS AND HEELS BY RICHARD TYLER; OPPOSITE PAGE: TOP BY BISOU BISOU, WRAP SKIRT BY HOUSE OF FIELD

and she's a great girl, but—boom!—she hit so fast and some people just can't handle it. She is one of them. She has lost sight of herself, but she's young and it will pass. I hope it will anyway, because she is hurting herself.

At 12 years old, you said you wouldn't have sex until you were married. Do you think you'll be able to stick to that?

Definitely. It's about me sharing something with my husband that I've never shared with anybody before. I'm not saying he has to give me that, because he'll give me something he has never shared with *me* before. There are different things people can offer, and with me, it is my virginity and the innocence of that. It's a romantic thing. I believe in one true love.

You're dating Nick Lachey from 98°. How's he holding out?

I am human and he is human. It's not that I am not a sexual person and it's not that I don't want that. Hello! Doesn't everybody? It is a natural thing, but I have self-control and so does he. Nick knew about my abstinence before we ever got together and it didn't change a thing. If anything, it made him fall in love with me even more. It's not causing problems at all. Innocence is sexy. If I do get married early, it won't be because I am thinking, "I'm going to explode if I don't have sex soon."

So what do you two do when you get together?

We don't get to see each other very much, so when we do, we don't take a second of it for granted. It is beautiful. The sexiest way he sees me is with my hair pulled up, wearing one of his football jerseys and laying down on the couch watching a football game. That has always been his thing. Or me in a big sweatshirt. I love that. One of my favorite parts about our relationship is that we can just lay on the couch together and I can wear no makeup.

***FHM* has a big lingerie issue next month. What kind of stuff do you go for?**

My bra and underwear always have to match. I love that. I have lots of matching sets. When a girl wears pretty things underneath, she just feels better.

Has anyone ever bought you some sexy lingerie as a present?

My mom will buy me cute pajamas, but Nick never has because if I wear lingerie for him, we might get in trouble!

Do you get lots of marriage proposals in your fan mail?

All the time. It's funny because all through high school, some guys wouldn't date me. They'd say, "I'll come back to you when I want to get married." I was always the girl everybody wanted to marry for some reason. I was like, "Why can't you just date me?" Well, probably because I wouldn't give them what they wanted.

Have you encountered any fans with less innocent intent?

Yeah. Not too long ago, I had this stalker guy who somehow got into my hotel room and he got some of my phone numbers and called people. It was really weird. When I heard about it, I got chill bumps. Very freaky stuff can happen. Always deadbolt your door, let's put it that way. You never know who could get a key to your room and watch you sleep. It's scary.

You're 20. Do you have a fake ID?

No.

Do you ever have a few beers or glasses of wine after a show?

No, I don't drink at all. I've never tasted beer; I've never tasted any of it. I have had a glass of champagne, but it's nothing I do regularly. My mom grew up in an alcoholic home, so I've seen the destruction and know that it's hereditary. I don't even want to try it because what if I do it, get drunk and love it?

Do you get loads of people trying to hit on you?

Yeah, but I am like, "Come on! I don't give out my number. If you really want to pursue me, you'll find a different way of saying, 'Can I have your phone number?'"

What's the worst pick-up line anyone's ever tried on you?

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen in my life." I hate that. No, I'm not! There are plenty of women in the world who are more beautiful than I am. Guys just say that all the time because they know it makes a woman feel good. They should only say it if they mean it, not to try to get me in bed. It's low, and it's a lie. I say, "Well, *you* are the most handsome man I have ever seen in *my* life." And then he'll usually laugh and walk away feeling really stupid.

What's the worst rumor you've heard about yourself?

That I've had a boob job. People say that all the time. And it's like, hey, just because a girl is bigger breasted, she has to have had a boob job? Could she not just have that naturally? I am blessed with that. I mean, in eighth grade, my boobs were bigger than all of my other friends. I used to tape 'em down, I was afraid to show 'em. But now I feel like they just make my outfit look better. They are like an accessory or something. They are definitely there and they have been since I was 12 years old. It makes me mad when I read things like that because I'm like, "Wait a second, OK, *that* girl had a boob job, but I didn't." Hers are the ones that are hard and don't move around. Mine are, you know, they are definitely real. You can't hide that. **FHM**

THIS SPREAD: TOP BY JILL STUART, WRAP SKIRT BY HOUSE OF FIELD;
NEXT PAGE: VELVET TOP BY ONLY HEARTS, VINYL HOT PANTS BY COURREGES, BOOTS BY JILL STUART

THERE ARE DIFFERENT
THINGS THAT PEOPLE
CAN OFFER, AND
WITH ME, IT IS MY
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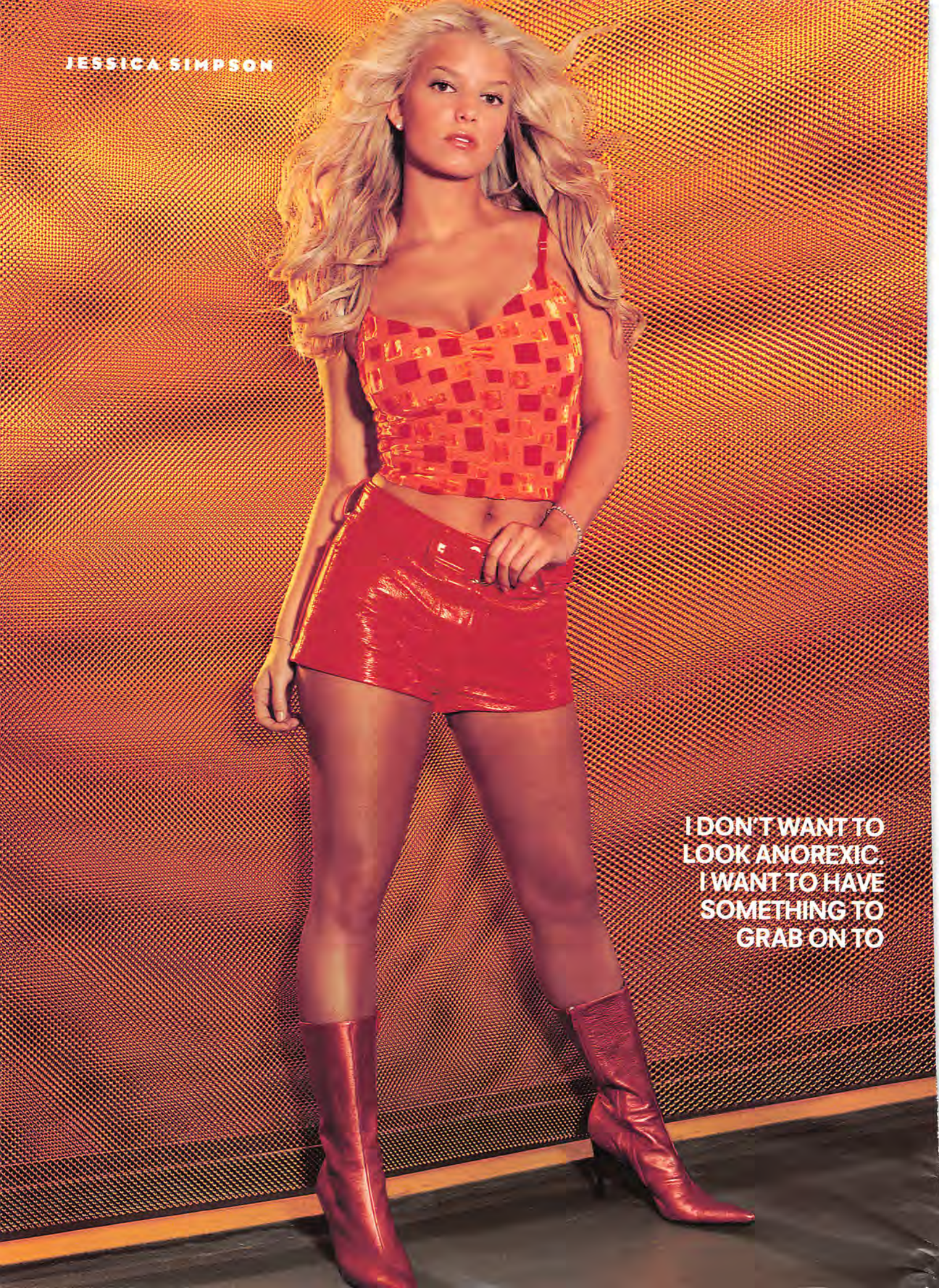
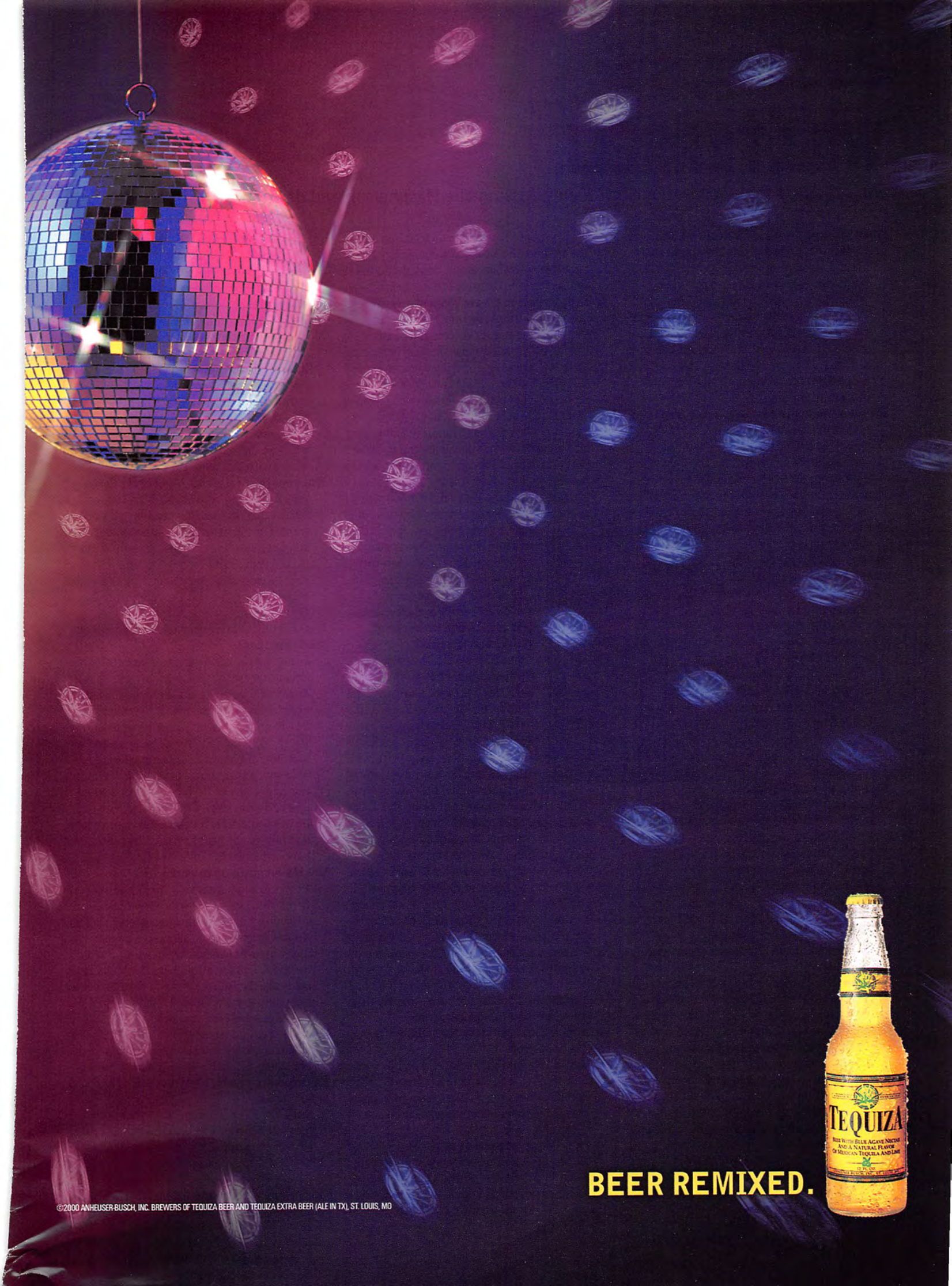
INNOCENCE OF THAT


JESSICA SIMPSON
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK ANOREXIC. I WANT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO GRAB ON TO



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WILL FERRELL

SNL's resident impersonator on Chris Farley, kissing Elle Macpherson and dancing for Al Gore's daughter

When you guys dream up sketches for *SNL*, how often does a bong factor into the equation?

I would say 47, maybe 90 percent of the time. But for the most part we're an extremely tame group. It's not anything like you'd expect. You would think a comedy show would be the silliest place, but it's not really. There are certain people at the show who don't like silliness at all and refer to it as "gay." Whenever I mess around, people say, "Oh, is that fun?" like I'm a child. I think they're jealous.

***Saturday Night Live* parties must be crap then.**

An *SNL* party is a misnomer. It's not really a party, just a table reserved at a restaurant and you have to pay for everything. You would think if you were cast on a television show, you would get some sort of elevated status, but not on our show. Only every now and then, like two or three times a year, it will be what you'd expect.

Have you witnessed any wild acts at one of those parties?

The wildest thing I've ever seen was at our Christmas party. It was bigger and there was a dance floor, but we still had to pay for it. Anyway, Courtney Love and . . . I don't know who the guy was, some member of some band, were almost having sex on a table. I kept trying to get her autograph while they were going at it, but she just ignored me.

Q Who was the worst *SNL* guest of all time? A Chevy Chase. He slapped Cheri Oteri in the back of the head, then he acted like it was nothing.

Have you ever gotten any?

I got to kiss Elle Macpherson once backstage. It was very bizarre. We were about to walk into a sketch during the middle of the show and I'm like, "Things are going great. You're doing good." Then all of a sudden we kissed for no reason. There wasn't tongue, it was more like a hello kiss, but it was full on the lips. Then she and Norm Macdonald sort of started hanging out—serious getting-together.

Norm Macdonald and Elle Macpherson—are you serious?

Absolutely. Every now and then the funny guy gets the girl. I didn't think so in high school, but it happens.

In your new movie *Ladies Man*, Tiffani-Amber Thiessen plays your wife. Any luck there?

Just good hugs, loads of good hugs. Jennifer Love Hewitt too—good hugger. Britney Spears, maybe, but for some reason, I didn't get a hug when she was on. I think there was a line.

You do an excellent Saddam Hussein impersonation. Do you feel a special bond with him?

Normally, I put no preparation into any of my portrayals—Kaczynski I saw once on TV, got the hair right and I had the character. But Saddam was a little different. I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I'll go and hang with him during the summer. He's a big speedboat guy and so am I. We take his boat up and down the Gulf. He's funny. Maniacal, but sort of a wacky maniacal.

Aside from Saddam, have you met any of the people you do, like Al Gore or Janet Reno?

No, but three or four writers on the show are from the *Harvard Lampoon*, so they invited me up to Harvard as an honorary member. There's this little bit I do around the office—it makes no sense—but I play this old man who pretends to do a little soft-shoe . . . a little tap-dance number. After doing it for an insanely long amount of time, while people are going, "What's the point of this? This isn't funny," I'll grab the nearest phallic-looking thing and pretend to masturbate and cry. Well, I did it at Harvard for all these coeds. People assumed I was gonna be funny, so no one knew what to do. I was told later that Al Gore's daughter was one of the women in the group—she was probably turned on. That's the closest I've come.

You do an excellent Harry Caray. Is it good or bad when one of your characters dies?

That's bad. We did one sketch after he died, I just kept saying things like, "Hey, I'm dead. Who cares?" but it didn't play as well as it did in the past. And it freaked Lorne Michaels out; it was somehow against his rules. He'll start with, "You can't do that because . . ." and then just wander off on a tangent. No one ever knows what he's talking about. One rule for example: America loves name brands and *SNL* is the name brand of American comedy. He compares it to a Snickers bar. Like when you bite into it, you know what to expect. There are peanuts in there, and there's caramel. So whenever we bring up anything about changing the format of the show, like let's not have a monologue, he'll go, "No, no, no. *SNL* is like a Snickers bar. You tune in and you know there's gonna be the cold opening at the beginning. Then there's the monologue and a big commercial." He's got tons of rules, comedy rules which, frankly, just get in the way.

But Almond Joy's got nuts, Mounds don't. They're both good.

Exactly. Like with the audience, I don't see why they have to only laugh. It's live TV, they should heckle more. I'd like to take this opportunity to encourage the audience to be crazier and shout things.

Who was the worst guest of all time?

The one person who everybody shudders at is Chevy Chase. He was nothing but nice to me, but he was mean and bombastic to everyone else. I remember we were rehearsing and he slapped Cheri Oteri in the back of the head, then he acted like it was nothing. Also, I kept seeing him shouting at people, really shouting, stuff like that, then he'd pretend he was joking.

What about that slob Gary Busey?

He's just like a live wire. At the reunion, he charged the cameras and wouldn't sit down. Then later that night, he cornered Chris Kattan and me. He started off by saying how amazing *A Night At the Roxbury* was; it's not an amazing movie and we all know that. It's not even near un-amazing. Then he starts talking about finding Jesus, and he kept saying I should get my own Web site, over and over again. I don't know what's with that guy.

What was the deal with *A Night at the Roxbury*?

Amy Heckerling, who directed *Clueless* and *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, called and said she wanted to make the sketch into a movie. It was strange, like Scorsese deciding he'd like to make Toonces the Driving Cat into a film. At first we were all going, "Yeah, I think this will work," but by the end we were just trying to figure out why we'd done it.

Is it true Chris Farley used to dance naked at staff meetings?

I don't know, I came on after he left. My first encounter with him was on the phone. Apparently, when he left the show, it was such a part of his bloodstream that, no matter where he was or what he was doing, he would always watch. One day my phone rang and it was him. He said he was a fan and gave me some pointers. Later, when I met him, he didn't remember any of it. Too drunk or stoned, I guess. He was like, "Did I say anything bad?" He was just a super nice guy. But then he came and hosted the year he died. They shouldn't have let him do it.

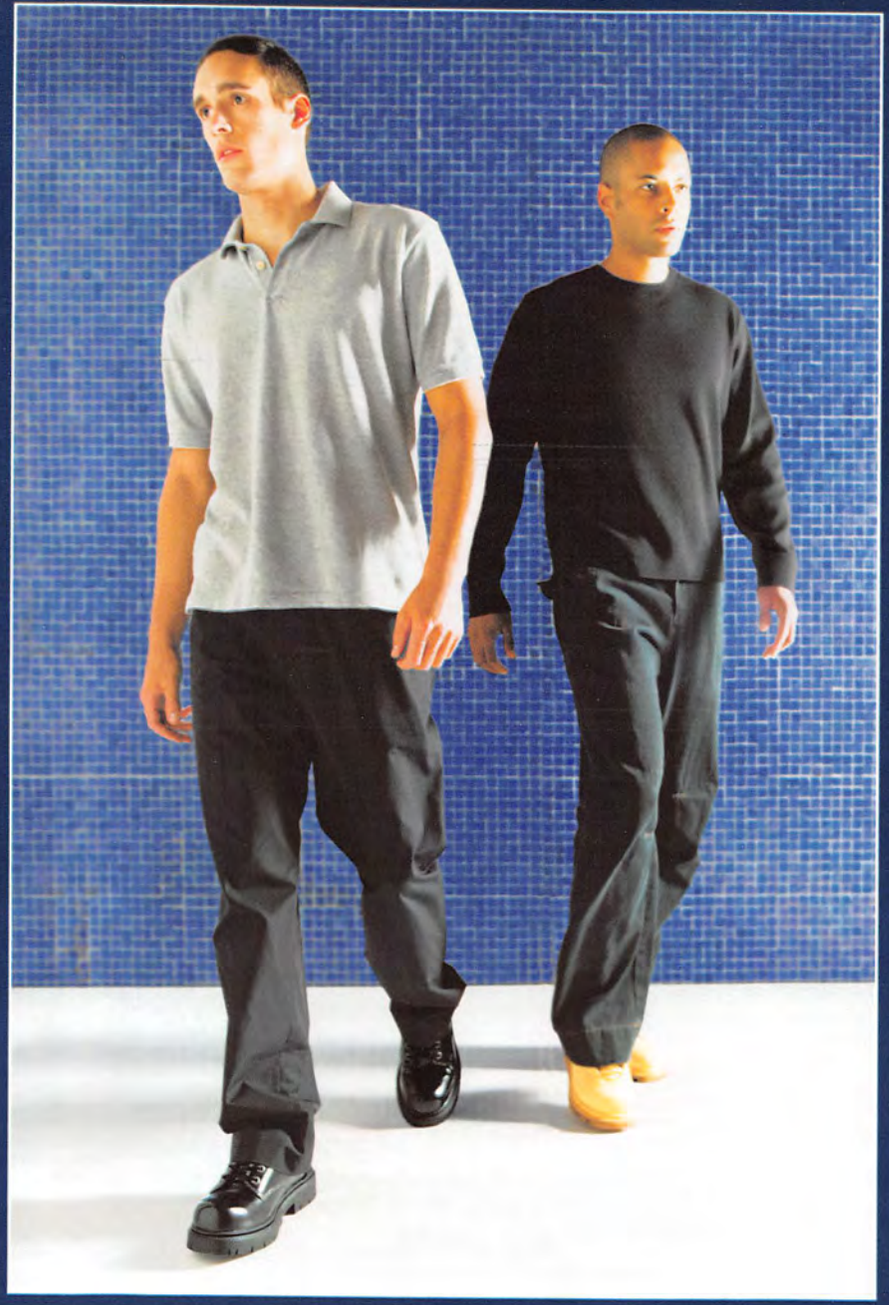
Was the fat guy hard to work with?

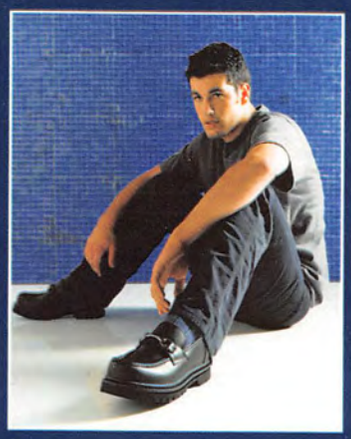
He was just out of control. They hired a security guard to keep him away from booze and stuff, and it didn't work. I just felt bad for him. He was a time bomb. There was a moment the night before the show when we wondered if we should go ahead with it. The brain trust made the decision that if you take this away from him, it will only send him in deeper. But he had already been to rehab so many times, I think it would have been the one thing that might have been embarrassing enough to save him. They should have canceled the show.

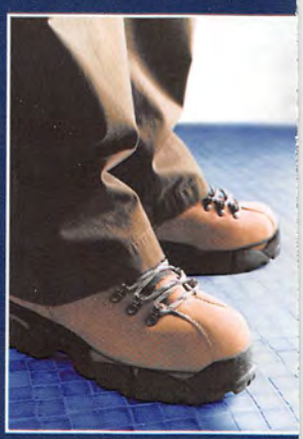
Has anyone else ever been that juiced up before going on?

Not while I've been there. Christopher Walken gets into his cups a little bit, but it wasn't anything unbearable. No one's ever thrown up before a sketch—except for myself, of course.

Interview by Jake Bronstein
Photograph by Len Irish







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FHM

fashion

NOVEMBER 2000 - REVEALED AND EXPLAINED

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D.K. KENNEDY

NEWS SPANNING THE GLOBE TO KEEP YOU CLUED IN

CONTEST

NEW SKIN FOR PHONES

Legendary wet suit manufacturer Body Glove has created the ultimate protective case for your cell phone. Made of the same deluxe neoprene that Body Glove uses for their wet suits, the cell suits are water- and shock- resistant. The translucent window protects the phone's screen, yet allows you to push the buttons without removing the phone. Both suits have openings for the power button, antenna, volume and charger. Available in a variety of colors, cell suits by Body Glove retail for $30 and are available through AT&T's Web site, found at www.att.com/wireless/accessories.

WIN!

We have 50 Body Glove phone cases to give away. If you own a Nokia or Erikson cell phone and would like to win one, send us a copy of your biggest monthly cell-phone bill and make sure it gets to us before December 1, 2000, when we'll be choosing the winners. Remember to include your phone model. Write to Body Glove Competition, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. See page 224 for official rules.

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NECKWEAR

Wrap it up

Winter months are no time to be sticking your neck out

This season, rich colors and bold patterns are key, so if you don't have the dough to spring for a quality sweater, pick up a flash scarf from Brit designer Paul Smith. His sophisticated stripes will set off that black overcoat in a way that the scratchy, red wool plaid number from your Aunt Gertrude never could. The college scarf retails for $75 and the Fair Isle scarf goes for $150. Both scarves are available at Paul Smith NY, 212-627-9770.

TEXT BY ELISABETH DICK; PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARRYL PATTERSON; SCARVES PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUG ROSA, STYLING BY MIAKO KATOH

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Fab Four fashion

Relive your Beatles phase all over again

Like Slash and his infamous top hat, rock 'n' roll and fashion have always gone hand in hand. In honor of this famed partnership, Bloomingdale's has launched the Revolution Rock Shop in conjunction with the debut of the Beatles Anthology book. To commemorate the Fab Four, the shop will feature vintage-style T-shirts by Left Field that cleverly display some of the Beatles best-known hits. The shop will also feature skinny ties, mod suits by Dougie Millings, Beatles cuff links and even Beatles snow globes. The "Let It Be" and "Revolution" T-shirts by Left Field retail for $38 each and are available at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide.

SAVINGS

FASHIONABLY CHEAP

Known for its affordable watches, belts and bags, Fossil now has a line of cool threads. The Fossil Jeans Wear collection includes colorful vintage-style T-shirts, striped and ribbed sweaters, cool slacks and jeans—and almost all retail for under $50. The Fossil crazy stripe sweater ($48) is available at the 12 Fossil Jeans Wear stores that will open around the country this year, or at www.fossil.com.

ESSENTIAL OINTMENTS

JUST FOR YOU, MR. SENSITIVE

New skincare line keeps your face as smooth as a baby's bottom—without the diaper rash

If products packed with chemicals leave your face a mass of inflamed boils, Jules & Jane, a new all-natural grooming line, may be just what you're looking for. Concocted from only the freshest plant extracts, Julius Eulberg created Jules & Jane to keep all skin types looking healthy. Cleanser maintains the skin's natural moisture balance, Clearing helps eliminate breakouts and calms irritations, and the water-based Hydrator absorbs quickly to let skin breathe. Jules & Jane products retail for $17 to $22 each and are available at select Sephora stores or by logging on to www.beautyhabit.com.

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Q & A

Mos Def

The rapper speaks out on dressing up a fat booty, high-top Kareem Abdul-Jabbar sneakers and defying the LAPD

RAY KACHATORIAN: SHIRT AND PANTS BY PAUL SMITH. WATCH BY GUCCI. VINTAGE HAT

How did you get the name Mos Def?
Well, I used to say "mos def" all the time, because I would overextend myself socially. People would say, "We've got to get together." And I'd go, "No doubt, mos def, mos def." And then I started mocking myself by calling myself Mr. Mos Def and the light bulb just went off in my head, and I was like, "Oh, that would be a very dope name."

"Miss Fat Booty" is another great name. Was that song inspired by a real-life hottie?
"Miss Fat Booty" was based on an amalgam of life experiences about a certain type of woman. A pretty, agreeable, charming troublemaker.

What's the best way to dress up a fat booty?
I prefer to see women in nicely fitted skirts and dresses. Adrienne Vittadini makes some nice things for women, and I like that subtle and feminine look.

No leather catsuits?
They look good, but that's not personally what I want. The "Miss Fat Booty" type of girl might rock it in a leather catsuit, but she'd be more likely to kill you in a dope dress by Bella Freud.

What is the sexiest thing you've ever seen a woman wear?
A diamond-studded chain that started at her neck and went down the middle of her chest and connected to her belly chain. I thought it was just a really dope necklace, but when she finally revealed the part that connected her neck to her waist, I said, "Don't ever, ever take this off."

Q Do you have a signature item that you always wear?
A Nothing in particular, but I do collect fedoras. I have mad brims.

Do you have a signature item that you always wear?
Nothing in particular, but I do collect fedoras. I have mad brims.

When did you get your first "brim"?
When I was 14. I found it on Delancey Street in New York. I got it because I thought I looked distinguished. I had a lot of trench coats too. That was my look. I was rock 'n' roll for sure, watching MTV's *120 Minutes* and listenin' to the Sugar Cubes and the Sundays.

How did growing up in Brooklyn influence your style?
Cats in Brooklyn was definitely sharp, but casually sharp. Cats had a lot of Izod, Polo and Kangols in the early days. Suede-front sweaters were definitely the item of choice.

What was your item of choice?
My most cherished item from my childhood was a pair of high-top Kareem Abdul-Jabbar Adidas. They were white with silver stripes and they had the picture of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar with hair on them.

What do you mean "with hair"?
You know, back when he still had a little 'fro around his little bald spot. And they had his signature. Adidas used to have things like that, a little official-ness. I cherished them because they were my first pair of expensive sneakers. They were $50 and, at the time, that was a lot of dough. Now that's nothing; that's a bargain.

I hear these days you have as many shoes as Imelda Marcos.
It is an Imeldan amount. I have well over 100 pairs of shoes and sneakers. People give me sneakers for free. More than I will ever wear, so I give them away because it just don't make sense to have this many goddamn shoes.

Many hip-hop artists are into designer threads. How would you describe your style?
I get hot items whenever I see them. I just picked up a bangin' motorcycle jacket from Marc Jacobs. It's cherry red with camel accents. And I got the camel leather pants to match.

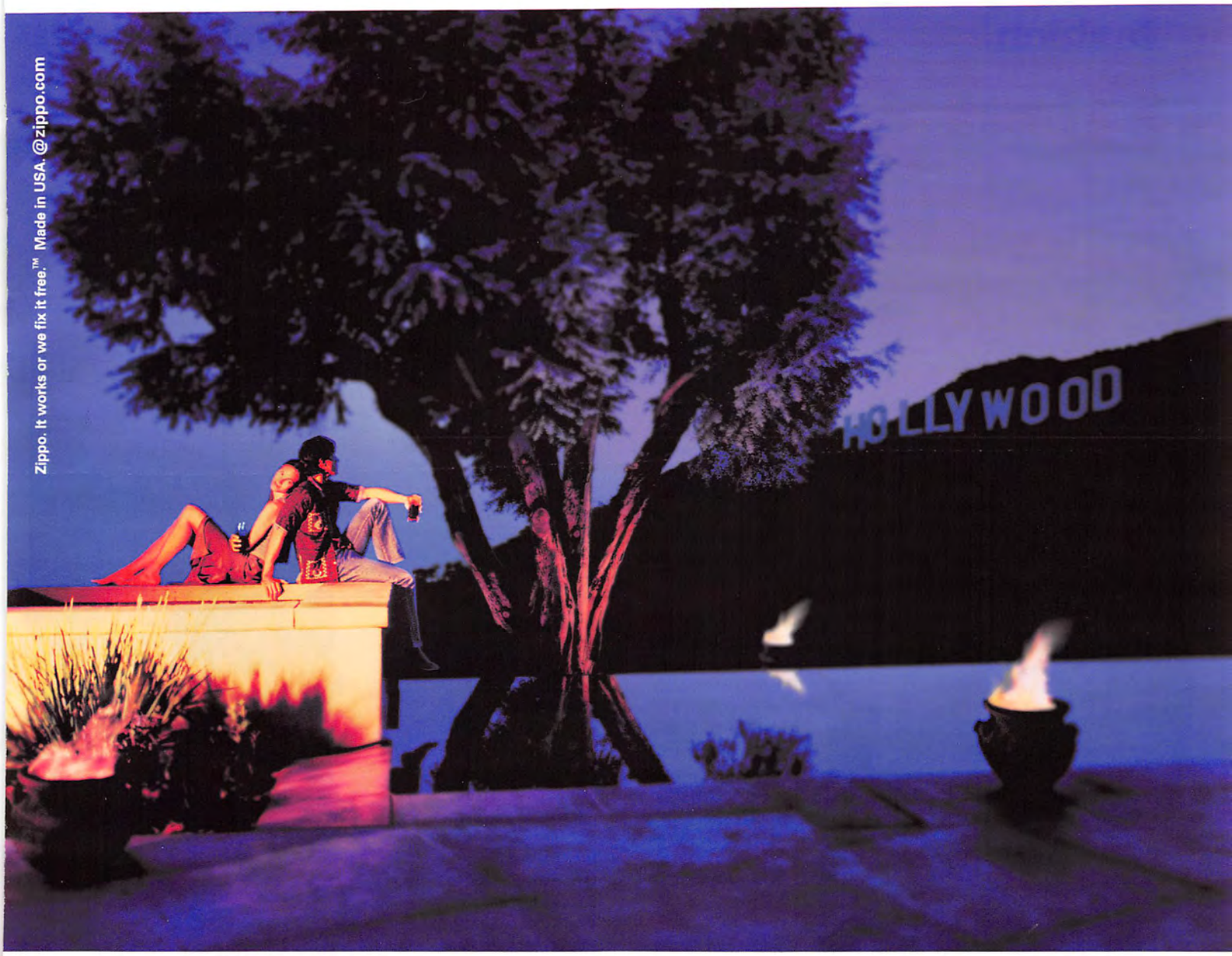
Have you worn them yet?
No, I'm saving them. I'm supposed to be going to the Source Awards pretty soon, so I was going to rock it there.

Changing the subject, what's the craziest performance experience you've ever had?
We had been promised a spot in a show at Pedro's Bar & Grill in Los Angeles. The local crew was there and they were doing their whole repertoire. Now that would be cool in New York, but in LA they shut it down police-style at two o'clock. By the time they gave us the mic, we only had 10 minutes. So the people are feeling us, but when the clock struck two, they got on some jail warden shit and cut the lights on and turned the mics off. So we just jumped into the crowd and did it a cappella. It was some real punk rock Sid Vicious shit. Like, "Fuck it! I'm going to rhyme in your ear!" We spun our little verse and we were hot as hell and feeling mighty.

Did they take you downtown?
Nah, they were just shocked that we was undeterred. Usually, when somebody cuts off the mic, that's it. But we was like, "Oh, yeah? Well, you can't cut off me!" That was one of the wildest scenarios that I can remember.

Excluding you, which artist has the best style?
I think Slick Rick has great style, because it's gaudy and classy at the same time. He's got the jewelry and the eye patch, but he's always that cat with the single-breasted suit looking mad relaxed and distinguished.

Interview by Elisabeth Dick



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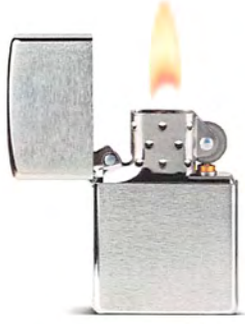

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Freshjive, known for its brightly patterned surfer gear, has pulled out all the stops with this shirt from their new collection. Dizzying to look at, it's the shirt to wear if you want to stand out in the crowd, and the splashes of green will camouflage any unsightly stains.

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Call 888-765-6532

Keep warm while looking cool in this sleeveless fleece vest by Polo Jeans Co. The lightly quilted pattern is an updated version of the marshmallow vests from the 1960s, and the bright blue zipper pulls make it easy to locate the three outside pockets. The hood also snaps on and off to keep your ears from freezing if the weather takes a turn for the worse.

THE PANTS $54

Log on to www.unionbay.com

These Union Bay cotton and rayon blend pants put function into fashion. The massive front pockets conveniently zip in both directions and could easily fit a couple of forties, while the back pockets Velcro shut. The rip-stop fabric at the knee means you won't need to stab yourself with a needle repairing them if you wipe out.

TEXT BY ELISABETH DICK; PHOTOGRAPHY BY DARRYL PATTERSON

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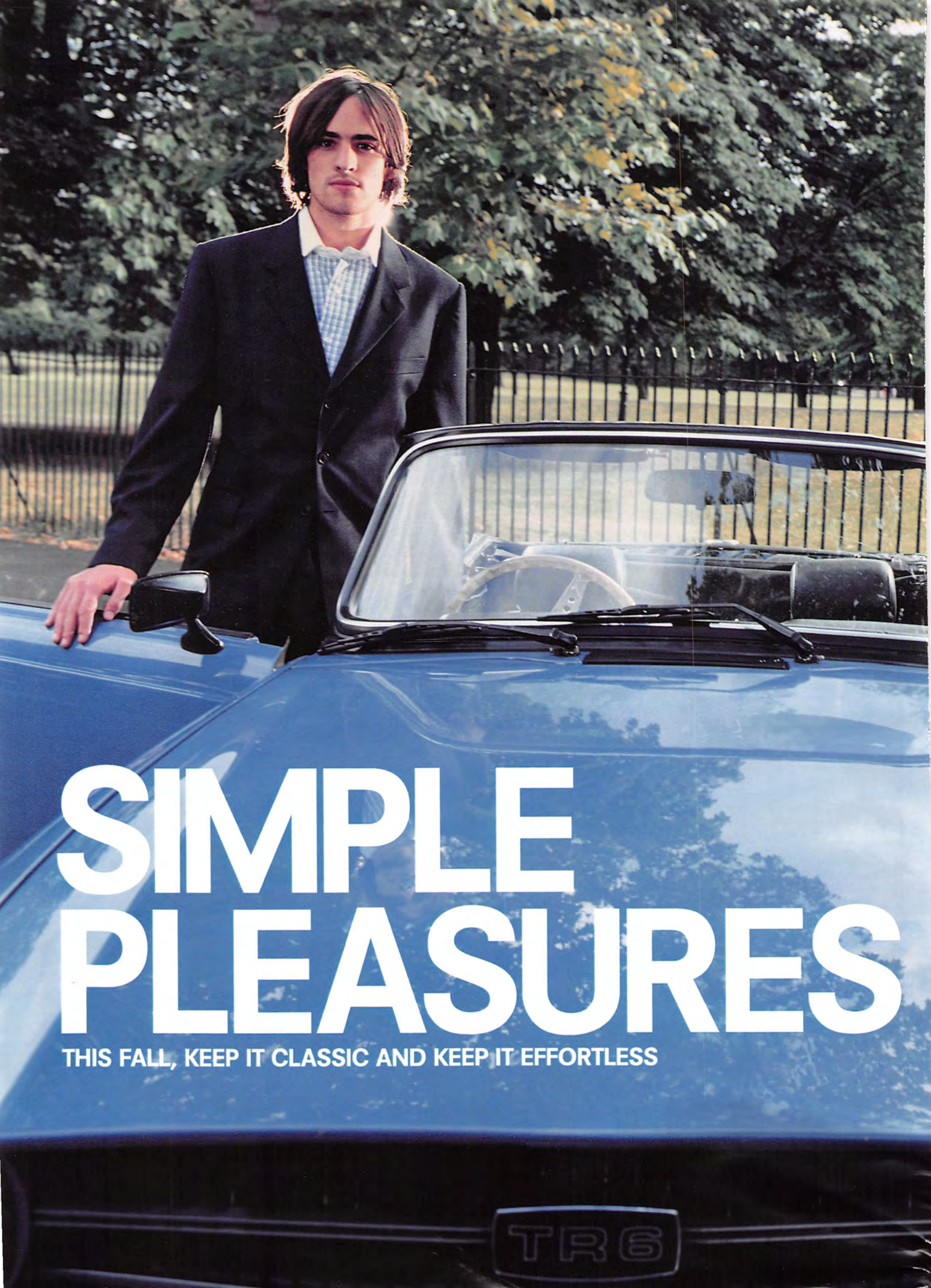

SIMPLE PLEASURES

THIS FALL, KEEP IT CLASSIC AND KEEP IT EFFORTLESS

Left: wool windowpane suit by PAUL SMITH, $1,200; cotton check Neapolitan collar shirt by THE DUFFER OF ST. GEORGE, $105. Right: leather zip jacket by NEIL BARRETT, $1,154; nylon turtleneck by MIU MIU, $230; moleskin trousers by MIU MIU, $240.

Left: cashmere striped polo by Marc Jacobs, $795; moleskin trousers by MARC JACOBS, $295. Right: wool houndstooth suit by CLUB MONACO, $599; cotton-viscose blend ribbed turtleneck by D&G, $170.

Left: corduroy bias-cut suit by HUGO HUGO BOSS, $825; wool turtleneck by DKNY, $80. Right: wool chalk-stripe suit by GUCCI, $1,590; two-fold cotton French-cuffed shirt by KILGOUR FRENCH STANBURY, $180. On her: silk mock-neck sweater by GUCCI, $625; nappa leather skirt by GUCCI, $1,925.

Leather zip jacket by NICOLE FARHI, $720; nylon turtleneck by MIU MIU, $230; wool trousers with red stripe details by BYBLOS, $388.

Napa leather suit jacket by RICHARD EDWARDS, $1,580; cashmere V-neck sweater by CALVIN KLEIN, $425; paisley-printed button-front shirt by BYBLOS, $181.

Wool single-breasted suit by KILGOUR FRENCH STANBURY, $1,192; cotton striped French-cuffed shirt by PAUL SMITH, $365.

Napa leather bomber jacket with copper lining by RICHARD EDWARDS, $1,382; cotton check tattersall shirt by THE DUFFER OF ST. GEORGE, $105; wool tweed trousers by BYBLOS, $225. On her: crepe paisley-print top by MIU MIU, $310; cashmere houndstooth skirt by TOMMY HILFIGER COLLECTION.

Waxed leather trench coat by CALVIN KLEIN, $2,150; cashmere turtleneck from POLO BY RALPH LAUREN, $345.

Cotton floral-print shirt by PS PAUL SMITH, special order; moleskin trousers by MIU MIU, $240; calf monk-strap shoes by GUCCI, $445. On her: leather shell by NICOLE FARHI, $775.

Photography by VICTOR YUAN AT PEARCESTONER.COM
Fashion by ANTONY WRIGHT
Hair by JEAN MARIE AT VIDAL SASSOON/TERRIE TANAKA AND MATTHEW WADE AT JOY GOODMAN USING PAUL MITCHELL
Makeup by TANYA CHIANALE AT ROCKIT USING CLINIQUE SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
Models: JESSE WADE, NATHAN RICHTER AND KATE MAHONEY, ALL AT SELECT
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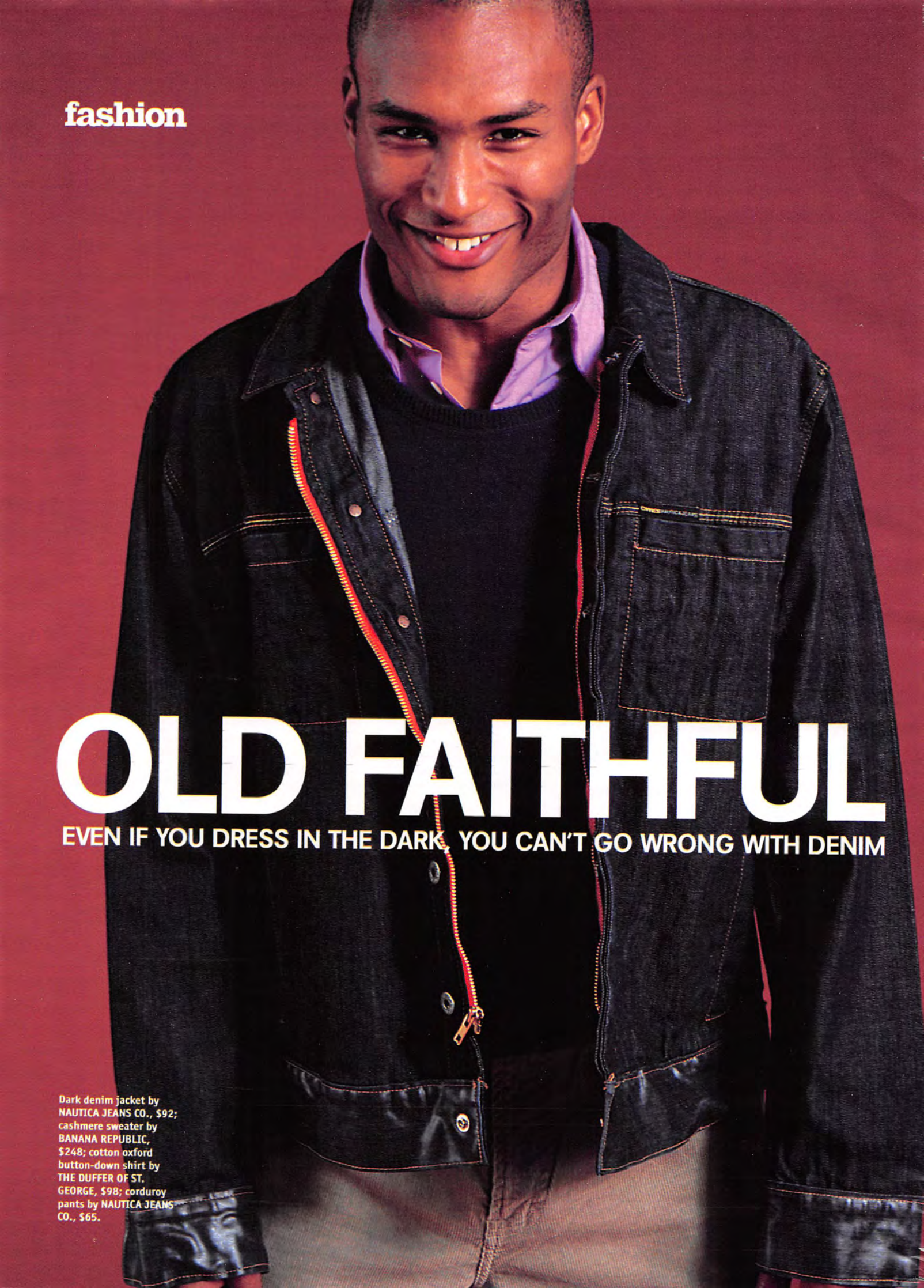
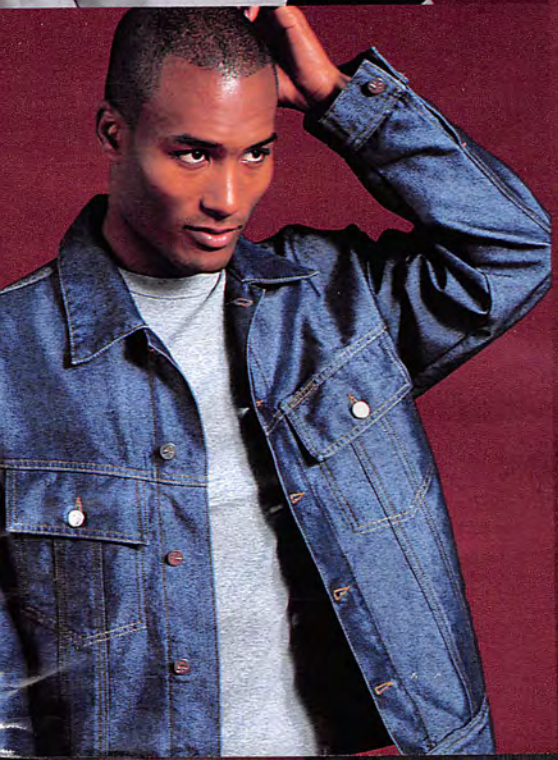
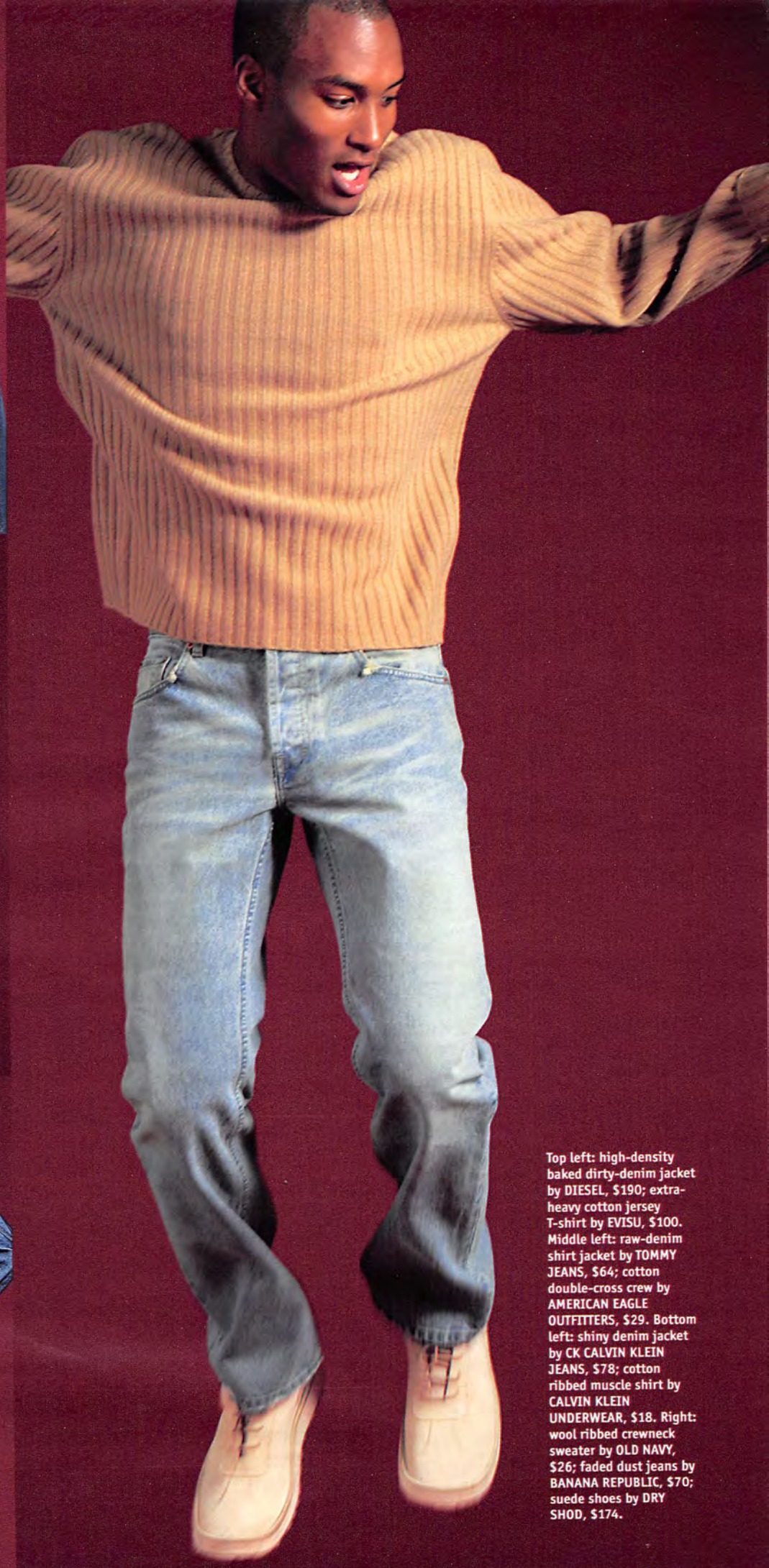


OLD FAITHFUL

EVEN IF YOU DRESS IN THE DARK, YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH DENIM

Dark denim jacket by NAUTICA JEANS CO., $92; cashmere sweater by BANANA REPUBLIC, $248; cotton oxford button-down shirt by THE DUFFER OF ST. GEORGE, $98; corduroy pants by NAUTICA JEANS CO., $65.





Top left: high-density baked dirty-denim jacket by DIESEL, $190; extra-heavy cotton jersey T-shirt by EVISU, $100. Middle left: raw-denim shirt jacket by TOMMY JEANS, $64; cotton double-cross crew by AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS, $29. Bottom left: shiny denim jacket by CK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS, $78; cotton ribbed muscle shirt by CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR, $18. Right: wool ribbed crewneck sweater by OLD NAVY, $26; faded dust jeans by BANANA REPUBLIC, $70; suede shoes by DRY SHOD, $174.

ELEMENTS

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Striped lambswool sweater by STUSSY, $64

UNDER $80

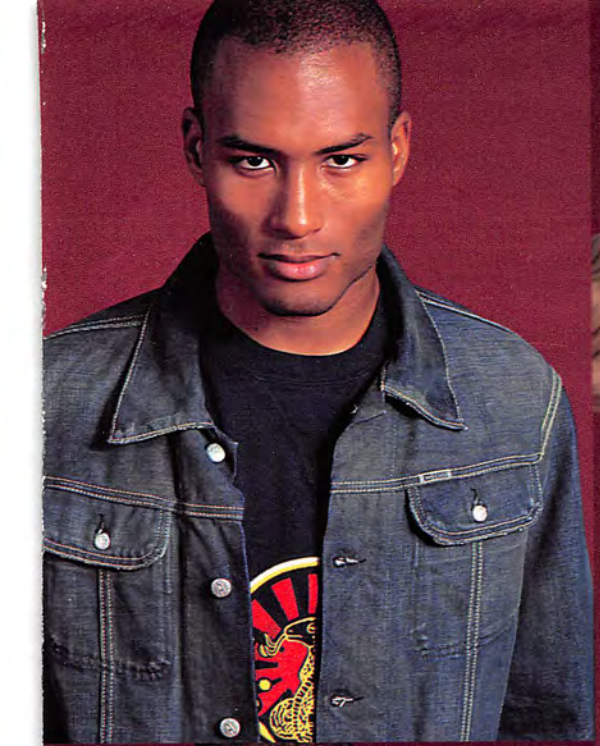
Multicolor striped wool-blend turtleneck sweater by KARL KANI, $78

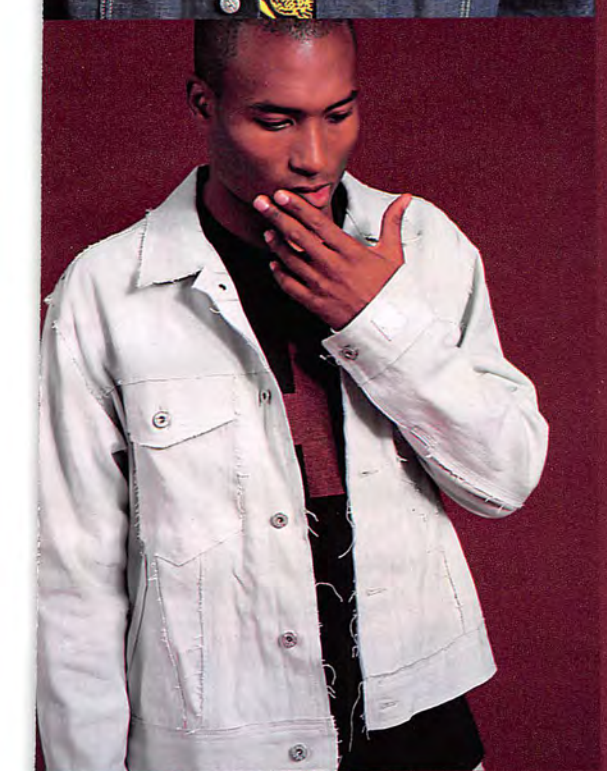
Reverse-striped wool turtleneck sweater by J.CREW, $68

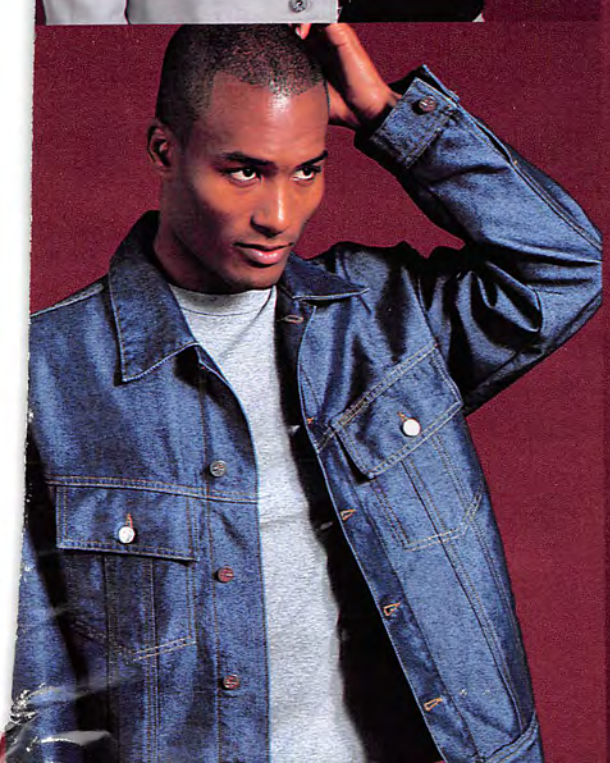
UNDER $90

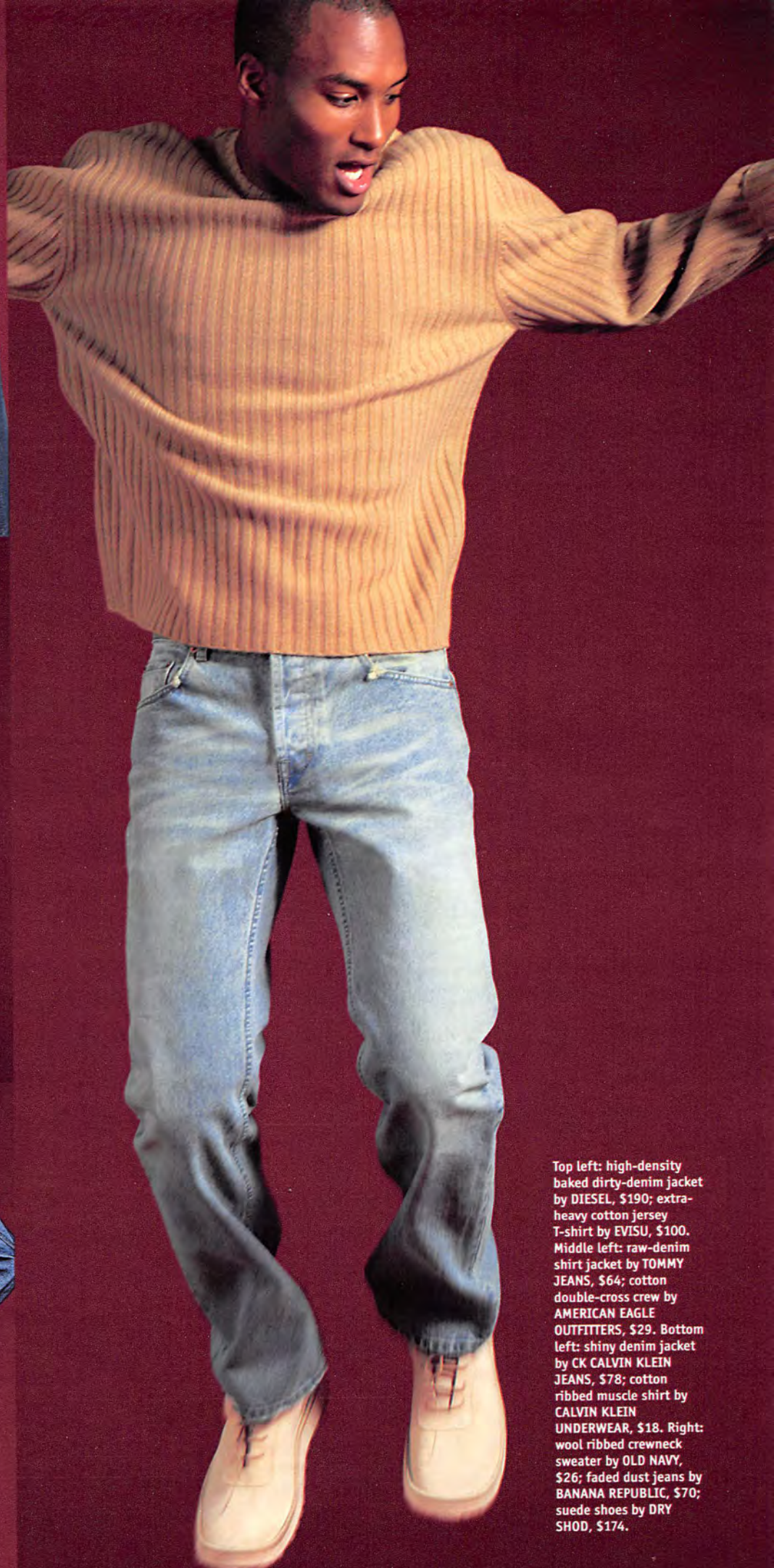
Two-tone wool sweater by TOMMY JEANS, $79

Wool-blend turtleneck sweater by GUESS, $88









Top left: high-density baked dirty-denim jacket by DIESEL, $190; extra-heavy cotton jersey T-shirt by EVISU, $100. Middle left: raw-denim shirt jacket by TOMMY JEANS, $64; cotton double-cross crew by AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS, $29. Bottom left: shiny denim jacket by CK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS, $78; cotton ribbed muscle shirt by CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR, $18. Right: wool ribbed crewneck sweater by OLD NAVY, $26; faded dust jeans by BANANA REPUBLIC, $70; suede shoes by DRY SHOD, $174.

Left: dark resinated denim jacket by LEVI'S VINTAGE CLOTHING, $209; micro oxford vest by CK, $250; merino wool fine-gauge knit sweater by THE DUFFER OF ST. GEORGE, $120; raw-denim colored jeans by HELMUT LANG, $120. Top right: shearling denim jacket by POLO SPORT RALPH LAUREN, $225; cotton ribbed turtleneck by J.CREW, $58. Middle right: merino wool baseball sweater by A|X, $88; Kaihara denim oil-wash jeans by HARD YAKKA, $100. Bottom right: stretch-denim ranch jacket by GUESS, $118; arctic-fleece jacket by AMERICAN EAGLE OUTFITTERS, $48; cotton ribbed V-neck T-shirt by GAP, $12.50; pigment-washed twill pants by DIESEL, $139.

Classic raw-denim colored jean jacket by HELMUT LANG, $200; fleece zip-front top by TOMMY JEANS, $59; heather jersey melange V-neck T-shirt by HELMUT LANG, $100; corduroy boot-fit pants by GAP, $39.50.

Photography by D.K. KENNEDY
Styling by DANIEL OU
Grooming by F. WAYNE AT BCM FOR LAICALE
Model: KAHARI AT DNA

ELEMENTS

COMFORT ZONE

TAKE YOUR PICK! *FHM* PRESENTS COZY SWEATERS WITH MORE STYLE AND LESS ITCH THAN ANYTHING YOUR GRANDMA EVER KNIT

UNDER $70

Striped wool-blend sweater by H&M, $25

Striped lambswool sweater by STUSSY, $64

UNDER $80

Multicolor striped wool-blend turtleneck sweater by KARL KANI, $78

Reverse-striped wool turtleneck sweater by J.CREW, $68

UNDER $90

Two-tone wool sweater by TOMMY JEANS, $79

Wool-blend turtleneck sweater by GUESS, $88

UNDER $120

Crew-neck wool sweater by DKNY, $90

Wool sweater by BURRO, $117

Zip-neck boiled-wool sweater by BLUE MARLIN, $98

UNDER $150

Striped wool turtleneck sweater by TED BAKER, $140

Zip-front wool mock-neck sweater by SISLEY, $128

"Duffer" print wool sweater by DUFFER, $135

OVER $150

Striped roll-neck cotton sweater by PAUL SMITH, $275

Hand-knit wool turtleneck sweater by POLO JEANS, $198

Multicolor V-neck wool sweater by DKNY, $150

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES MASTERS; FASHION BY ANTONY WRIGHT; STYLING BY JOHN OLSON

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

NOT KEEN ON SNIFFING BOTTLES AND COMPARING INGREDIENT LISTS? *FHM* DOES THE DIRTY WORK FOR YOU

CLEANSERS

1. **PETER THOMAS ROTH EXTRA STRENGTH CLEANSING GEL** Not for sensitive or dry skin, this incredibly strong cleanser will remove every last particle of dirt, leaving you squeaky clean; $30.

2. **PRESCRIPTIVES ALL CLEAN** An all-in-one cleanser and toner with tangerine and coriander to soothe skin, and glycerin to add moisture; $19.

3. **ZIRH** Triple alpha-hydroxy acids exfoliate dead skin cells, lemon oil destroys acne-causing bacteria, and wintergreen extract stops redness and inflammation; $13.

4. **TOMMY HILFIGER TOILETRIES CLEAN SCHEME** Smells pleasantly of grapefruit, foams instantly and uses citrus extracts to dissolve oil without stripping skin; $12.

5. **NEUTROGENA DEEP CLEAN** Beta-hydroxy acid penetrates pores and removes dirt, oil and dead skin cells that can dry out or dull skin; $7.

6. **ORIGINS SWEPT CLEAN** Best for oily skin, it contains charcoal that sucks out impurities and jojoba beads to exfoliate dead skin; $16.

7. **PHILOSOPHY REAL PURITY** Suitable for all skin types, its sage, chamomile and carrot infusions wash away impurities; $18.

8. **BODY SHOP TEA TREE OIL FACIAL WASH** Calms oily or blemished skin. Vegetable glycerin conditions skin without leaving it greasy; $9.

SHAVE

1. CLINIQUE M SHAVE ALOE GEL Ideal for oily skin because it's not only oil- and fragrance-free, but it also contains aloe to calm irritation; $11.

2. SHAVE FITNESS BY POLO SPORT RALPH LAUREN Glycerin moisturizes, aloe soothes and stearic ester dimethicone lubricates skin for a smooth shave; $15.

3. AVEENO THERAPEUTIC SHAVE GEL Oatmeal retains moisture and prevents irritation; $4.

4. BIOTHERM SENSITIVE SKIN CLOSE SHAVE FOAM Protects skin from nicks and cuts, and soy protein moisturizes skin; $10.

5. ART OF SHAVING BLANC NICKEL RAZOR Takes Gillette Sensor and Mach3 blades and is available in a variety of handles; $175.

6. LATHER ALMOND SHAVE CREAM Almond oil moisturizes and lubricates skin to prevent irritation; $19.

7. PHILOSOPHY RAZOR SHARP Plant extracts soften beards and soothe skin; $12.

8. LAB SERIES ELECTRIC SHAVE SOLUTION Bisabolol, matricania and kola-nut extract keeps skin clean, oil-free and dry for the best electric shave; $12.

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WHERE TO BUY

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AVEENO: Drug and mass merchandise stores nationwide
A|X: A|X stores nationwide, or log on to www.armaniexchange.com
BANANA REPUBLIC: Call 888-277-8953, or log on to www.bananarepublic.com
BIOTHERM: Call 888-246-8437, or log on to www.biotherm.com
BLUE MARLIN: Select Nordstrom's and Fred Segal stores
BODY SHOP: Call 800-263-9746
BUMBLE & BUMBLE: Call 800-728-6253
BURRO: ZAO NY, 212-505-0500, and KBOND Los Angeles, 323-939-8666
BYBLOS: Saks Fifth Avenue stores, and Theodore Beverly Hills, 310-456-5940
CALVIN KLEIN (jacket)**:** Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Dillard's stores nationwide
CALVIN KLEIN (leather coat and cashmere sweater)**:** Calvin Klein NY, 212-292-9000
CALVIN KLEIN (underwear)**:** Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Burdine's stores nationwide
CALVIN KLEIN (vest)**:** Select Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores
CK ONE (hair gel)**:** Call 800-715-4023
CLINIQUE: Log on to www.clinique.com
CLUB MONACO: Call 888-580-5084, or log on to www.clubmonaco.com
D&G: Select D&G boutiques
DIESEL (fragrance)**:** Diesel stores nationwide
DIESEL (jacket)**:** Atrium NY, 212-473-9200 and Bloomingdale's LA, 310-360-2700
DIESEL (pants)**:** Diesel and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide
DIESELSTYLELAB (sweater)**:** DieselStyleLab NY, 212-343-3863
DKNY (fragrance)**:** Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom's stores nationwide
DKNY (turtleneck sweater)**:** Select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, and Atrium NY, 212-473-9200
DKNY (V-neck and crew sweaters)**:** Select DKNY stores
DOCKERS: Call 800-362-5377, or log on to www.dockers.com
DRY SHOD: Alife, 646-654-0628, and American Rag Los Angeles, 323-935-3154
DUFFER OF ST. GEORGE: Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, Louis Boston, 617-262-6100, Union NY, 212-274-8855, and Union LA, 323-549-6950
EVISU: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, Gerry's Menswear, 212-243-9233, and Rag Factory, 310-656-1124
FUDGE: Call 888-383-4387, or log on to www.fudge.com
GAP: Log on to www.gap.com
GUCCI (fragrance)**:** Call 800-388-6785
GUCCI (shoes)**:** Select Gucci stores, or call 800-234-8224
GUCCI (suit)**:** Select Gucci stores, Maxfield, 310-274-8800, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores
GUCCI (sweater)**:** Select Saks Fifth Avenue stores, or call 800-234-8224
GUESS: GUESS? retail stores, or call 800-394-8377
H&M: H&M NY, 212-489-8777
HARD YAKKA: DDC LAB, 212-741-9260, and select Nordstrom's stores
HELMUT LANG: Log on to www.helmutlang.com
HUGO HUGO BOSS: Select Hugo Hugo Boss stores, or call 800-484-6267
J.CREW: Call 800-562-0258, or log on to www.jcrew.com
JO MALONE: Bergdorf Goodman, 212-753-7300, and Saks Fifth Avenue, Chicago, 312-944-6500
KARL KANI: Demo LA, 323-583-8484
KIEHL'S: Call 800-543-4571
KILGOUR FRENCH STANBURY: Kilgour French Stanbury, 020-7734-6905, or log on to www.8savillerow.com
LAB SERIES: Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale's and Neiman Marcus stores
LATHER: Call 877-652-8437
LEVI'S VINTAGE CLOTHING: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, and Sharon Segal at Fred Segal Santa Monica, 310-394-4787
L'ORÉAL: Drug and mass merchandise stores nationwide
LUCKY BRAND: Call 888-765-8259
MARC JACOBS: Select Marc Jacobs boutiques
MIU MIU: Call 888-977-1900
NAUTICA (fragrance)**:** Macy's and Dayton Hudson Marshall Field's stores nationwide
NAUTICA JEANS CO. (jacket)**:** Burdine's, Macy's and Lazarus stores nationwide
NAUTICA JEANS CO. (pants)**:** Lord & Taylor and Sterns stores nationwide
NEIL BARRETT: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores
NEUTROGENA: Drug and mass merchandise stores nationwide
OLD NAVY: Call 800-653-6289, or log on to www.oldnavy.com
ORIGINS: Call 800-674-4467
PAUL SMITH (shirts and suit)**:** Paul Smith NY, 212-627-9770, and Barneys NY, 212-593-7800
PAUL SMITH (sweaters)**:** Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, and Traffic LA, 310-659-3438
PETER THOMAS ROTH: Call 800-787-7546
PHILOSOPHY: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, or call 800-568-3151, or log on to www.philosophy.com
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SISLEY: Call 800-535-4491, or log on to www.benetton.com
STUSSY: Stussy stores, or log on to www.stussy.com
TED BAKER: Macy's West, Nordstrom's Michigan Avenue, 312-464-1515, and Atrium NY, 212-473-9200
TOMMY HILFIGER COLLECTION: Call 800-888-8802
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TOMMY JEANS (sweater)**:** Macy's, Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor stores nationwide
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ZIHR: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, Burdine's and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY to enter or win. Offers open to legal US residents age 18 or older. Void where prohibited. Promotion begins 10/10/00. Entries must be postmarked before 12/1/00 and received by 12/8/00. (1) To enter the Mystery Machine contest, send a 3x5 card with your name, address and identification of the machine pictured in the November issue of *FHM* to Mystery Machine 6, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. One (1) winner will be selected in a random drawing on or about 12/13/00 from all entries correctly identifying the Mystery Machine and will be notified by mail on or before 12/18/00. The Mystery Machine Winner will receive a Handspring Visor Deluxe (approximate retail value, $249). (2) To enter the Body Glove phone case contest, send a copy of your current cell phone bill with your name and address to Body Glove Contest, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. Fifty (50) winners will be selected by the Editorial Staff of *FHM* based on their discretionary assessment of need and will be notified by mail on or before 12/18/00. Each Body Glove winner will receive a phone case (retail value, $30). Total value of all prizes $1,500. No substitution of prize except Sponsor may substitute a prize of equal or greater value in the event a prize becomes unavailable. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility/waiver/release agreement within 10 days of notification or forfeit prize and another winner will be selected. Taxes are sole responsibility of the winners. (3) To enter the Mine All Mine contest, send a photograph that features yourself along with a "hero of technology," a brief explanation of who the person is and why they are a "hero of technology," and your name, address and telephone number to Mine All Mine, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. Twenty (20) contestants will be selected by the Editorial Staff of *FHM* to win one of the 20 prizes, based on a random drawing from all qualifying entries to take place on or about 12/13/00. Winners will be notified by mail on or before 12/18/00. Total value of all prizes $14,200. Prize notification returned as undeliverable will result in disqualification of that entry and the prize will be awarded to the next winner. Limit one entry per person.

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fashion
GROOMING

HAIR

1. L'ORÉAL MELTING GEL Flexible resin gives hair a natural look while keeping it firmly in place; $4.

2. AMERICAN CREW POMADE Provides great control and shine, but unlike most pomades that are oil-based, this one is water-based and easier to wash out; $9.

3. CK ONE HAIR GEL The gel has a clean, fresh scent and provides good hold and manageability; $15.

4. BUMBLE AND BUMBLE STYLING CRÈME Especially good for controlling and defining curly hair, this styling crème provides firm hold; $15.

5. KIEHL'S CRÈME WITH SILK GROOM Silk powders and moisturizing oils keep hair's texture soft and healthy while maintaining light hold; $29.

6. AVEDA SELF CONTROL STICK The solid texture provides instant control over all hair types with no greasiness or flaking, and its plant extracts condition the hair; $16.

7. FUDGE HAIR GUM Thickening fibers maintain firm hold while keeping hair soft to the touch; $15.

8. BODY SHOP COCONUT OIL HAIR SHINE Coconut oil, carrot oil and lanolin add shine and condition dry, brittle hair; $6.

FRAGRANCE

1. LUCKY BRAND LUCKY YOU A modern musk fragrance with herbal and woody undertones; $45

2. YVES SAINT LAURENT BODY KOUROS Warm and musky, mixed with eucalyptus, incense and woody scents; $43.

3. DKNY Tangy ginger fragrance infused with tangerine and woody scents in an urban skyscraper-like bottle; $50.

4. NAUTICA LATITUDE LONGITUDE Clean, modern scent with spicy and woody undertones in a handsome flask-shaped bottle; $32.

5. AMERICAN EAGLE ALIVE Shower-fresh citrus scent with light hints of herbs and spices; $25.

6. GUCCI ENVY A strongly masculine, sensual blend of oriental, spicy and woody scents; $55.

7. DIESEL ZERO PLUS Rich, warm mix of cinnamon, clove, anise seed and vanilla scents; $60.

8. RALPH LAUREN ROMANCE A mix of fresh spicy and sensual woody scents; $55.

9. JO MALONE LIME, BASIL & MANDARIN COLOGNE Sophisticated sharp lime and herbal scents; $70.

Photography by
CHARLES MASTERS
Compiled by
ELISABETH DICK

WHERE TO BUY

AMERICAN CREW: Call 800-598-2739
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NEUTROGENA: Drug and mass merchandise stores nationwide
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ORIGINS: Call 800-674-4467
PAUL SMITH (shirts and suit)**:** Paul Smith NY, 212-627-9770, and Barneys NY, 212-593-7800
PAUL SMITH (sweaters)**:** Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, and Traffic LA, 310-659-3438
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PHILOSOPHY: Barneys NY, 212-593-7800, or call 800-568-3151, or log on to www.philosophy.com
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SISLEY: Call 800-535-4491, or log on to www.benetton.com
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YVES SAINT LAURENT: Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide
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RETAIL PRICE $799.
ON YOUR WRIST $179.
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FHM

HOSPITAL

HOWEVER HIDEOUS YOUR WART OR OBSCURE YOUR PHOBIA, THE *FHM* EXPERTS CAN TAKE AWAY THE PAIN . . .

ANATOMY CLASS

The pits

Dr. Andrew Kaufman sheds light on the mysteries of that dank place beneath your arms

Vin relaxed his new cell mate with a welcome dance

Why do we even have armpits?
Well, your armpit is the crease beneath your arm, so if you didn't have them, that'd mean you didn't have arms. Some lymph nodes and important sweat glands are in there too.

What's the deal with sweat?
Sweat allows you to regulate your body temperature. It covers your body with a thin layer of moisture, and when it evaporates, it causes cooling. When your sweat glands don't work correctly, you're susceptible to heat stroke and death.

Aryans: not Sure

Why does sweat smell bad?
Most sweat is hypotonic, meaning it's less concentrated with solutes and salts than the rest of your body. It's pretty much drinkable. When sweat first appears on the skin, it's odorless. But bacteria on the skin's surface use the sweat to grow. So what you smell is bacteria odor, which is undesirable.

Is there a point when pit sweat becomes unhealthy?
It won't kill you, but it can be a drag on your social life. It's no good to be out on a date and have a ring under your arms before you're done with the appetizer. If you're one of those people, there are procedures that can decrease your sweating. Something called Botox can be injected into the area to paralyze the muscles in the glands so they can't squeeze the sweat out. Also, some of the nerves that lead to the area can be cut. It's done only in extreme cases, because one side effect is that you'll sweat more in other areas. Your underarms won't sweat, but your legs will—a lot.

What can go wrong in my pits?
People can develop infections there; they can get cysts and boils around the hairs. Sometimes products can cause irritation. Also, the lymph nodes in there drain infectious material from the chest, so if they swell, it's important to see a doctor.

Ever have to treat a pit that was gushing with blood?
I suppose you could rip it open in a freak skiing accident, but I've never seen anything like that. When the bubonic plague was rampant in Europe, the nodes under the arm would swell to the size of apples. They had to be cut open and drained, but it was rarely done, so most people died.

Information provided by Andrew Kaufman, MD, a board-certified dermatologist in Thousand Oaks, CA.

SCENTS

Do you reek like a wet dog?

Ugliness is incurable, but at least you can stop smelling foul

Mitchum, $3.50 for 2.7 oz.
Like your mother's old-fashioned newt-eye poultice, Mitchum is the old-school solution that works. The chalky white anti-perspirant is strong enough to last several days, and unlike most brands, its scentless version is actually scentless.

Odaban, $12 for 1.35 oz.
As strong an anti-perspirant as you can get without a license, Odaban should be sprayed on before you go to bed, and it will last as long as two weeks. It's so powerful, in fact, that the directions recommend it for drying up "fat rolls" and for the prevention of foot blisters for hikers.

Up-Close, $5 for 2.25 oz.
This odorless anti-perspirant and deodorant is designed so wildlife photogs and hunters can sneak up on prey without letting animals smell their hearty man-musk. It not only has no scent, but it also absorbs and neutralizes your natural smell, so even your dog may not recognize you.

Tom's of Maine, $3.50 for 2.25 oz.
The stick of choice for granola addicts, New Agers and animal lovers, Tom's stands out because, unlike most deodorants, its ingredients are all-natural. It won't stop your sweating, but its bactericide does kill smell. And it will garner the attention of hippie chicks.

WETNESS

SHOULD I SHAVE UNDER MY ARMS?

Q **I'm very self-conscious about my personal hygiene. Although I shower and wear deodorant every day, I never seem to smell clean and fresh. At the end of the day, I'm left feeling sweaty, although I don't think that I actually have BO. The worst part is that I've just taken a new job working in an office with crappy air conditioning, and because it's almost always hot as hell outside, I'm covered in sweat by lunchtime. I've been wondering whether shaving my armpits would help me to smell clean. After all, most women shave theirs, and they always seem to sweat less than guys.**
G. Harris, Mesa, AZ

Elephant found the foam delicious

A *Shaving might give the impression of dryer armpits, but it has no effect on how much you sweat. Some people just perspire more than others. Some women say they "glow" instead of sweat, but the truth is that they sweat just as much as men once you've adjusted for the differences in body mass and fat. Switch to a stronger antiperspirant, and if that doesn't work, it's possible you're part of a small percentage of people—about one percent—whose sweating mechanism works excessively, a condition called hyperhydrosis. Some people with hyperhydrosis have a medical condition that needs to be treated, but in most cases, no underlying cause can be found.* **(MD)**

ERIC O'CONNELL/FPG; RONALD GRANT/ARCHIVE; TOM SCHIERLITZ; CHRIS GORMAN (4); LYNN GOLDSMITH/CORBIS

LASER TREATMENT

Zap my pits!

Q **I have always been very sweaty, and the other day my friend told me there's a new treatment to have your sweat glands removed by laser treatment. If this is true, how much does it cost? I am fed up with having sweat patches on my clothes.**
N. Susco, Croydon, PA

A *Sweatiness can be a very distressing problem and it's difficult to treat. Laser treatment is a relatively new form of surgery in which energy is selectively transmitted into target tissues—blood vessels, brown spots, hair follicles and so on. This energy is converted to heat that damages the target tissue while usually sparing the surrounding tissue. However, attempts at damaging sweat glands with any of the laser systems being used today is unlikely to produce positive effects, and it may result in significant scarring.*

Some people who suffer from sweatiness benefit from an operation called a sympathectomy, in which the nerve fibers that stimulate sweat secretion are interrupted. And there have been promising reports on the use of botulism toxin (Botox) injections for excessive sweating of the hands, feet and armpits. Unfortunately, the results only last for six to 12 months, and the cost is quite expensive. **(MD)**

"Are you sure you've done eye surgery before, Dr. Kervorkian?"

PANEL OF EXPERTS

If you or your girlfriend has a problem, send it to our experts at FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

Relationships

SUSAN QUILLIAM
Relationships psychologist and author

Love Coach, Susan's new book about relationships, is in bookstores now.

Relationships

PETER S. KANARIS
Psychologist and sex therapist

Get Peter's e-newsletter, "Sex Ed. on the Web," at www.SexualHelpNet.com.

Doctor

MARCEL DANIELS, MD
General practitioner

Based in Long Beach, CA, Marcel specializes in anti-aging treatments.

Skin care

ALAN R. KLING
Board-certified dermatologist

Alan is an assistant clinical professor of dermatology in New York.

Eye care

PHILLIP J. CALENDA, MD
Board-certified ophthalmologist

Phillip is an ophthalmologist in private practice in North Carolina.

Grooming

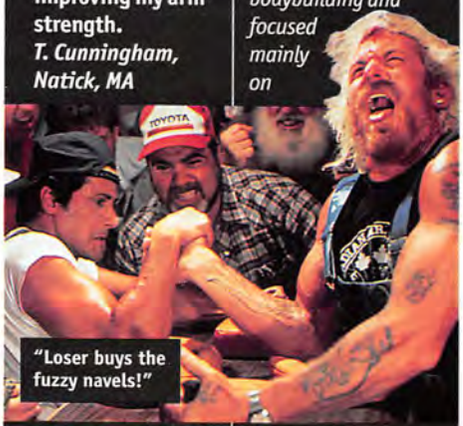
GUILIANA DEVUANO
Men's stylist, Avon Centre Salon, New York City

Guiliana's client list includes Billy Joel, Al Pacino and Joe Cocker.

EMBARRASSMENT

I'm a sissy!

Q **I've always considered myself to be pretty strong, but whenever we have arm-wrestling competitions at work, there's a pretty weak-looking guy who always beats me. I'm embarrassed and desperately need some tips for improving my arm strength.**
T. Cunningham, Natick, MA



"Loser buys the fuzzy navels!"

A *There's a big difference between having gym strength (especially on machines) and real sports strength. The stabilizing effect of weight machines basically doesn't transfer to real-life activities. That's why Royce Gracie can be an ultimate fighting champion despite the fact that he only weighs about 160 pounds—and he looks as if he weighs much less than that. However, I certainly wouldn't want to arm wrestle him.*

For real strength, your program should include free-weight training. And for each exercise, you should do no more than six repetitions; otherwise your routine will be based on bodybuilding and focused mainly on developing size as opposed to strength. Do sets in the range of four to six reps and you should see some excellent real-life strength results. Introduce some direct grip and forearm work into your program along with a solid internal-rotator shoulder routine, and before long, your arm-wrestling win column will start looking a little less pathetic. **(AC)**

WOMEN'S HEALTH ANSWERS

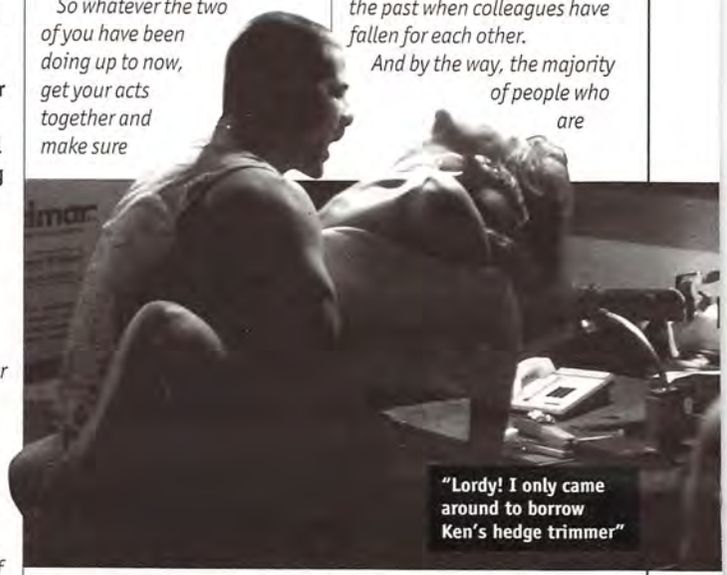
OFFICE NOOKIE BAN

Q **I'm 24 and I've been in a six-month relationship with a guy at work. We've kept our affair a secret because we don't know how our colleagues will react to the situation. Having been together for this long, I'm starting to feel as if we may lose our jobs. Can you please advise me on how to deal with this situation?**
L. Martinez, via e-mail

A *Not knowing what your office protocol is, I can't give you definitive advice here, but I can give you some general guidelines. On a personal level, colleagues and management usually only object to love-and-work mixes if one or both of you are playing around. In other words, you're likely to get criticism if you're being unfaithful. But if you're both otherwise unattached, then typically, your work associates will support you. On a professional level, people usually only object if your work suffers or seems to be suffering.*

So whatever the two of you have been doing up to now, get your acts together and make sure your professional behavior is squeaky clean. That will reduce the chances of any kickback. That said, management can be funny about office romance. So before you come completely clean, you should check with your close work friends—in a theoretical sense, of course—about what has happened in the past when colleagues have fallen for each other.

And by the way, the majority of people who are involved in office relationships that eventually see the light of day find, to their amazement, that everyone else has known about it for months. **(SQ)**



"Lordy! I only came around to borrow Ken's hedge trimmer"

BACK-DOOR BLUES

Q **I've been with my boyfriend for nine months and feel we know each other quite well. I'm a bit concerned, because during sex he keeps trying to put his penis in the "wrong hole." I've told him I don't want to do that, but he acts as if he has no idea what I'm talking about and says it's an accident. How do I tell if he wants this, or if it really is just a silly mistake?**
Name and address withheld

Fudge packers: serious, professional and not at all funny

A *Either way you've got to sort it out, because you're not happy with what's happening. It's possible that your boyfriend is genuinely getting it wrong, in which case I suggest that when you sense him aiming the wrong way, you pull back slightly, slip your hand down and redirect him.*

The alternative is your boyfriend wants to experiment, but doesn't want to admit that. So I would confront him on it. Don't "ask" him if he is attempting to try anything new; he'll just deny it. Instead, tell him you want to talk about it. The key is to bring things out into the open in a way that leaves you both feeling heard—and leaves your man in no doubt as to your feelings. **(SQ)**

THE FACTS

One in 200 women has a third nipple . . . **If laid out end to end, all the sperm in an average man's ball sac would measure half a mile** . . . A taxi driver is three times more likely to be killed on the job than a police officer . . . **Of the 180,000 new cases of breast cancer each year in the US, one in every 100 whites afflicted is a man; for blacks, one in 50 is a man** . . .

PHOTOFEST; KOBAL COLLECTION; IMAGE BANK; CHRIS GORMAN; HULTON GETTY/ARCHIVE PHOTOS

Dentist

LAURENCE RIFKIN, DDS
Doctor of Dental Surgery

Laurence was the LA Lakers' team dentist from 1984 to 1987.

Fitness

ALWYN COSGROVE
Strength and fitness coach

Alwyn is certified with the National Strength and Conditioning Association.

RANCIDITY

Mouth like a cesspool

Q **I think I've got bad breath. Even though I am always brushing my teeth, my mouth is evil and I think it's putting the girls off because I haven't been on a date in almost a year. Is there any way I can tell when my breath gets rancid?**
K. Blackington, Flint, MI

Apocalypse Boy ran best on super unleaded

A *The most basic parts of being attractive are hygiene and appealing to the sense of smell. Nothing turns off another person like an offensive odor, no matter how you look or dress, or how great your personality is. When you get to a level of physical intimacy, you can forget kissing and whatever follows if your breath is not sweet and inviting. Most scientific studies show that we cannot determine if our own breath is foul, and we cannot even tell when it improves. Cupping your hand up to your own mouth and sniffing doesn't seem to work.*

Assume that unless you take an active part in oral hygiene and nutritional awareness, it's likely you do have bad breath. These odors come from bacteria in your mouth and digestive system that produce chemical compounds called sulfides. These bacteria can be found on the teeth, between the teeth, beneath the gum tissue and in the deeper surface texture on the tongue. These bacteria must be removed daily with good oral hygiene and tongue brushing or scraping.

If you're brushing and scraping regularly yet still having problems with bad breath, consider your digestive system and nutrition. A good rule of thumb is if the food smells outside the mouth, it probably smells in your breath. It's not rocket science. Your lungs can also produce odors, especially if you're a smoker or if you're ill. Many medications dry your mouth, causing bacteria to grow more because your saliva doesn't cleanse them away, leading to more sulfides. And more sulfides mean less kissing. **(LR)**

TABULATION

TOOL FOR EVIL STENCH

Rather than constantly cramming your pie-hole with Altoids or spending your life talking to the floor, use Tanita's BreathAlert to find out whether your breath is particularly rank. Available in both white and light blue, the cunning gadget looks like a cell phone and works by giving a metered analysis of mouth odor. Blow into it for three seconds and a gas sensor detects the volatile carbon and sulfur compounds that make up bad breath. Once you know just how putrid your puff is, you can either rush out for a toothbrush and paste, or sit at home with a can of Lysol.
Contact: www.tanita.com; Price: $29.99

The eyelid and the scrotum are the only male body parts that contain no subcutaneous fat . . . **The average American derives 10 percent of his caloric intake from alcoholic beverages** . . . For every $300 million in construction in New York City, one worker dies on the job

REFRESH

Stop mouth funk

Even some of the most fanatical hygiene freaks, the ones who brush their teeth at work and in public restaurants, have breath that smells like toe jam. Where Crest and Colgate fall short, the Thera Breath System picks up the slack. Its secret is eliminating the production of sulfur gas by introducing oxygen to mouth bacteria. The starter kit consists of two eight-ounce bottles of TheraBreath Rinse, a tube of TheraBreath Tooth Gel, a bottle of TheraBreath Spray and a tongue scraper that bears an eerie resemblance to a disposable razor.
Contact: 800-97-FRESH
Price: $39.95

FHM HOSPITAL

"Someday I'll have a Hertz commercial, and then I'll murder my wife!"

FUNGI

Damn my itchy crotch!

Q My girlfriend says I constantly scratch my crotch in public and it embarrasses her. I can't help it though. I'm pretty sure I don't have crabs or anything, but I'm often quite itchy in the package area. What could be causing this?
M. Murphy, Ellington, CT

A *Unless you've been wearing those new Calvin Klein burlap briefs, it's most likely a fungus infection (jock itch). Two weeks of applying a topical cream should solve your problem. If not, there is a chance that you may have lice or scabies, which are a bit trickier to get rid of. Talk to your doctor or pharmacist about an anti-scabies shampoo and cream that will kill the tiny mites. Make sure you wash or dry-clean all of your clothing and bedding, as these rascals won't go away easily. And don't be surprised if your girlfriend starts scratching too: Scabies and lice are great travelers.* **(AK)**

Giambi warmed up with a good rummage

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD YET?

After what Victor Hall has been through, playing for the Arena Football League's LA Avengers is a walk in the park

Seems like you got roughed up pretty bad.
I was 17 and I fell asleep at the wheel. I drove into a ravine and as the car started flipping, broken glass from the window began to cut me up. Then I felt something fall into my hand—it was my left ear. When I got to the hospital, I persuaded the nurse to give me a mirror. From the left ear all the way down, you could see my teeth and jaw on the other side—right through my face, from the left side to the right.

Isn't that the time when people tend to pass out?
There wasn't any pain at that point—I was talking and coherent. I wasn't even thinking about what I did to myself. I was thinking about what I did to the car. Then I went into surgery for about 15 hours, and during it I flat-lined. The only thing I remember is seeing and talking to a figure throughout the time they say I was gone.

Did that freak you out?
When you're 17, you really don't know what kind of ordeal that is. Afterward, the doctors were saying, "You barely made it, but you still need more surgery." They had reconstructed my face, but then they had to fix my chest, because I had over a thousand stitches between my head and chest. I died on the table again that second time, and the figure came again. I said to it, "I really don't know what you're saying." And it said, "In due time you'll realize what your purpose in life is, but only you can find it."

What was your recovery like?
I was in the hospital from March to May, and in therapy from May to August. I used to get a hundred shots of cortisone in all the scars in my chest and face to try to flatten them. The head is the only part where you can't deaden the pain. I did that about three times before I told the doctor, "I can't take no more. I did this and I have to live with this."

Did the ordeal change your life?
I can now see accidents before they happen. If I'm driving down the road, I get a flash of something happening. I don't know if I'm psychic or paranoid. I was in another accident; I was hit from behind by a U-Haul truck and I saw it right before it happened. It's not an ability, just a sense.

So why aren't you dead yet?
They say God looks over his children and the fools. I don't know which category I fall under, but I'm glad I fall under one of them.

For even more life improvement, visit our Hospital section at www.FHMus.com.

INTERVIEW BY JON CHASE; KELLIE LANDIS/ALLSPORT; CHRIS GORMAN (3); OTTO GREULE/ALLSPORT

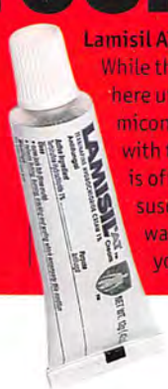
RELIEF

STOP SCRATCHING YOUR SACK

Got unwanted mushrooms blooming in your pants? Here are some effective antifungal weapons in your war against itch

Micatin Cream, $5.69 for .5 oz.
A half-ounce sure doesn't seem to be a lot of bang for your buck, but all it takes is a thin layer applied twice daily, and your problem should be cleared up in about two weeks.

Lotrimin Powder Spray, $5.69 for 3.5 oz.
Those who wish to avoid having cream stuck beneath their fingernails can opt for the powder spray. Though it's not as concentrated as a cream, it will do the trick when used thoroughly.



Lamisil AT, $8.99 for .42 oz.
While the other two medications shown here utilize an active ingredient called miconazole nitrate, Lamisil is armed with terbinafine hydrochloride, which is often more effective because it kills susceptible fungi by making their cell walls leaky. That's also why it'll cost you a few extra clams.

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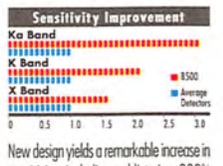

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FHM TRUE STORIES

According to a highly accurate *FHM* study, all true and funny stories involve at least one of the following: nudity, fire, destruction of property (both public and private), pain, old people (and their inability to understand their surroundings), dogs, children and venison. Using these guidelines, we ask that you send us your stories. If they're both funny and true enough to make it to this page, we'll reward you with $50. Story of the Month gets $200. Address stories to True Stories, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or send it via e-mail to FHMtrue@emapUSA.com.

FAULTY ESCAPE

Drunk makes bad exit

I went to college at a big state university where frats are the thing to do. As a sophomore, I was invited to a fraternity party meant to entice new recruits. Midway through the festivities, after hitting it off with one brother's girlfriend, we decided to sneak off together and get a little friendlier. In my drunken, confused state, I decided I'd be a hero to all non-Greeks if I made some grand and gallant exit before whisking her off. I shouted, "Phi Betas are losers!", then grabbed my beautiful prize by the hips, dragged her through the door and slammed it behind us. Before she even had a chance to question my sanity, I realized the error of my ways. We hadn't charged out of the house as planned, but into a closet. Seconds later, a massive hand pulled me out before delivering an ass-whupping I'll never forget. To this day, my college buddies call me "the closet assassin."
Larry Carney, Cheyenne, WY

WEEKEND ENTERTAINMENT

Incompetent man angers pig

As a final summer celebration, I decided to go all the way and invite my co-workers and their spouses over for beer, music and a Pig-A-Que. The pig was being provided by my friend's dad who runs a pig farm, so a few of us went over to pick out our meal. After agreeing upon a ripe-looking 110-pound squealer, I learned, to my complete horror, that it was going to be up to me to kill the poor swine. Despite my pleas, the farmer refused to help beyond explaining what I had to do. A couple of beers later, two of my co-workers held the pig's hind legs over the top of the pen's rail as the farmer handed me a sledgehammer and told me to slam the pig squarely on the forehead. Raising the tool and closing my eyes, I swung with all my might—only to hear squeals of pain from the pig and cries of disgust from the farmer. I had only hit the pig on the nose, and naturally it was furious and thrashing around wildly. The farmer shouted, "Hit it again! Hit it again!" Shaken up, but determined to get the whole miserable job done, I took aim, swung, and again only glanced it. Now my co-workers were laughing so hard, they were drooling and gasping for air. Exasperated by my uselessness, the farmer grabbed the hammer from me, calmly whaled the pig on its forehead and the animal fell limp. But I still wasn't off the hook. Picking up a 10-inch knife, the farmer explained to me how to finish off the tortured swine. "Stab the neck—straight in—and make sure to puncture the heart." Praying the whole thing would just end, I knelt down by the limp pig, put the knife to its neck and gave a half-assed stab. I missed. Jolted back to consciousness and charged with adrenaline, the pig began bellowing and writhing uncontrollably. Finally, the farmer grabbed the knife from me, spat, and put the poor thing out of its misery. My advice for killing a pig? Use a shotgun.
P. Kyle Willis, Oklahoma City, OK

BACKYARD FUN

Child-hater invents new toy

Though I've always disliked children, my girlfriend thought my feelings might change if I spent a day with her nephew. Sick and tired of the young brat's shouting while I tried to watch the game, I sent him outside to play. A minute later he was back, blocking my view of the screen, complaining that there was nothing to do outside. In my rush to get him out the door again, I told him he should use my Slip'N Slide, only I don't actually own the store-bought kind. Instead, I cut open several trash bags, laid them across the lawn and hosed them down. Ignoring his cries that this wasn't the slide he was used to, I insisted he slide at least 10 times before he was allowed back in the house. Apparently, Hefty bags don't pack the same brand of slippery fun I thought they might, because when the kid traipsed back inside, his stomach was a deep red and about to blister. In order to prove to my girlfriend that I hadn't abused the twerp, I spent the remainder of the afternoon sliding head-on into my neighbor's prickly hedges.
Joe Summit, Clinton, MI

Read more true stories and submit your own at www.FHMus.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY COLON; IMAGE BANK

TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

SMELLY ENCOUNTER

Jerking train ruins day

Each day, my morning begins with a lengthy, but not usually unpleasant, subway ride to work. Every so often though, it's interrupted by a foul-smelling, self-soiled homeless man, who, though he only takes up one seat, forces the rest of us soap-users to squeeze ourselves into the other end of the car due to his God-awful stench. One day I stepped onto the train and found myself in front of such a man sitting all by his lonesome. Before I had the chance to move away, the train jerked, then stopped, then jerked again before continuing on. The first sudden move sent me crashing painfully to my knees, while the second threw my head into his slightly damp crotch. The guy started shouting at me in front of all the other passengers, as if I'd wanted to plant my sniffer in his stinky pants. Needless to say, my day was ruined.
Mike Harrington, New York, NY

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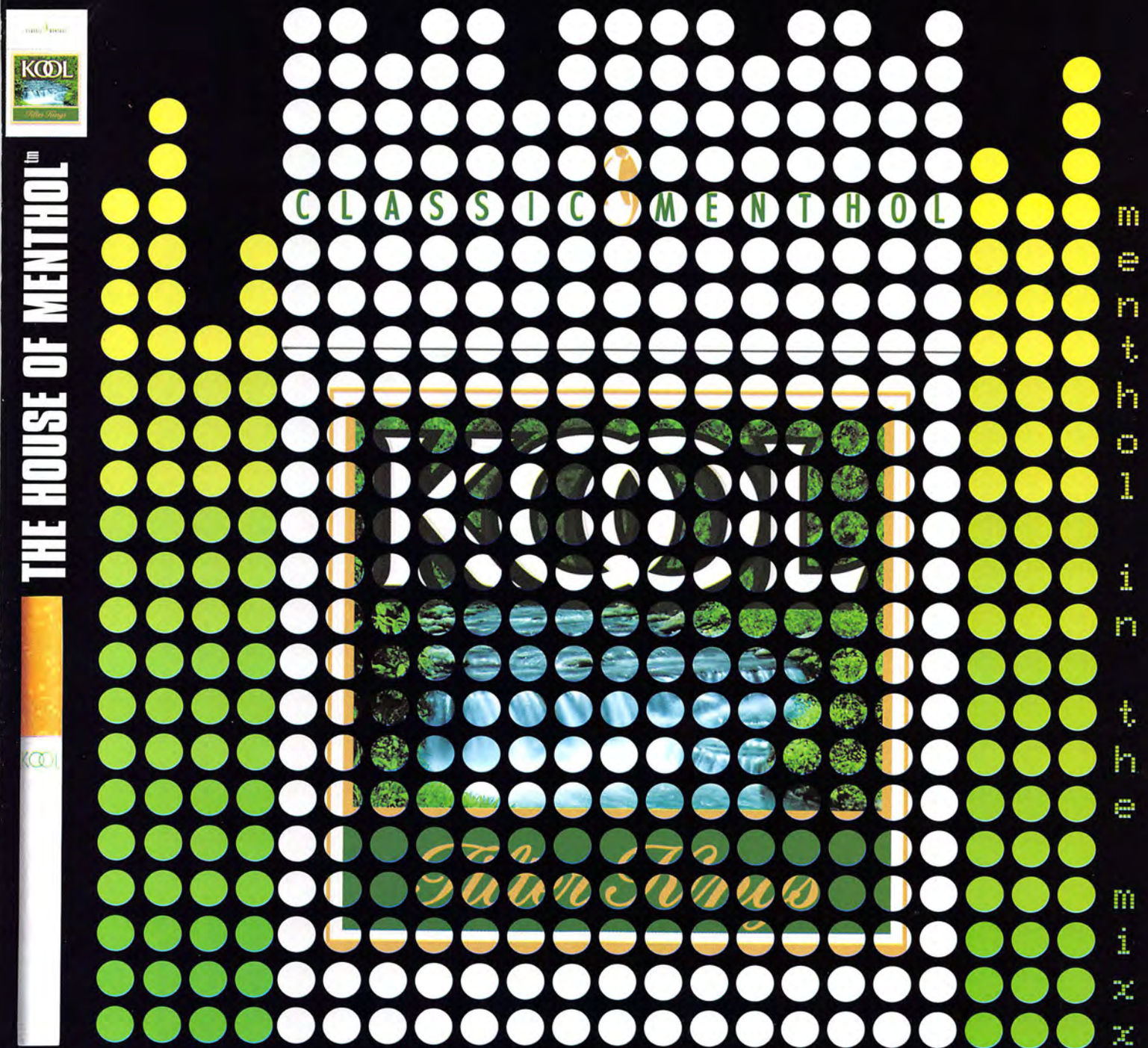

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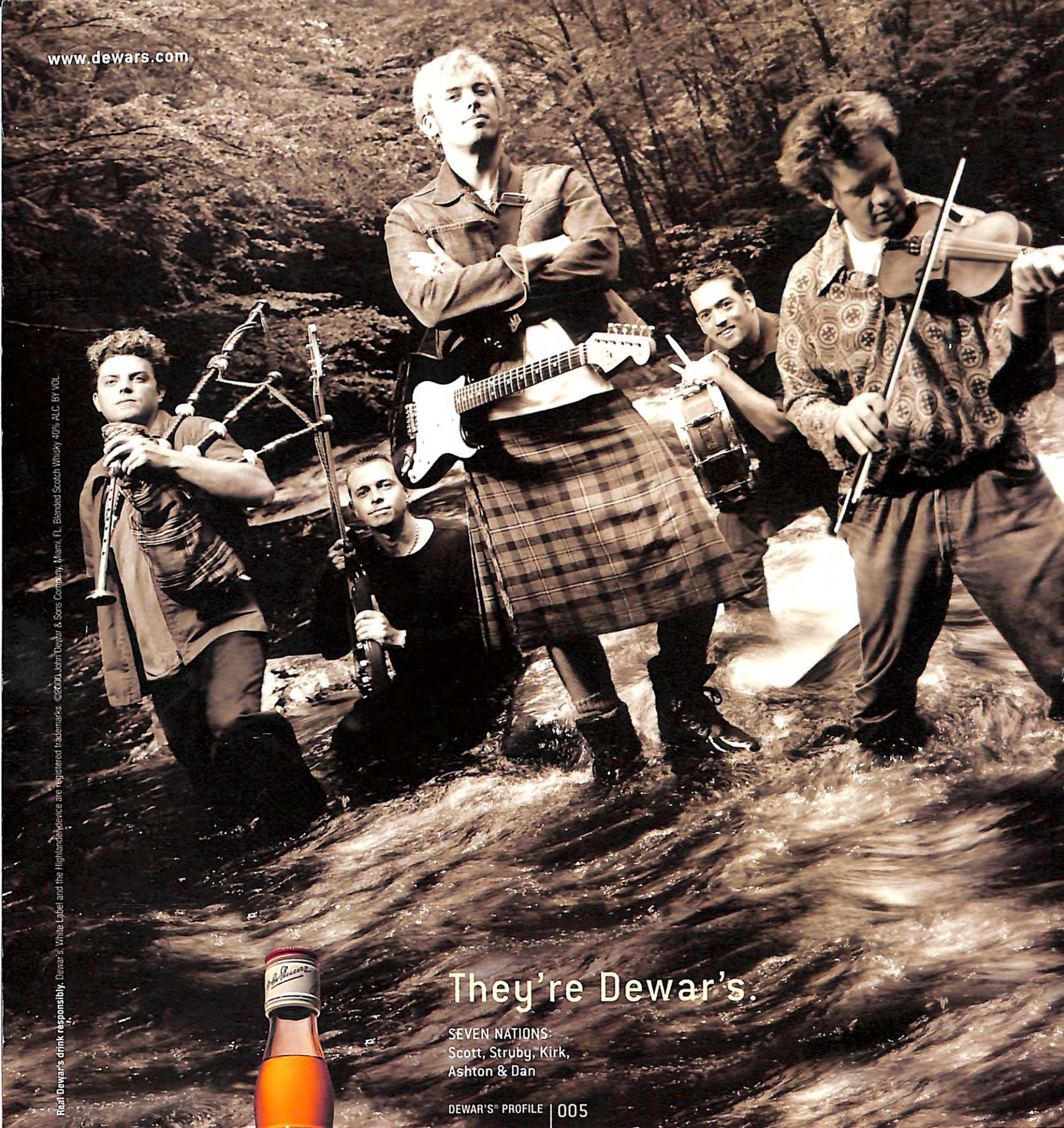

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